May 11, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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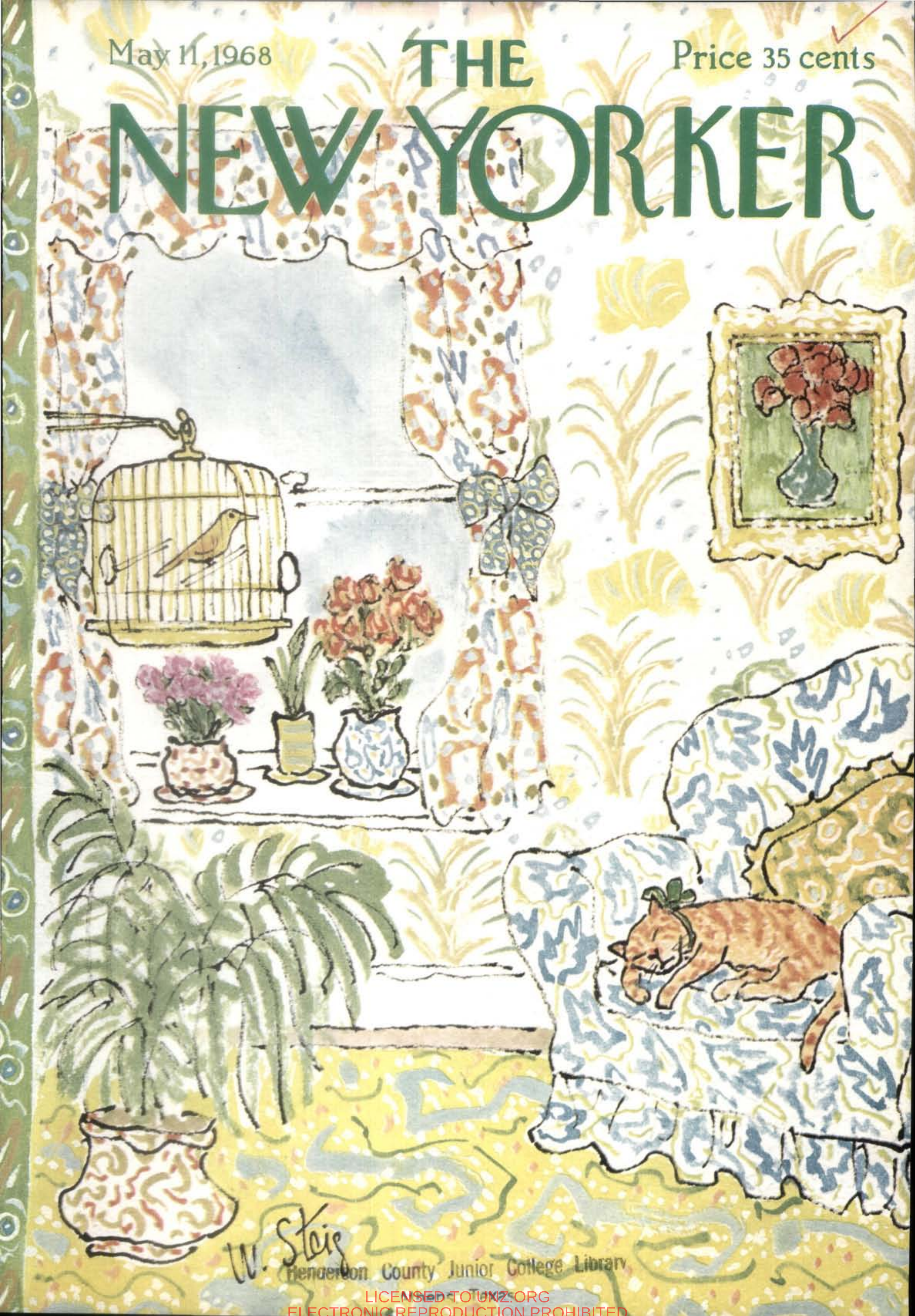

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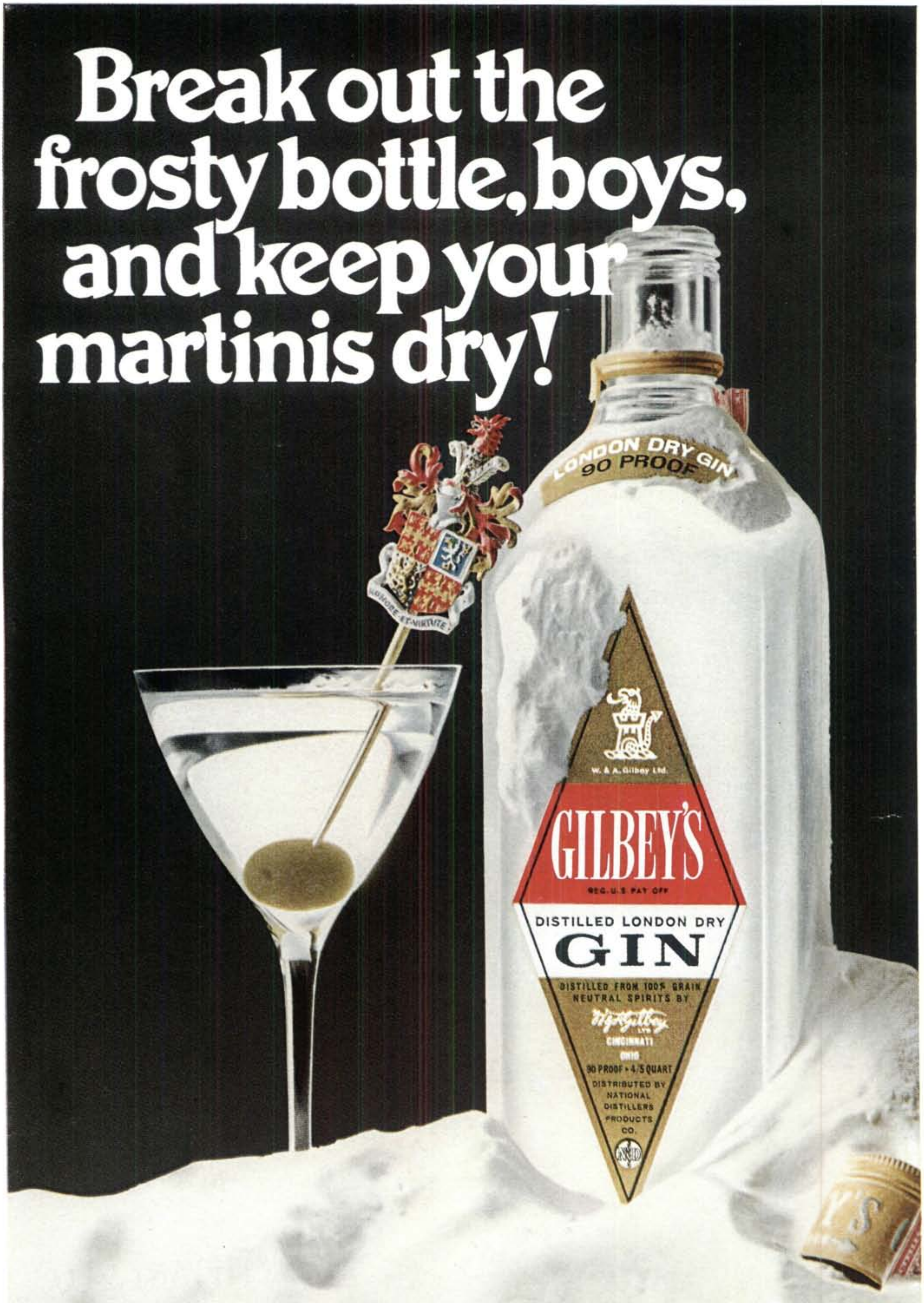
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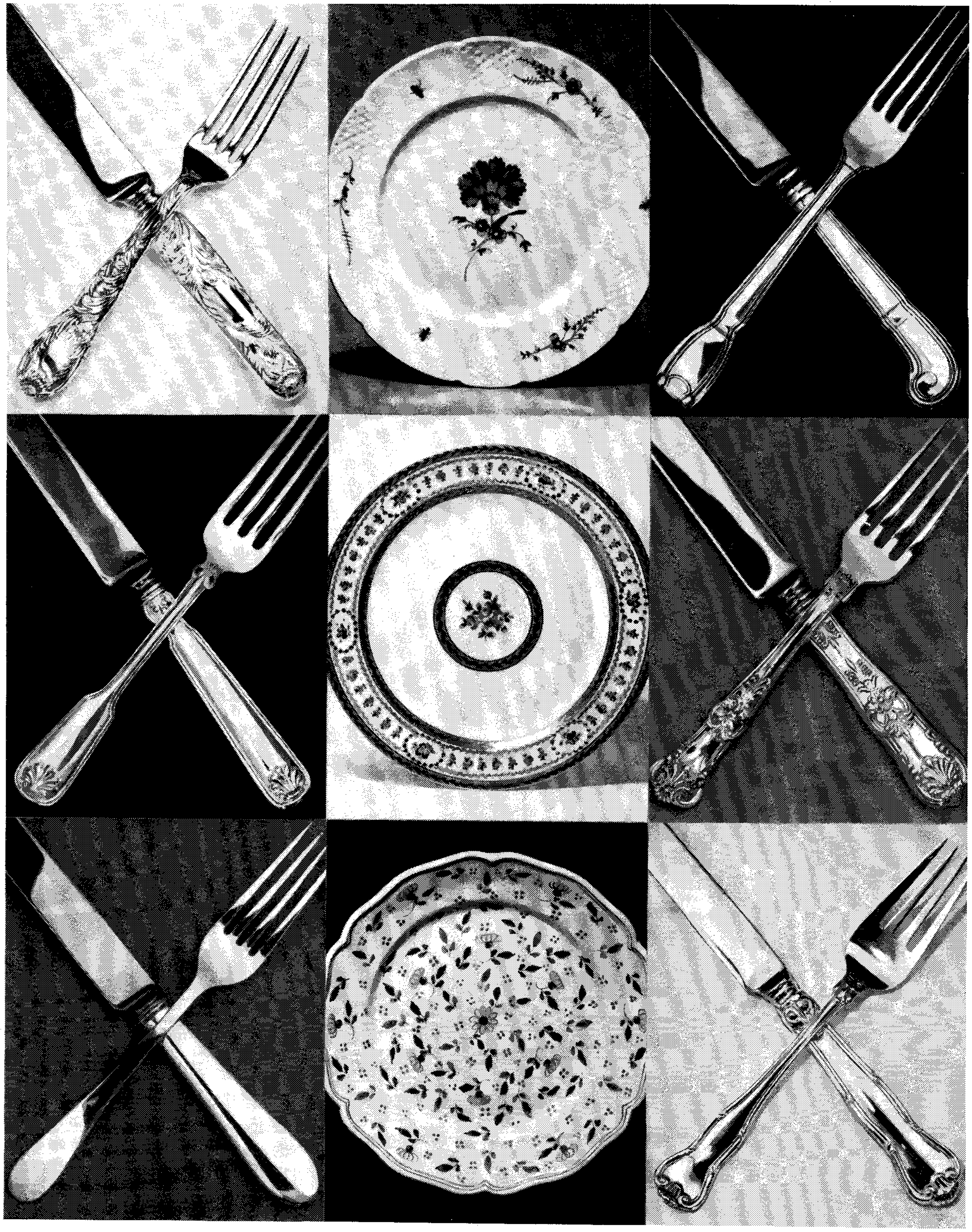

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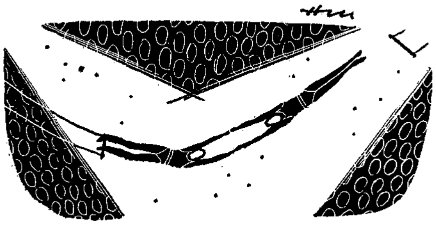

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Ionesco's EXIT THE KING: Thursday and Friday, May 9-10, at 8:30; Saturday, May 11, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, May 13-14, at 8:30; and Wednesday, May 15, at 2 and 8:30.... ¶ Chekhov's THE CHERRY ORCHARD: Thursday and Friday, May 16-17, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ed Bullins' Plays—Mr. Bullins is resident playwright of the New Lafayette Theatre, in Harlem, now being rebuilt. These three plays, dealing with one aspect or another of Negro life, are sad, funny, harsh, and horrifying, often simultaneously, and in each of them Mr. Bullins has been able to get exactly the effect he is after. The actors, under Robert Macbeth's direction, perform very well indeed. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Carving a Statue—A dim production of a dim play by Graham Greene. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Collision Course—An omnibus of eleven plays by a dozen authors, among them Jules Feiffer, Jean-Claude van Itallie, and Lanford Wilson. (Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. 777-1919. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, May 9.)

The Concept—A play written and performed by ex-narcotics addicts of Daytop Village, Staten Island. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—An inept rendering of the romantic Rostand drama, with Robert Symonds playing the proud and selfless Gascon. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 1.)

En Attendant Godot—Final performances of Beckett's play, in French, will close out a four-week engagement by Le Tréteau de Paris. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 249-3074. Friday, May 10, at 4 and 8:40; Saturday, May 11, at 3 and 8:40; and Sunday, May 12, at 3 and 7:30.)

Endecott and the Red Cross—Kenneth Haigh in a play by Robert Lowell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8, and Fridays at 9. Matinées Fridays at 5 and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

Happiness Is Just a Little Thing Called a Rolls Royce—Pat Harrington and John McGiver in a comedy by Arthur Alsberg and Robert *Fisher. Directed by David Alexander.* Previews through Friday, May 10. Opens officially on Saturday, May 11. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 9, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by an extremely gifted young playwright named Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Never Sang for My Father—A gloomy tale by Robert Anderson about a son who wants to love his father and cannot. Hal Holbrook, Alan Webb, Lillian Gish, and Teresa Wright make up the miserable, aging family. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 11.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Jane White is the Queen in Michael Cacoyannis's production of the Euripides tragedy, and Gretchen Corbett now appears as the Greek princess who allows herself to be sacrificed for the sake of her father, Agamemnon, and his army, about to embark for Troy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A very good play about a young English schoolteacher, his wife, and their spastic child. Hard as it may be to believe, the author, Peter Nichols, has found much humor in a dreadful situation. The cast includes Donal Donnelly and Zena Walker. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Kongi's Harvest—A political satire by the Nigerian playwright Wole Soyinka that is set in an African country ruled by a military dictator. The production, by the Negro Ensemble Company, does not always make clear the many complexities of the plot or the author's ironic intent, but there are a number of good performances all the same. With Moses Gunn, Afolabi Ajayi, Robert Hooks, and Rosalind Cash. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

The Memorandum—A play by Václav Havel, translated by Vera Blackwell. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's new play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Harold Gary, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A highly successful adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 12.)

Red Cross and **Muzeeka**—A pair of one-acters, both of them comprised of monkeyshines and sight gags in the modern manner but with bleak overtones. The first, by Sam Shepard, is a repellent comedy about a symbolically infested young man in a symbolically antiseptic setting. The hero of the second—a sporadically funny and high-spirited play by John Guare—is an employee of a canned-music corporation who ends up in Vietnam. Sam Waterston is good in the leading roles, and he is well supported by the company. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A remarkably ingenious drama by Tom Stoppard about Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are excellent in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American *in the South of France whose wife has run* off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Soldiers—The German playwright Rolf Hochhuth has written a melodrama about the Second World War that makes Churchill a murderous hero, doing evil that good may come of it. Hochhuth's facts are shakier than they should be, but a brilliant impersonation of Churchill by John Colicos gives the play value. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Mati-

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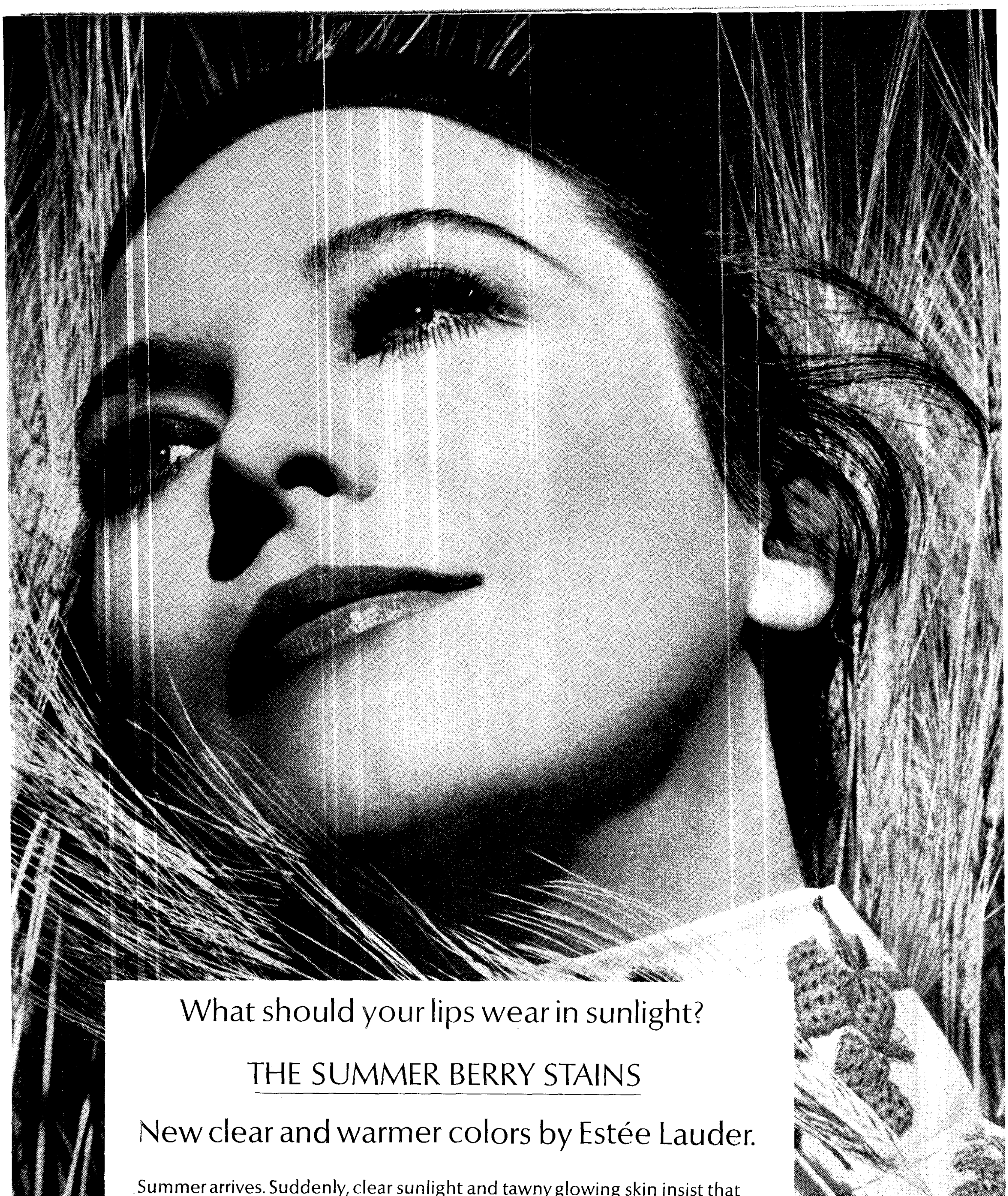

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

SPOFFORD—Melvyn Douglas is most engaging in this comedy by Herman Shumlin, who based his work on Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben." It has to do with a ruminative Connecticut chicken farmer who gets to studying commuters more or less for the hell of it. Mr. Shumlin directed the play, and he has assembled an admirable supporting cast for Mr. Douglas. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

SUMMERTREE—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 25.)

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP—Terence Frisby's comedy, imported from London, in which Gig Young figures as a fortyish womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger. Thin stuff. Starting Monday, May 13, Laurence Hugo will replace Mr. Young. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOM PAINE—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

THE BELIEVERS—A musical whose ingredients are the chants and songs associated with the history of the American Negro. Music by Benjamin Carter, Dorothy Dinroe, and others, and a book by Jo Jackson and Joseph A. Walker. Opens Thursday, May 9. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY—Final performances of the season. **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD:** Thursday, May 9, at 8:15, and Sunday, May 12, at 7:15.... **THE MIKADO:** Friday, May 10, at 8:15; Saturday, May 11, at 2:15; and Tuesday, May 14, at 8:15.... **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Saturday, May 11, at 8:15; Sunday, May 12, at 1:15; and Sunday, May 19, at 7:15.... **PATIENCE:** Wednesday through Friday, May 15-17, at 8:15.... **H.M.S. PINAFORE:** Saturday, May 18, at 2:15 and 8:15, and Sunday, May 19, at 1:15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

CURLEY MCDIMPLE—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

GEORGE M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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GOLDEN RAINBOW—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAIR—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE HAPPY TIME—An idle attempt to turn a successful play into a successful musical. Robert Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that this is not enough. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HOW NOW, DOW JONES—A musical about antic doings on Wall Street. It hasn't much in the way of book or music, but does have its comic moments. Max Shulman wrote the book, Elmer Bernstein the music, and Carolyn Leigh the lyrics, and the whole enterprise was directed by George Abbott. Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason and Brenda Vaccaro are noteworthy in a hardworking cast. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Elly Stone, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield, and Mr. Shuman make up the cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NEW FACES OF '68—A number of pleasant performers in puzzled possession of second-rate material. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

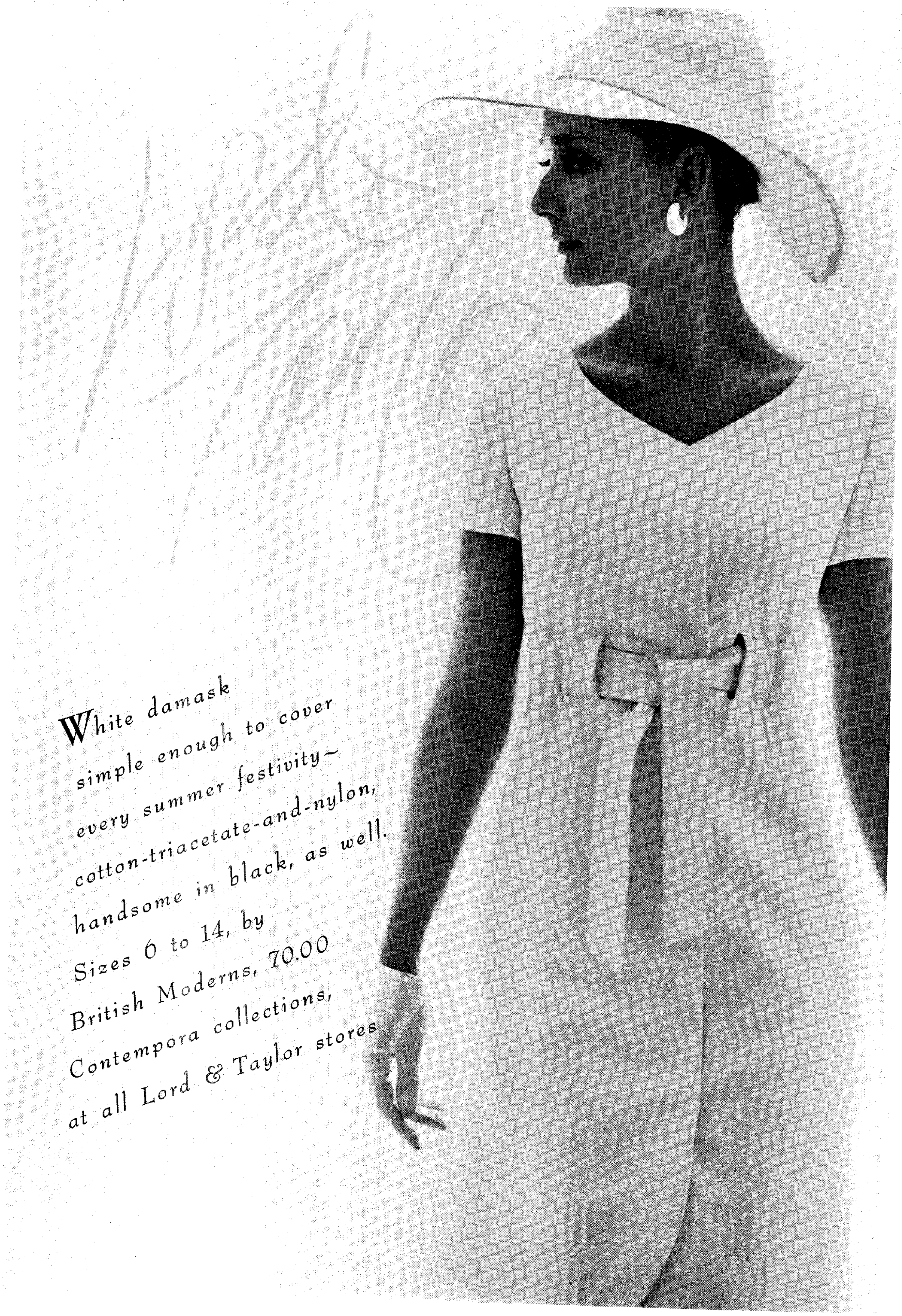
YOUR OWN THING—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford and Lotte Lenya. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** When in the Course of human events. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **I DO! I DO!:** Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 9, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," an unnamed ballet (première), "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, May 10, at 8:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Irish Fantasy," "Tarantella," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, May 12, at 1:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Narkissos," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Sunday, May 12, at 7:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Jeux," the new unnamed ballet, and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Tuesday, May 14, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, May 15, at 8:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," the new unnamed ballet, "Jeux," and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Western Symphony." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-2828.)... ¶ Friday, May 17, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 2:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Prodigal Son," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Dim Lustre," the new unnamed ballet, and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 16.)

ROYAL BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, May 9: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday evening, May 10, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 11: A new production of "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, May 12: "La Fille Mal Gardée" and "La Bayadère."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, May 14-15: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 16: "The Nutcracker."... ¶ Friday evening, May 17: "Sylvia," "Symphonic Variations," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Marguerite and Armand."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 18: "Swan Lake." ... ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, May 19: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MANHATTAN FESTIVAL BALLET—"Coruscare," "Da Capo 20" (première), "Pas de Deux for Four," and "Car Lot." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Monday, May 13, at 8:30.)

PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY—"Fatal Birds," "The Cellar," "Palomas," "The Descent," and "Early Darkness." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, May 15, at 8:40. For tickets, call YU 9-6070.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—The first three in a series of eight performances that will end on Sunday, May 26. Wednesday, May 15, at 9: "Scramble," "RainForest" (New York première), and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run."... ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 8:30: "Variations V," "Place," and "Nocturnes."... ¶ Friday, May 17, at 8:30: "Scramble," "Winterbranch," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The forty horses, eighteen elephants, six sea lions, twelve chimpanzees, fourteen tigers, one giraffe, who knows how many clowns, and all the rest take to the road after Sunday evening, May 12. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday at 2 and 7:30; Friday at 2 and 8:30; Saturday at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 6. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

THE MUSICAL WORLD OF BERTOLT BRECHT—Two performances of a program by Bettina Jonic, imported from London. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, May 13, at 7:15, and Tuesday, May 14, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. The entertainment is not bad, though. Singers, instrumentalists, and loquacious types come on and go off throughout the evening. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy, contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

GENERATION, 54 W. 8th St. (533-8500)—The old Village Barn rejuvenated. It's still a barn. Wooden chairs at close-packed tables at which dedicated rock-heads can sit sipping egg creams (oh, boy) and cherry sodas (gee) and such while taking in the sound, which so far has stayed close to the nitty-gritty. The current show consists of Moby Grape, a versatile San Francisco group with some original ideas, along with Nazz. On Tuesday, May 14, Canned Heat and Beacon Street Union will move in. Closed Mondays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars are O.K. It's a casual jazz corner, with room for dancing. Jackie Paris's quintet plays nightly. On Sunday, May 12, from six to nine, Wild Bill Davison & the Giants of Jazz will perform before the regular session. On Tuesday, May 14, Zoot Sims' affable quartet will return after an absence of several weeks. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

NASHVILLE ROOM, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—Howdy! Here's a great big old room where all you fellers 'n' gals can just listen to bluegrass music till you bust. You can shovel in Southern fried chicken, too, but that's about all. Willie Nelson leads a country-music show at nine and again at midnight. On Tuesday, May 14, he'll give way to the Stoneman Family. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plays from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. On Sunday, May 12, from five to nine, Jazz Interactions will present the Free Spirits, a five-man group that blends jazz and rock. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play from nine till three or four each night.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and jazz by Yusef Lateef's quartet. On Tuesday, May 14, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers will take over. On Saturdays and Sundays from five to nine, other groups play. Mondays vary, being given over to things like benefits.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, Teddy Wilson's supple piano drives a very smooth trio, alternating with Toshiko's solo piano. On Mondays, when they're off, new talent is auditioned. Grilled dinners are available.... ¶ Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, some headliners: the Miles Davis quintet, taking turns with Dick Gregory, who has grown less exacerbating with the years but no less funny or incisive.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—All the cats know the Vanguard—it's in the basement. The Elvin Jones trio, which deals in a formless, explosive kind of jazz, plays nightly. Beginning Tuesday, May 14, Freddie Hubbard's quintet will keep things moving. Mondays are reserved for the searingly bright dynamics of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Earl Blake and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday). The clientele looks happy.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, they have a grand old time from four-thirty till closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the live sounds of the Fuzzy Bunnies from nine till four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

CHEETAH, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—You might drop in, to see what condition its condition is in. People bathe in black lights, dance on the metallic floor, and wallow in the big-screen light show. On the main level, the Bagatelle and Silver Caboose are the live ones. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, Ill Wind will be there live, too. On Thursday, May 16, The Teddy Boys will replace Silver Caboose. The long-heralded adult area is finally open on the upper level, but there's still nothing alcoholic. Closed Mondays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing from nine to three or four every night. Through Thursday, May 9, the Grateful Dead (San Francisco again)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

should attract a lot of knowledgeable rock enthusiasts. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, E. T. Hooley will play. On Monday, May 13, Cat Mother & the All-Night Newsboys will do a one-night thing, and starting Tuesday, May 14, the James Cotton Blues Band will be playing. No alcohol. Shazam.

PRAMMIS, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—You can dance from ten to three or four every night. They have colored lights, some tables, and a bar. The records are strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed on Sundays.

SALVATION, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—A well-groomed dog that seems to be having its day. Getting onto the sunken dance floor is like entering a swimming pool, and the recorded music sounds as though it may have been pumped through the pool's filtration system. The dress? Well, it's as fashionable as tomorrow's Gernreich, and if it's *not*, you may be turned away at the door. The dancing runs from eight-thirty to three or four. Some food is served. Bring money.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by The Teachers, who play for listening and/or dancing. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—If you're, you know, looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, you might like it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live music of the Smubs. Starting Tuesday, May 14, the 45s will alternate with the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Ella Fitzgerald is sitting—sixty-five stories up—on top of the world, which is where a voice like hers has always belonged. She does her spellbinding at dinner and supper; Phil Wayne's bright little foursome reports for dancing as soon as seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The Café Pierre is a well-rounded education in the liberal arts, among which are dancing and dining. John Mince's band plays Monday and Tuesday each week, Stanley Worth's band works the five other nights, and Ellen Harwicke does some neat voice-and-piano work between sets. She is inaudible Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Dignity is what this mild-mannered restaurant likes to stand on, and the attitude carries over to those who venture on the floor whenever Ernie Warren's resolute band turns on, which it does at intervals between eight and one or two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): This was storied Versailles. The captains and the kings have departed, but upon payment of a reasonable fee anyone may now enter and see how they lived. The sound track is contributed by Lester Lanin's varsity. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Not completely a closed-circuit broadcast of New York, N.Y., 10022, but a very near miss. The music starts at nine and ends at two. Saturday, May 11, is the last night of the season for dancing. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444): The clean-up hitter in the band that occupies the quarterdeck of the old side-wheeler is Louis Bellson, the one-time Ellington drummer boy. The secondary band checks in at six, the Bellson gang at seven-thirty, every night but Sunday. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): Dancers who are graduates of the school of the traumatic arts need not apply; only followers in the footsteps of our forebears may prance on the outsize floor. No fuss, no feathers, and very little food; dance music (Argueso's Latins and some Manhattanites) is the main consideration. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty, Wednesdays at six-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Cry havoc is the technique of Joan Rivers, a conversationalist who lets the quips fall where they may. Jane Harvey is the *cantatrice* of the evening. Nine-thirty or so is starting time. Closed Sundays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—There are a lot of vigorous workers in this *kibbutz*, which makes for a reasonably lively time. The flow of Israeli words, music, and dance is sort of trial-and-error, but there's little harm in that. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr are the leading lights, and Chic Ganimian, one of our few resident oudists, is the leading musician. Dining. Closed Mondays.

EUGENE'S, 1034 Second Ave., at 54th St. (758-7620)—Mixed media (everything from whither-the-world to chamber music to Equity players) is the rule at eleven every night but Sunday in what is now the rallying point for the constituents of a candidate for high office whose name is the same. Fridays, jazz; Saturdays, skits; Tuesday, May 14, Jules Feiffer's causeries; Thursday, May 16, a session of rock/roll. Bar and a certain amount of grill.

LIVING ROOM, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262)—The seacoast of Bohemia about which Bobby Short sings does seem to be the Riviera at the zenith of its heady heedlessness. It bears no resemblance to this establishment, which, every night, he and his threesome try so earnestly to make merry.

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—Quips and cranks and wanton wiles, nods and becks and wreathèd smiles—this is the tenor of "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's revue for this season. The sharpest of the serpent's teeth with which it is peopled is Liz Sheridan, and she has the full-measure coöperation of Terry O'Mara, Dennis Allen, Mary Jo Gillis, and Alex Wipf. The orchestra is the gleeful double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the equally gleeful piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the usual hours are nine and eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish" is the latest small but energetic boy-and-girl revue to occupy the premises. It takes place at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Edie Adams, who inclines toward the show-business queen-bee sort of presentation, does the talking and singing in the Royal Box during dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, which inclines toward its own particular way of playing things, does music through the evening. Miss A. finishes up on *Saturday, May 11, but the enterprise reopens* on Tuesday, May 14, to house The 5th Dimension and its roll-and-soul music. The Evans crew returns the same evening.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—A very sunny Spain, now nearly too big to be encompassed by the naked eye. From the right vantage point, the eye and ear can absorb with ease the outgoing antics of the purposefully casual Chavales de España and their music festival, as well as the beauty and the ferocity of the ballet presented by Rosario Galán and her troupe. The

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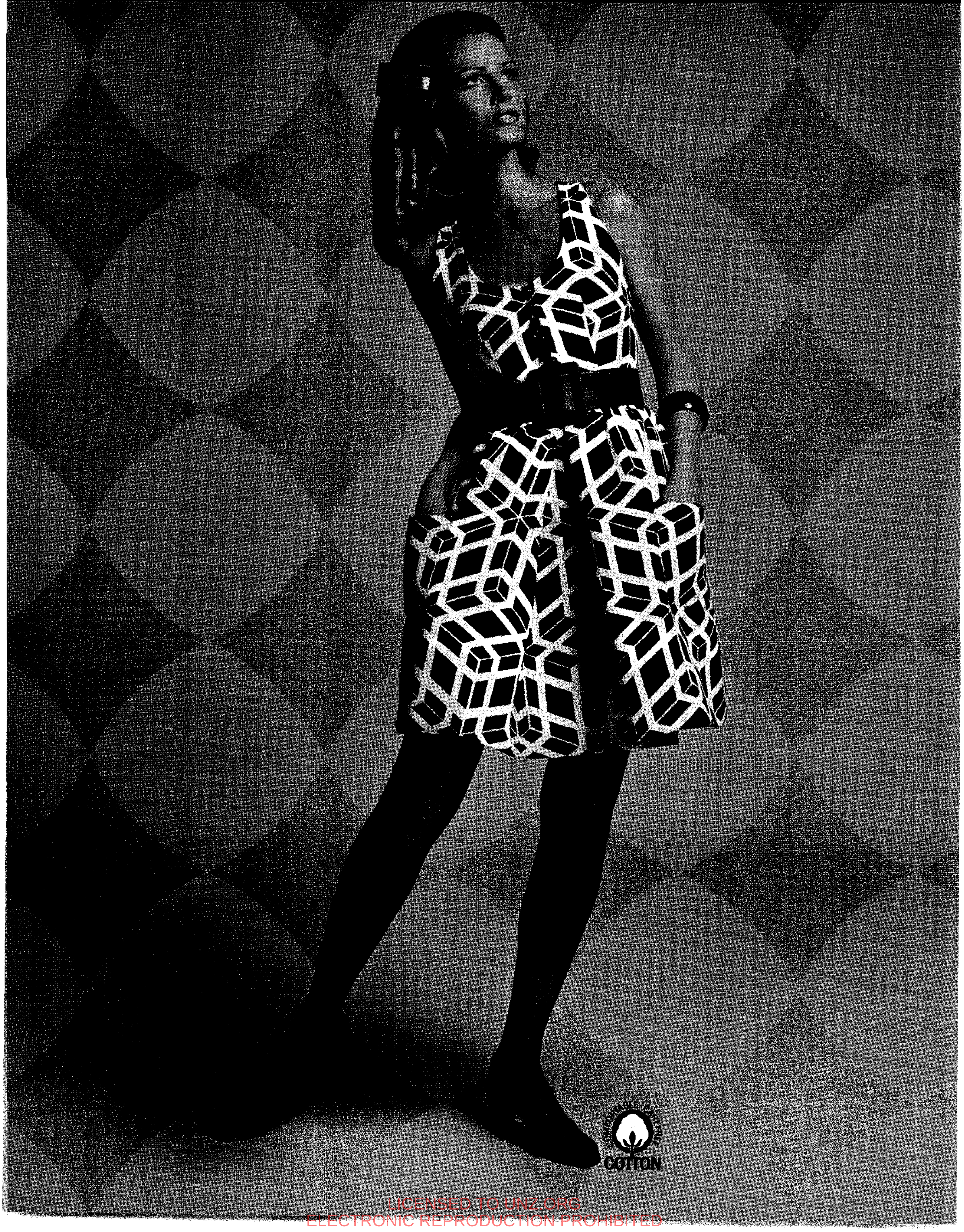

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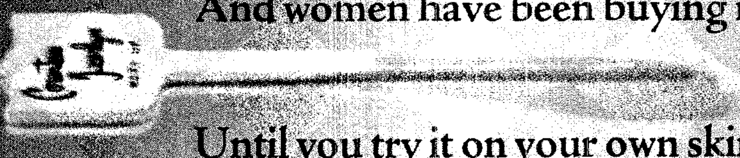

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At this point, we think you'll want to claim your own bottle at once, take off the rest of your makeup, and do your whole face over right, then and there.

But if you're not quite sure, just very tempted, wait. Look again hours later. See if you still feel you can afford to live without this lovely stuff.

We'll take that chance. After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

But, if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

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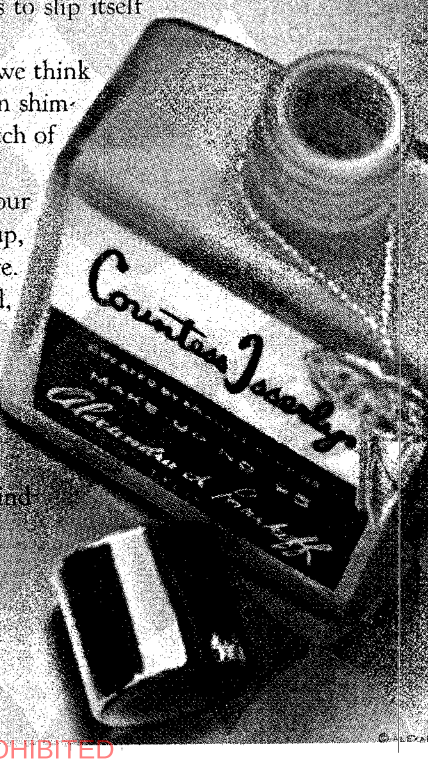

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dance music for the customers is just about as vigorous and indigenous. . . . ¶ In the jolly Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries as early as nine-thirty. Both rooms are in service every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900)—Dionne Warwick, in full song, makes one wonder, once again, can any mortal mixture breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? No need to note or long remember what else goes on. No nights off duty. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The Doodletown Pipers, a mighty force in the youth movement, have invaded this temple of Venus, but when the girls of the chorus get going, Venus is again ascendant. Every night of the year.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—"By the time I make Albuquerque," John Davidson speculates in one of his arias, but he needn't worry, for—with his good voice, manner, and looks—he has already made New York. His model performance takes place during dinner and supper in the Persian Room through Tuesday, May 14. Next evening, Noel Harrison, sprig of the celebrated Rex, moves in for further song recitals. That night, he appears only at ten. The orchestra run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders will stay on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin confect *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He is marked absent Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the well-nourished Maisonette, Rita Gardner, the first of the lovelorn girls to inhabit "The Fantasticks," turns up at dinner and supper to be just as tuneful and a lot less lovelorn. Quintero's Latin Americans and George Cort's band are the musicians. . . . ¶ Next door, in La Boite, those who wish to remain seated during the prandial hour are gently nudged only by piano and violin, which operate until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Benny, whose leisured way with a joke proves that he who hesitates is indeed not lost, brings pleasure to his parishioners at ten in the Empire Room, and at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, May 11, his final night in office. On Monday, May 13, Shani Wallis blows in from London, on a high wind of her own devising, to sing for her dinner and supper. Charles Turecamo's orchestra will remain at its post. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley never takes a day off, and to help it along there are piano, from four to ten, daily except Saturday and Sunday, and dance tunes (the trio of Horace Diaz) from eight to one, Wednesday through Saturday, and from five to ten on Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fun and games—verbal by the customers, musical by the cast—in a coeducational clubhouse that is forever celebrating Homecoming Day. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, singly and in tandem, play uplifting piano hour after hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of volcanic origin, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance tunes; Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after thirteen years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): *Arma virumque cano* is the motto of the calypso chanter who strolls this West Indian beachhead, and the *a.* and *v.* are, naturally, all Jamaican. This music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Those who merely stand and wait on table here may not be ignored, for they all—at the drop of a baton—turn out to be operatic tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Which is nothing of the sort, being a jumping piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes by a million beaded-glass curtains. The head swinger is Scott Reed, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. Whatever else goes on is nothing to think even once about. All hands are away Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The multiple-finger exercises that Cy Walter applies to his piano can only improve the music to which they are devoted. He appears from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to the skillful Allan Haig. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sounds on Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Echoes from the past, one of which is the mild piano that runs its course from six to one in the bar, except on Sundays. The others are architectural. . . . **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. On Monday, May 13, Kurt Maier, the old Viennese smoothie, becomes the pianist nightly except Sundays, when an acolyte fills in. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **Polo Bar,** Madison Ave. at 60th St. (LE 5-2000): Near the bar in the main-floor restaurant of the Hotel Westbury is the pastoral piano of Conrad Monjoy, who carries on from nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of the rooms, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about

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amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place, royal-nonesuch is the piano of George Feyer, which is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The scene is the Casino-on-the-Park. Self-possession is nine-tenths of the law in this seemly panorama, wherein Bob Kail touches up his piano from six-thirty until one. He takes leave Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ISAAC ABRAMS—Paintings that grew out of psychedelic experience; through Saturday, May 11. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Open Thursday evening until 8.)

AFRO—Abstract Expressionist paintings by one of the early European artists of this movement; through May 25. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER AGOSTINI—Abstract sculptures in plaster by a familiar New York artist; through May 31. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARMAN—"Accumulations" by a European specialist in boxed art; through June 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT ARNER—Paintings in the optical mode; through Saturday, May 18. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Seventeen previously unexhibited paintings (oil on paper) of figures and landscapes by an artist who influenced American Abstract art; through May 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Figures and interiors in an Impressionist-derived style; through Saturday, May 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE BELLOWS—Thirteen paintings; through May 29. (Allison, 11 E. 57th St.)

PATRICK CAULFIELD—Paintings by an artist who makes new uses of banal images; through May 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY COHEN—Shaped, painted reliefs; through Saturday, May 11. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Figurative bronzes and drawings by an Expressionist painter; through May 25. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE AND JEAN TINGUELY—Eight enormous fibre-glass women in loud colors by the former, menaced by rickety machines by the latter; through Oct. 31. (Central Park Conservatory Garden, Fifth Ave. at 105th St.)

BURGOYNE DILLER—Drawings and collages by a leading American Constructivist painter and sculptor, who died in 1965; through May 25. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Plastic sculptures in brilliant colors, plus ink drawings, by the French primitivist; through Saturday, May 18. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FERREN—Huge constructions for architectural projects by an Abstract painter; through Saturday, May 11. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

YUN GEE (1906-63)—Abstract paintings by an American who lived in Paris in the twenties; through May 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

PAUL GEORGES—Oil paintings, mostly of figures engaged in Sabine-like struggles; through Saturday, May 11. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

ROBERT GORDON—The first local exhibition, consisting of six large collages, by a Philadelphia artist; through May 25. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

OTTO HERBERT HAJEK—Cast aluminum sculptures by a Czech artist; through May 25. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 2 to 9.)

ALEX HAY—Paintings and sculptures by an informalist; through Thursday, May 16. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMIL HESS—Abstract metal sculptures that incorporate tools, tin cans, and other found objects; through Saturday, May 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Watercolors (several of them quite large) in the artist's familiar flowing colors; through Saturday, May 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUISE KAISH—Sculptures and maquettes for building commissions, based on Biblical subjects; through Saturday, May 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

LILA KATZEN—Constructions making use of reflections of light and transparent plastic sheets in one of the Architectural League of New York's series of environmental-light exhibitions; through Saturday, May 11. (41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday morning.)

LEO KENNY—Emblematic paintings by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, May 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ERNEST LAWSON (1873-1939)—Paintings by a well-known American Impressionist; through May 31. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MORRIS LOUIS—Paintings consisting of horizontal stripes done by the artist in the months before his death in 1962; through Thursday, May 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRUNO LUCCHESI—Figurative sculptures with genre themes; through Saturday, May 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

R. GUY MILLER—Abstract sculptures in cast aluminum; through Saturday, May 11. (Caravan, 132 E. 65th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

ENNIO MORLOTTI—Paintings by an Italian Expressionist who favors abstractly handled nudes; through Saturday, May 18. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MORRIS—An exhibition of sculptures in different materials, changing each week, by a leading Minimalist; through Saturday, May 11. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—A show of brush drawings that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney; through Saturday, May 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID NOVROS—Multi-sectioned shaped paintings on fibre glass; through May 23. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

NAM JUNE PAIK—Electronic constructions, some done in collaboration with such contemporaries as Mary Bauermeister, Robert Breer, Christo, Ray Johnson, and others; through Saturday, May 11. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES O. PERRY—Metal sculptures featuring mathematical complexities; through Saturday, May 18. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS QUIRK—Paintings and drawings in the classical Surrealist manner; through Saturday, May 11. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

HANS REICHEL—Watercolors by a German artist who worked with Paul Klee; through May 31. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES ROSS—Sculptures in clear Plexiglas with water inside, creating prismatic effects; through May 22. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK ROTH—Abstract paintings, plus sculptures that repeat forms from the canvases; through May 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

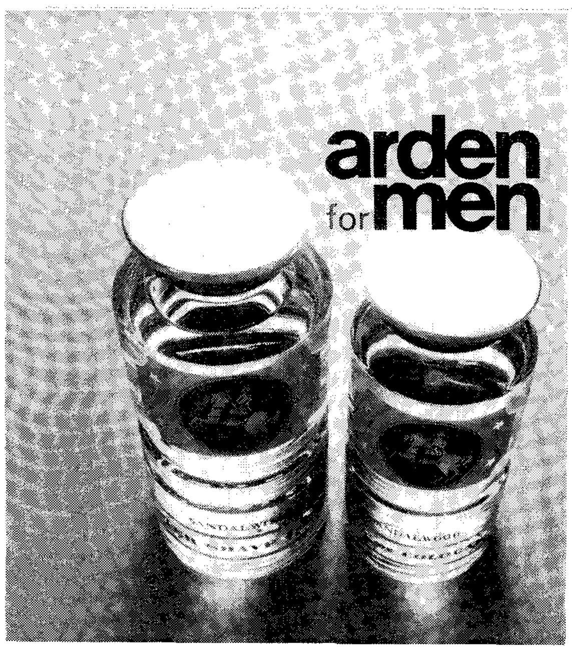
LEE SAVAGE—Freely composed figurative paintings; through Saturday, May 18. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH SOLMAN—Portraits of lower East Side types, plus interiors and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 11. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

TAL STREETER—Geometric steel sculptures; through Thursday, May 16. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK (1876-1958)—A benefit showing of twenty-eight oils from the French modernist's Fauve period, 1903-07; through Saturday, May 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

DAVID WEINRIB—Abstract sculptures in cast



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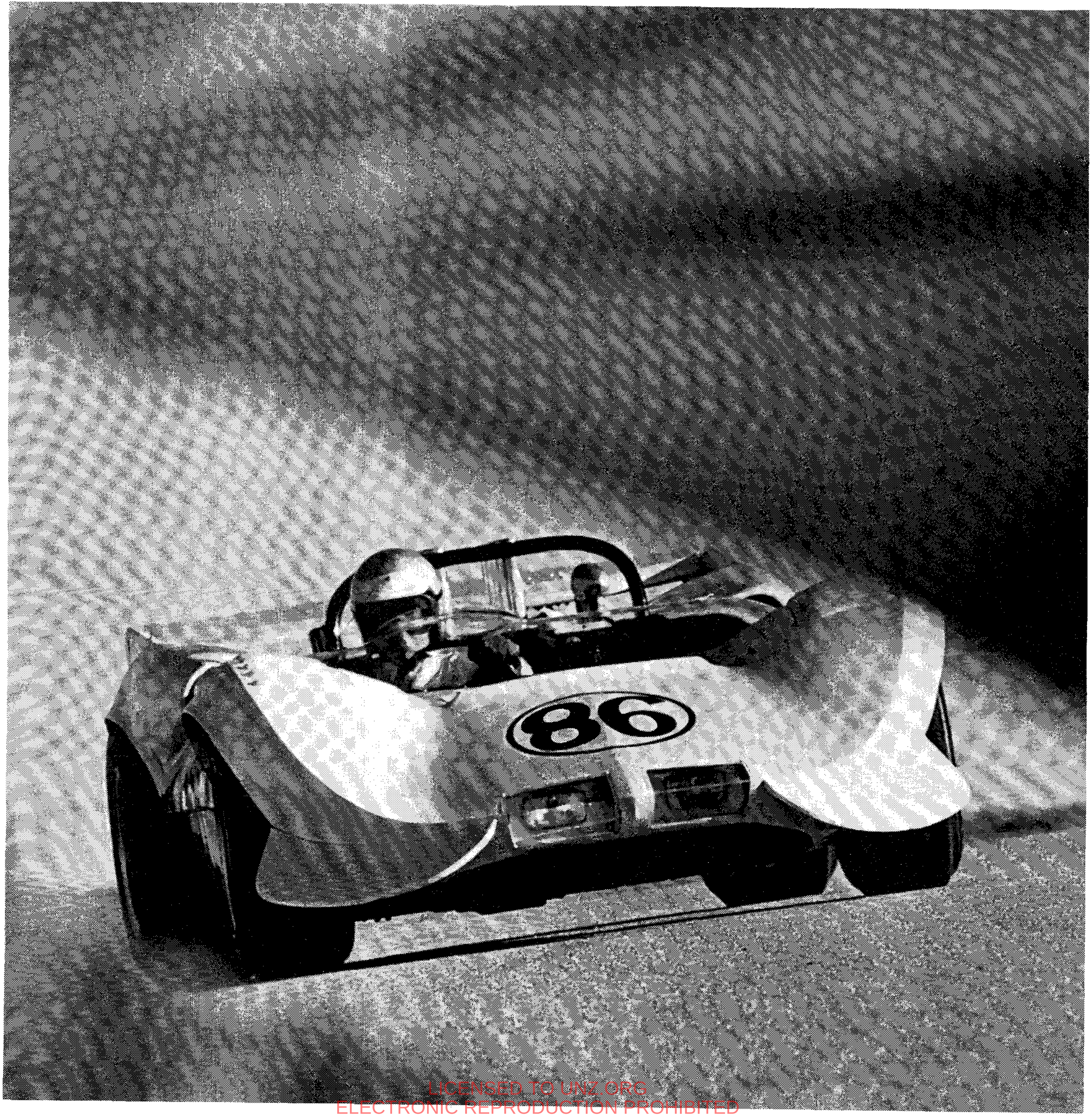
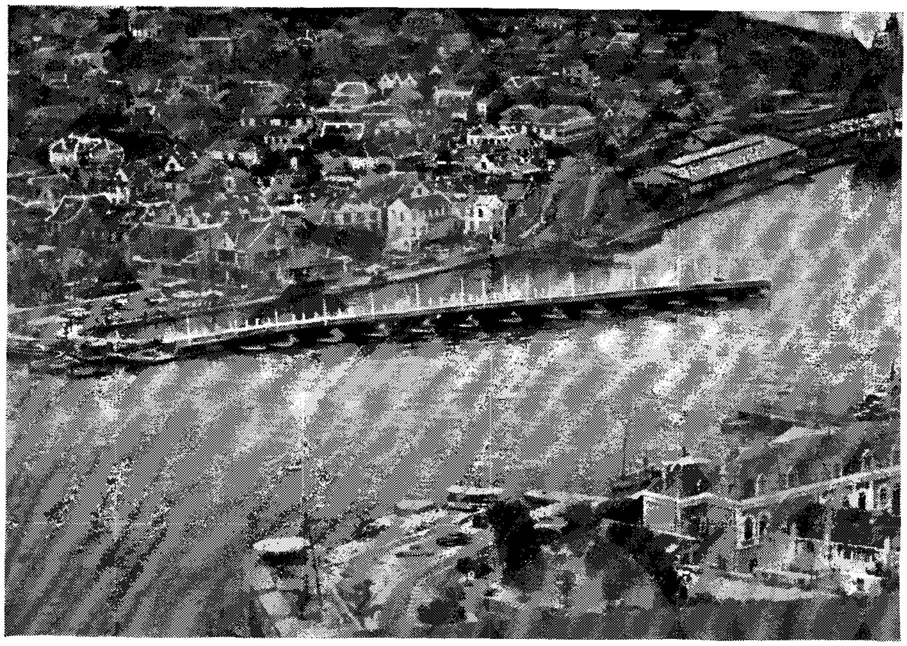


When
Queen Emma swings
the whole town stops to watch



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

transparent plastic with gradations of color; through Saturday, May 18. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM T. WILEY—Watercolors, plus related constructions in wood, metal, and plastic; through June 8. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

JANE WILSON—Lyrical landscapes done here and abroad; through Saturday, May 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1968 Annual Exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through May 26. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FAR GALLERY**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Designs for execution in needlepoint by such artists as Ortman, Stella, Anuszkiewicz, Lichtenstein, and Cleve Gray; through Saturday, May 18. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Twenty-five paintings by leading United States artists of the nineteenth century; through Saturday, May 11.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HUTTON**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by French, German, and Russian Fauvists and Expressionists up to the First World War; through June 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings and sculptures on the theme of "The Animal," ranging from early Chinese chickens through a study of an elephant by Rembrandt to a Renoir cat; through May 24. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through June 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seventy paintings by artists from Beckmann and Chagall to Soutine and Vlaminck, squeezed into the category of "International Expressionism;" through Saturday, May 11. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Primitive art of contemporary Yugoslavia; through May 25. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, May 11.). . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Two hundred French nineteenth-century paintings, bronzes, and drawings, from David through Puvis de Chavannes, chosen with emphasis on the academic. Included are Ingres, Delacroix, Géricault, and Degas. Through June 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SHICKMAN**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: A hundred and three drawings from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, by Van Dyke, Tiepolo, Boucher, Millet, Degas, and others; through Saturday, May 18. . . . **WRIGHT-HEPBURN-WEBSTER**, 205 E. 60th St.: Thirty-five years of scenic and costume designs for the Royal Ballet of England; through Saturday, May 11. (Open Thursday and Friday evenings until 9.)

LATIN AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Nine young Argentine painters and sculptors who specialize in geometrical forms; through Sunday, May 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

NOTE—Sixty-two cartoons by Alan Dunn that originally appeared in this magazine are being exhibited at the Edward W. Root Art Center of Hamilton College, in Clinton, New York, under the over-all title "Alan Dunn: A Social Cartoonist Comments on His Times." Sunday, May 12, through Sunday, June 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and forty-eight drawings, plans, and engravings by eighteenth-century architects who emphasized simple, geometrical design; through Monday, May 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through June 9. . . . ¶ Forty-six prints offering impressions of New York City during the twentieth century by Bellows, Grosz, Rauschenberg, Paolozzi, and others; through Sunday, May 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth

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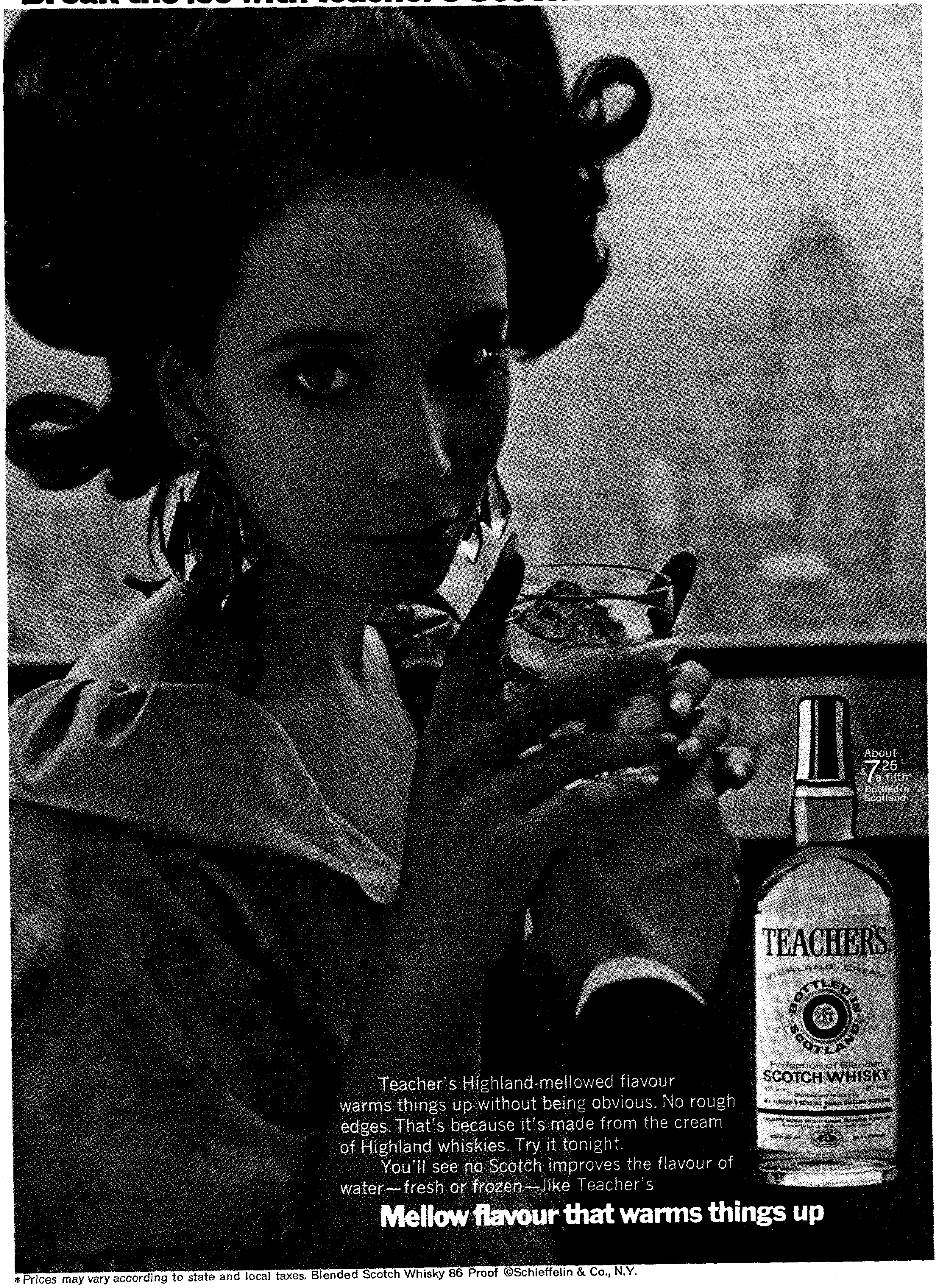
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Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and painted sculptures in abstract patterns by Paul Feeley (1910-66), done in the last twelve years of the artist's life; through May 26. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred oils, drawings, and watercolors by modern masters, from Seurat and Modigliani to Matisse, Picasso, and Mondrian, shown in tribute to Hilla von Rebay, the first director of the Museum; through May 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints done during the past quarter century by John Heliker, an artist who bases his work on nature; through Sunday, May 12. . . . ¶ Eighty sculptures, including eight "objects" for ballet sets, by Isamu Noguchi, a veteran sculptor and theatrical, architectural, and industrial designer; through June 16. A good complement to this showing is his exhibition at Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . ¶ Paintings by Hilaire Hiler (1898-1966), an American artist who was a well-known figure in Paris in the time of Hemingway, Pound, and Henry Miller; through June 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday evenings, music fills the halls until 11 o'clock. On May 14, the purveyor will be William O. Smith, composer and clarinettist, improvising music against prerecorded tapes.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran; also carved chess pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States. Through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifteen centuries of Korean ceramics said to be among the best of this craft; through June 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Gardens in Chinese Art," an exhibit in a large variety of mediums, including paintings, handscrolls, carved lacquers, ivory screens, porcelains, and illustrated books, from the eighth century through the eighteenth; through May 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

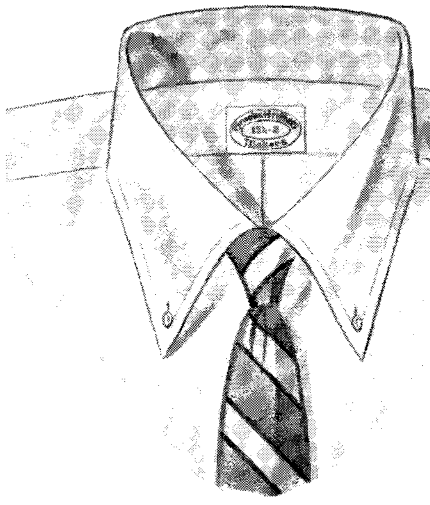
Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small group of pastels, etchings, and paintings by James A. McNeill Whistler (1834-1903); through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Man in Sport," the subject of some seven hundred photographs by Horst Baumann, Toni Frissell, Hy Peskin, and others; through Sunday, May 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by Gene Davis, Robert Irwin, and Richard Smith, all mathematical Abstractionists; through Sunday, May 12. . . . ¶ Suites of prints by (for instance) Albers, Jenkins, Kelly, Motherwell, Nevelson, Warhol, D'Arcangelo, and Youngerman; through Sunday, May 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Drawings by Giuseppe Zocchi (1711-67) of the villas, bridges, and buildings of Florence and Tuscany (often accompanied by modern photographs), plus a sampling of autograph letters,



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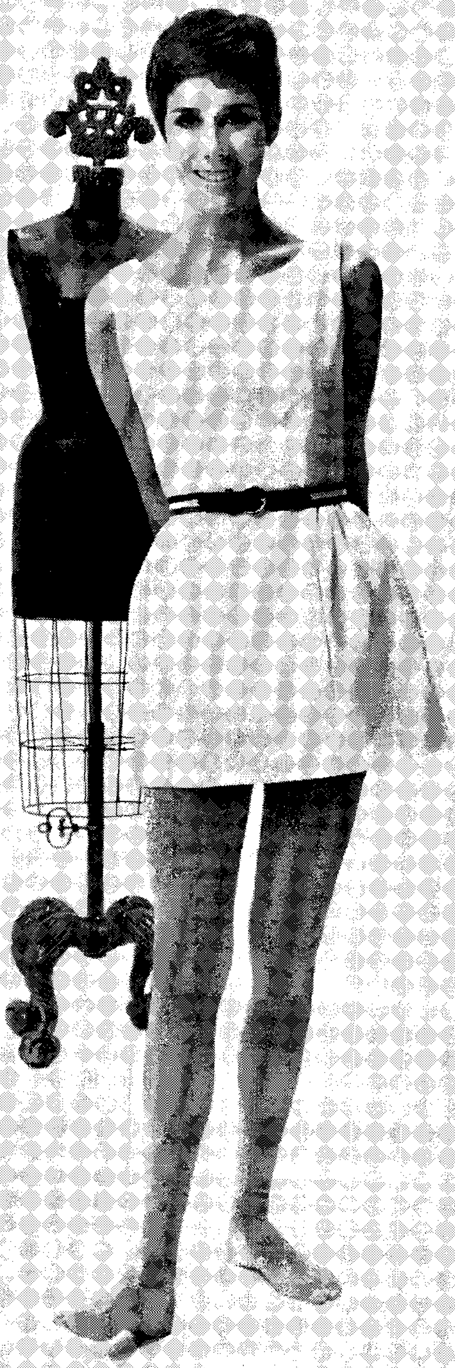

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

manuscripts, and books related to Florence; through Saturday, May 18. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A flock of decoys made by several carvers, along with wood fantasies (a peacock fountain, no less) whittled by John Scholl in the late nineteenth century; through July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Forty years of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics by members of the Sarah Lawrence art faculty, past and present, including such artists as David Smith, Theodore Roszak, Bradley Walker Tomlin, Oronzio Maldarelli, Peppino Mangravite, Ezio Martinelli, Concetta Scaravaglione; through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—Performances of Puccini's "Suor Angelica" and Donizetti's "Rita," staged by James Lucas. Paul Berl is the musical director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, May 9, at 8:30; Friday, May 10, at 2:15; Saturday, May 11, at 8:30; and Monday, May 13, at 7:30 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein directing on Thursday, May 16, at 8:30; Friday, May 17, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 18, at 8:30 (all with Sena Jurinac, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; John Alexander, tenor; McHenry Boatwright, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Russian music in the final concert of the season here, with Gary Graffman, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, May 14, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 9, at 8:30.)

New England Conservatory Symphony Orchestra—Frederik Prausnitz conducting, with Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Russell Sherman, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, May 13, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting the final concert of the season, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, May 18, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra and Chorus—Carl Bamberger directing. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, May 15, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Cantata Singers—Robert Hickok directing a program of English music. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Thursday, May 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 228-1870.)

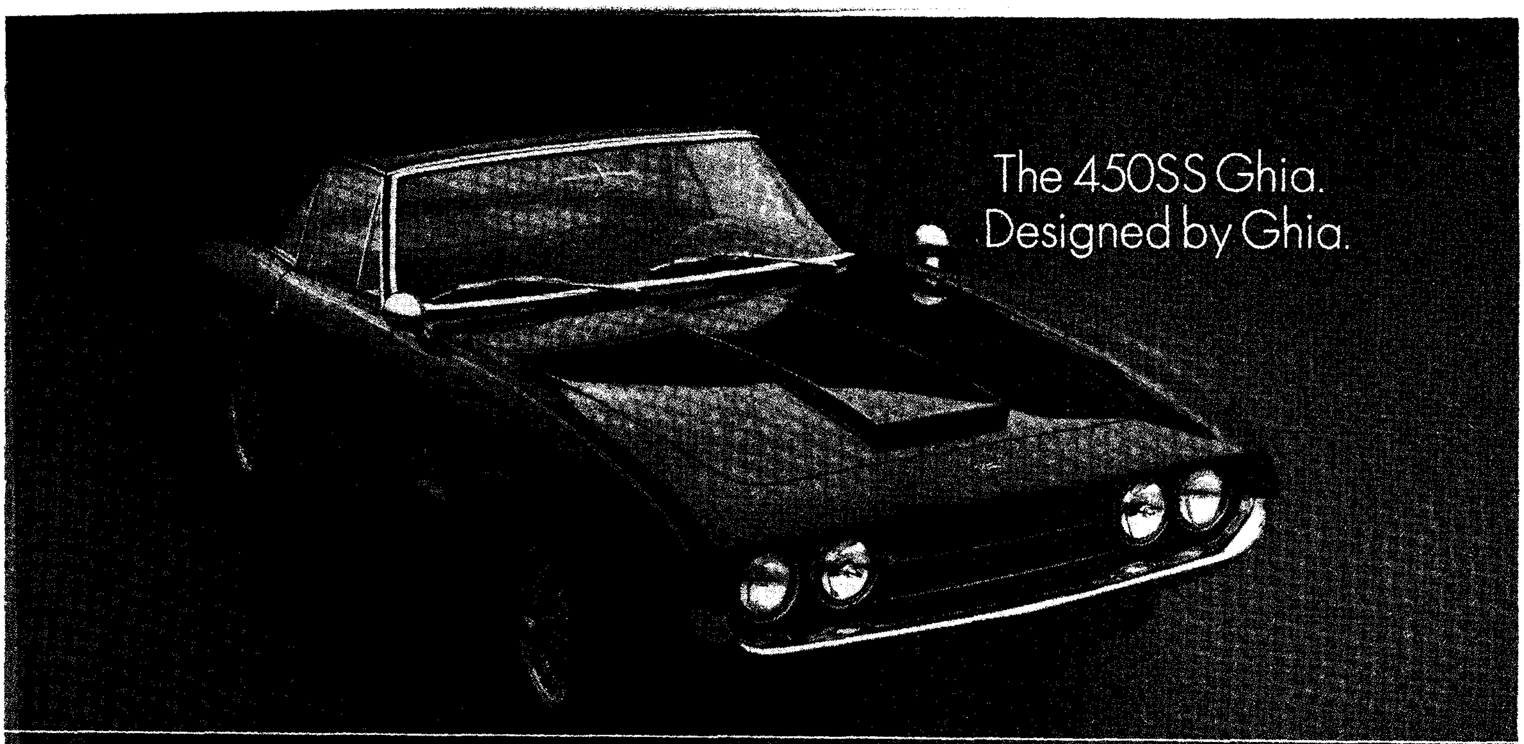
Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Catherine Christensen, soprano; Lillian Mernik, contralto; James Schwabacher, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass; and Michael May, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

RECITALS

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30.)

New England Conservatory Wind Ensemble—Gunther Schuller conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8:30.)

Yuji Takahashi—Piano. (Steinway Hall, 111 W.



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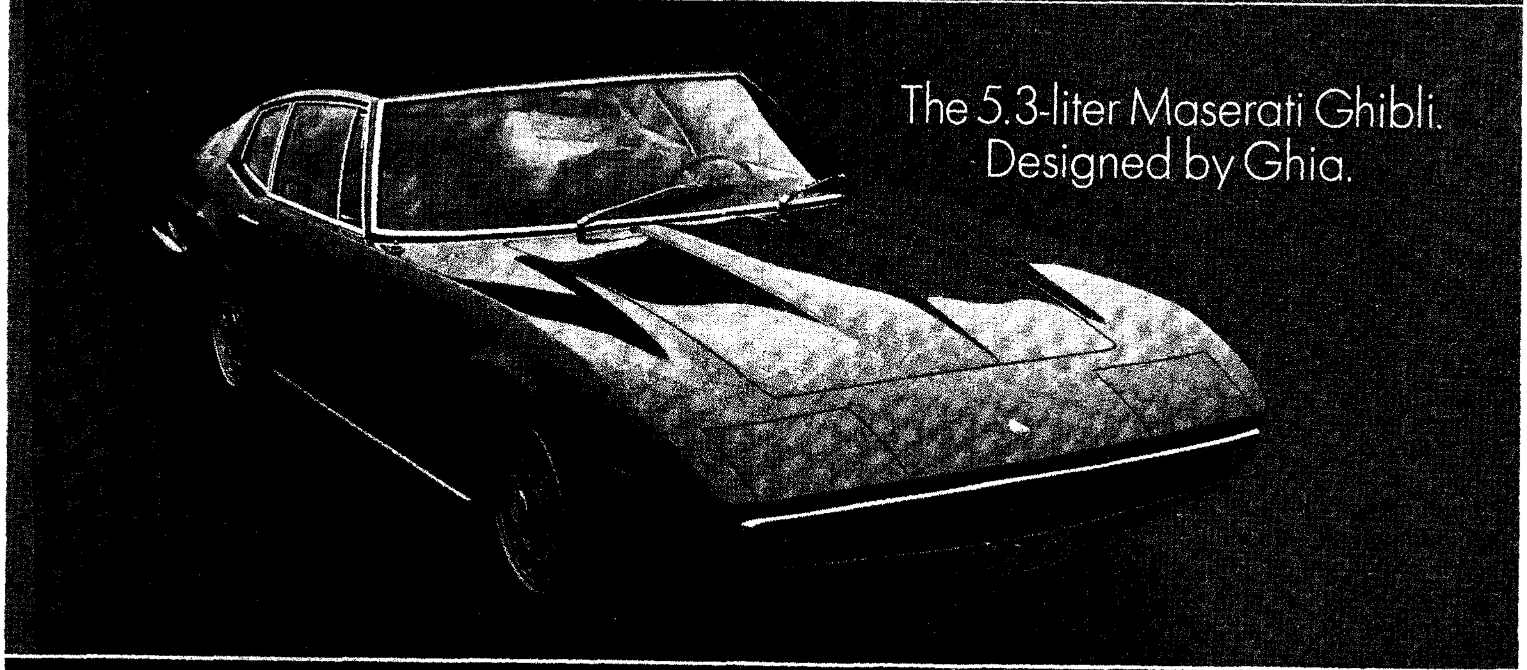

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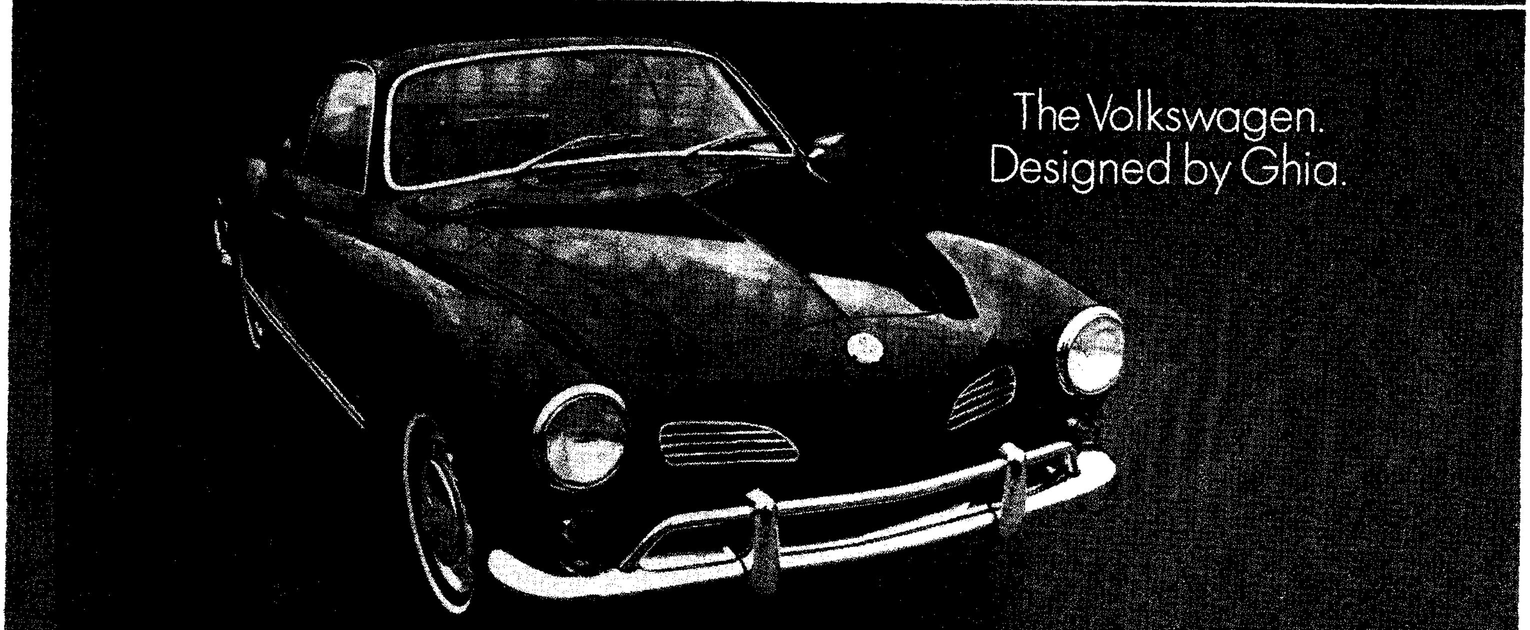

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JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

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MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Thomas Martin, plus several choruses, directed by Waldemar Link. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call LE 4-0880.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, May 10, at 8; Saturday, May 11, at 2; and Sunday, May 12, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14-15, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 16, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, May 17, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 18, at 2:15.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 11.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 18.)

Horse Show—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 11.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 18. The Withers, Saturday, May 11, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 18. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Thursday, May 30. . . . **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 18.

Soccer—Generals vs. St. Louis. (Yankee Stadium. Wednesday, May 15, at 8.)

Sports-Car Racing—At **lime rock park,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 11, at 1. . . . **bridgehampton race circuit,** Bridgehampton: Saturday, May 18, at 2:15, and Sunday, May 19, at 2:55.

Professional Tennis—Billie Jean King, Ann Haydon Jones, Françoise Durr, Rosemary Casals, Lew Hoad, Alex Olmedo, Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Fred Stolle, Andres Gimeno, Pancho Gonzales, and Roy Emerson. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 15, at 5, and Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 7:30.)

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 18.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 23. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Aida," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 18, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **bil baird's marionettes:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "Pecos Bill." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call MU 4-1230.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **repertory musical productions:** "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. Saturday, May 11, at 1:30 and 3:30. For tickets, call CH 3-6926.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near

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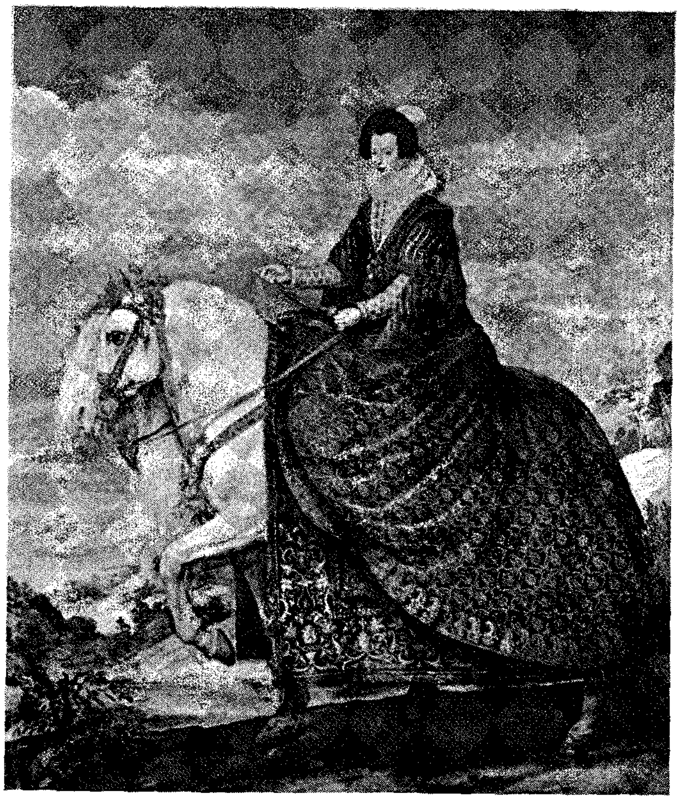
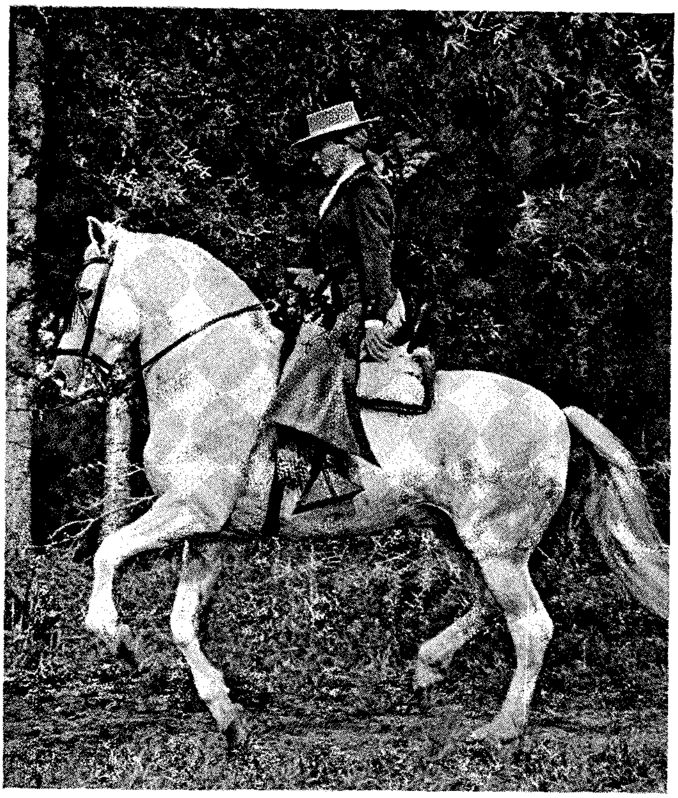


Spain through the eyes
of an artist.



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your own eyes.

Painting: Portrait of Isabel of Borbon by Velázquez at the Prado Museum, Madrid. Photograph: Taken at Jerez de la Frontera, Cadiz, by Isasi. Come to Spain on Iberia, the Air Line of Spain. See your Travel Agent.

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and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "On the Wings of Icarus." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK**: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, chickens, and a yearling mule. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the **BRONX ZOO**: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, kids, mice, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

GARDENS—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 14, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display belong to Dr. and Mrs. William H. Button, 172 E. 71st St.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederic P. Houston, 129 E. 74th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth A. Ives, 31 E. 79th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Donald G. C. Thomas, 530 E. 86th St.; Dr. and Mrs. Frank M. Weiser, 525 E. 86th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Veit, 160 E. 94th St.; and Mrs. Mary B. S. Wood, 1120 Fifth Ave. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

FLOWER SHOW—The May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, May 15, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 9, at 1:45: Icons, bronzes, wood carvings, and other works of art; from a number of collections....¶ Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French and other furniture and decorations, from various owners....¶ Tuesday, May 14, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Wednesday, May 15, at 10:30: Rare books and manuscripts, from the library of Edward Newman Horn....¶ Wednesday, May 15, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Picasso, Rodin, Magritte, and Klee; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 10.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—May 9 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" (1945), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein....¶ May 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Ivan the Terrible, Part II" (1946), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein....¶ May 11 at 11:30: "Der Golem" (1920), a German film. ...¶ May 11 at 3 and 5:30: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, with Jean-Louis Barrault....¶ May 12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946), with Myrna Loy and Fredric March....¶ May 13 at 2 and 5:30: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica....¶ May 14 at 2 and 5:30: "The Quiet One" (1948), a documentary film....¶ May 15 at 2 and 5:30: "The Gaucho" (1927), with Douglas Fairbanks. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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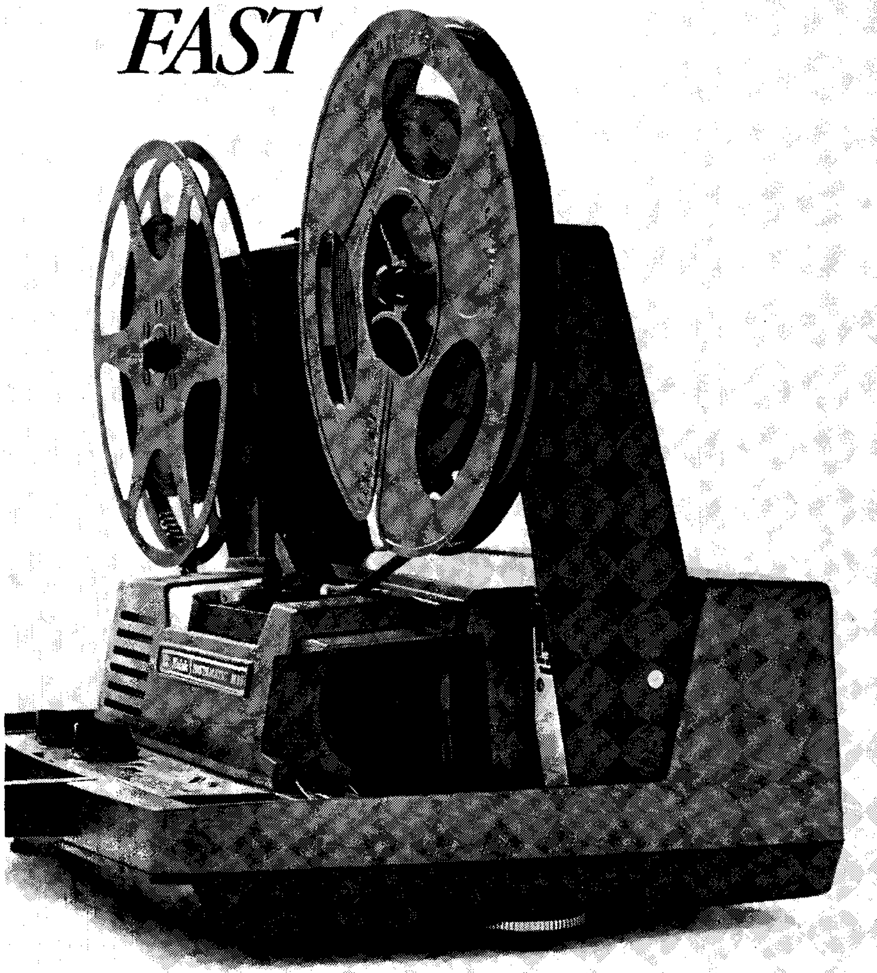

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15			

Bedazzled—An extremely funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Eleanor Bron, and Peter Cook, who also wrote the screenplay. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through May 11.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Bonnie and Clyde—Arthur Penn's lucidly observant story of two young robbers who become folk heroes of the Depression. Faye Dunaway plays Bonnie, ex-waitress; Warren Beatty is the debonair Clyde Barrow. One of the very few genuinely thoughtful movies in the use it makes of photographed violence. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Camelot—The biggest P.-T.A. pageant of all time. Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris struggle valiantly not to seem puppets, but they are. Joshua Logan was the director of this Hollywood adaptation of the Broadway musical. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Les Carabiniers—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. Godard made the picture in 1963, and the soldiers' imaginary monarchical country is like a caricature of de Gaulle's France. Godard is cinema's nearest thing to Brecht in his intellectual grasp and gutter irony. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210.... ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 15.)

Charlie Bubbles—Albert Finney as a rich, young, incredibly famous English writer who feels blank and bored. The movie is calculated to produce the same sensations in the audience, and it does, it all too drearily does. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 14.... ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting May 15.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, witty political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, made in 1967, and one of his best. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 14.)

A Dandy in Aspic—Espionage and angst, with Laurence Harvey as a homesick spy and Mia Farrow as a starved sex-kitten. An overproduced, glossily self-important thriller that promises more fun than it delivers. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through May 14.)

Doctor Dolittle—For children, and only for children. Rex Harrison pretends that his extreme urbanity is not wasted on four-footed friends. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—If you like Hardy, you will no doubt enjoy this faithful rendering of the grumpy yeomanry of grim old Wessex. The cast includes Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. John Schlesinger directed. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

The Fox—D. H. Lawrence's novella as it might have been interpreted in a girls' boarding school—but wasn't that "The Children's Hour"? Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood are the ladies and Keir Dullea, voice lowered, is the marauding male. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—A debate about intermarriage between blacks and whites, attractively written by William Rose, directed by Stanley Kramer, and with a superb cast including Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Half a Sixpence—Not so much a movie musical as an enormous disaster area. Tommy Steele wears out his toothsome smile in the first reel. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; May 9 at 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Hour of the Wolf—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

How I Won the War—Human nature is a disappointment to Richard Lester, but he recounts his disappointment in hilarious terms. Michael Crawford plays Everyman. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 15.)

In Cold Blood—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Ingeniously adapted from the Capote original by Richard Brooks. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 15.)

The Odd Couple—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's funny Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon plays the one who horribly recreates the situation all over again and becomes a new wife-figure, fussing about with coasters and driving Walter Matthau nuts. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Planet of the Apes—One of the best science-fiction fantasies to come out of Hollywood in a decade. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Poor Cow—Carol White is the young barmaid who learns about life as she drifts from one thief to another. But she doesn't learn enough to keep one's attention from drifting in this ambitious but flat version of Nell Dunn's novel, directed by Kenneth Loach. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 14.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire of the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Sebastian—Dirk Bogarde cracks codes in this uneven espionage comedy-thriller. With John Gielgud, who provides a few amusing moments, and Susannah York and Lilli Palmer. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through May 14.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through May 13.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus, four-part movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer, not an actress (Ludmila Savalyeva), is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre in this stupendous endeavor, which draws one into another life in a country on the brink of change. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

The Whisperers—The melodramatics of the plot are too much for the nature of the film, which is an account of things more inward, but Edith Evans' study of a very old woman living in privation and loneliness is one of the finest performances we could hope to see. Directed by Bryan Forbes, with Eric Portman as her cadging jailbird husband. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 15.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 14.... ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 15.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 15.)

Cartouche (1963)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 14.)

Eclipse (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 10-13.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 15.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 14.)

Open City (1945)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 9.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through May 15.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 14.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700; through May 14.)

Variety Lights (1950)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 9.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 10-13.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 14: **CHARLIE BUBBLES.**
From May 15: "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia," Dudley Moore.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through May 15: **THE WHISPERERS;** and **PERSONA** (in Swedish), revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 14: **PHAEDRA,** revival; and "He Who Must Die," revival, Melina Mercouri, Jean Servais.
From May 15: **HOW I WON THE WAR;** and **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM,** revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 14: "Valley of the Dolls," Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke; and "The Flim-Flam Man," revival, George C. Scott.
From May 15: **IN COLD BLOOD.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"I, a Lover," a Danish film.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
HOUR OF THE WOLF (in Swedish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Private Navy of Sgt. O'Farrell," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through May 11: **BEDAZZLED.**
From May 12: "Trans-Europ-Express" (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Fifth Horseman Is Fear," a Czechoslovakian film.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through May 14: **A DANDY IN ASPIC.**
From May 15: "The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 14: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From May 15: **BLOW-UP,** revival; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN,** revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"I, a Lover" (in Danish).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 13: **THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.**
From May 14: "Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 14: **SEBASTIAN;** and "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.
From May 15: "The Carpetbaggers," revival, George Peppard, Carroll Baker; and "Nevada Smith," revival, Steve McQueen.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
LES CARABINIERS (in French).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 14: **MARAT/SADE,** revival; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN,** revival.
From May 15: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 14: **LA CHINOISE** (in French).
From May 15: **IN COLD BLOOD.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
May 9: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From May 10: "A Face of War," a documentary film.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 14: **SEBASTIAN;** and "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.
From May 15: "The Carpetbaggers," revival, George Peppard, Carroll Baker; and "Nevada Smith," revival, Steve McQueen.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
May 9: **HALF A SIXPENCE.**
From May 10: "Blue," Terence Stamp, Joanna Pettet.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE FOX.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
May 9: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From May 10: "A Face of War," a documentary film.

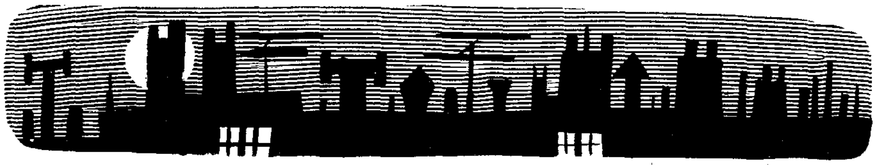
Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
Through May 14: **ULYSSES,** revival.
From May 15: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 15: **LES CARABINIERS** (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 14: "Two Weeks in September," Brigitte Bardot; and "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), revival, Virna Lisi.
From May 15: "The President's Analyst," James Coburn; and "The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 9: **VARIETY LIGHTS** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian and both revivals).
May 10-13: **A WOMAN IS A WOMAN** (in French), revival; and **ECLIPSE** (in Italian), revival.
From May 14: **CARTOUCHE** (in French), revival; and "Male Hunt" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 14: **POOR COW.**
From May 15: **CHARLIE BUBBLES.**



There is a certain kind of woman who won't read her horoscope until the month is over.
For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

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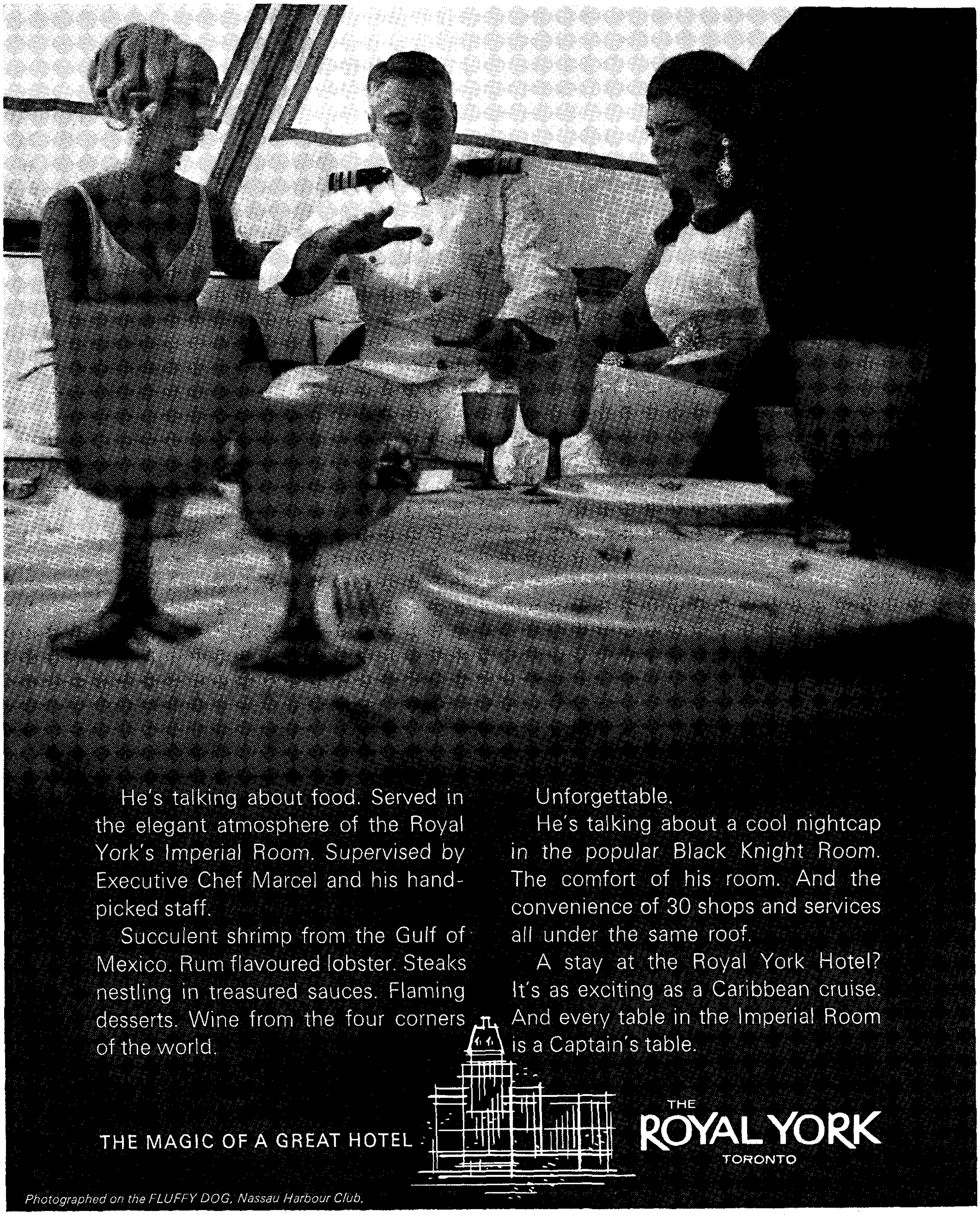
You're cruising the Caribbean. Someone mentions the Royal York in Toronto.

Do you know what he's talking about?



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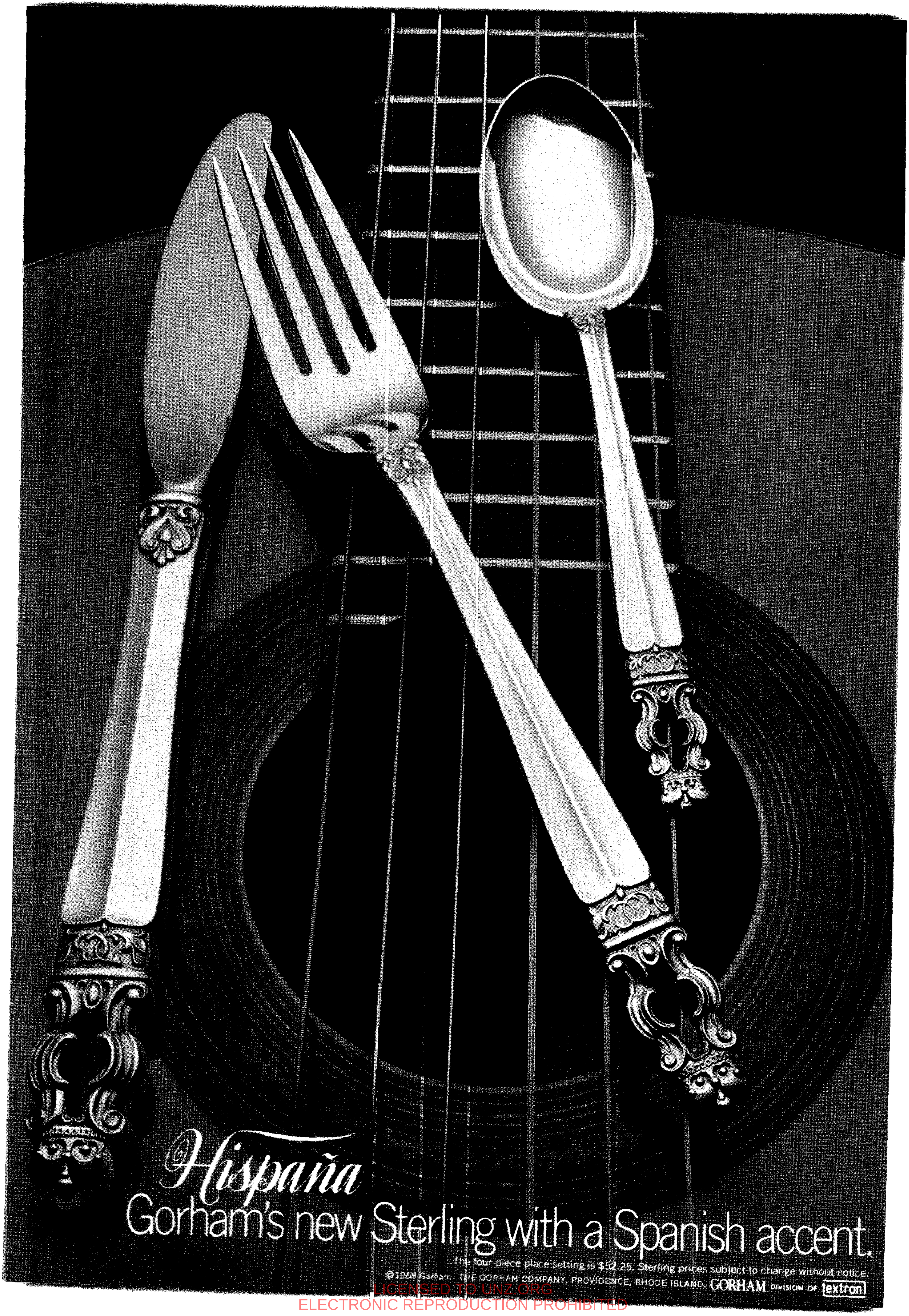
THE MAGIC OF A GREAT HOTEL

THE
ROYAL YORK
TORONTO

Photographed on the FLUFFY DOG, Nassau Harbour Club.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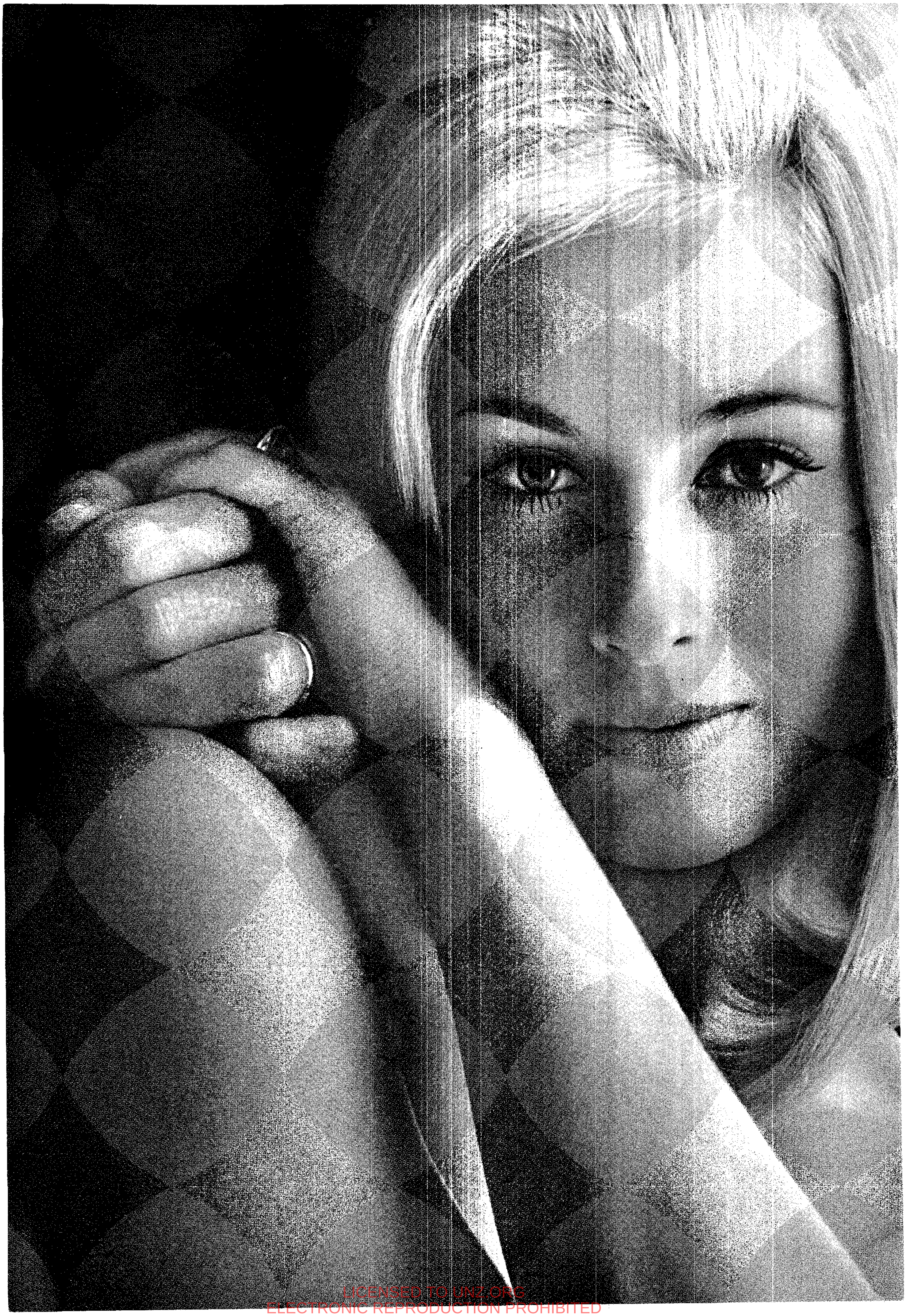

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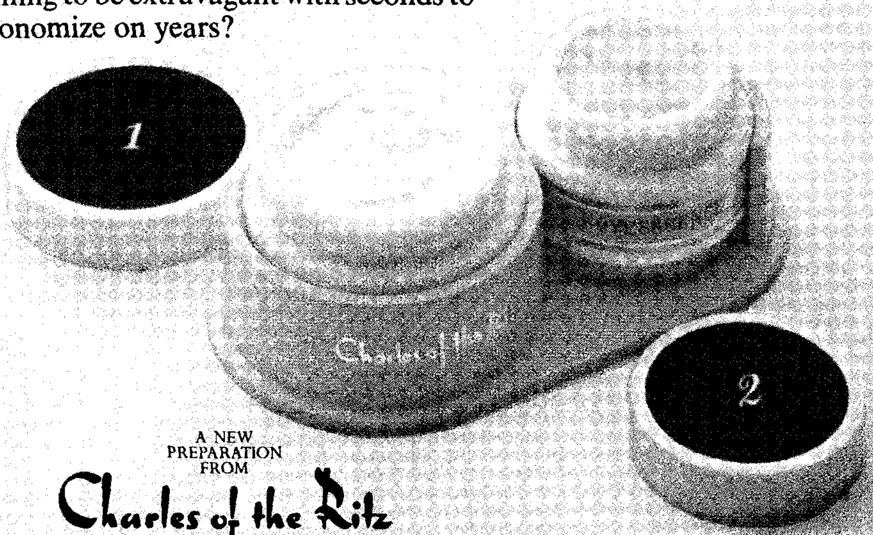

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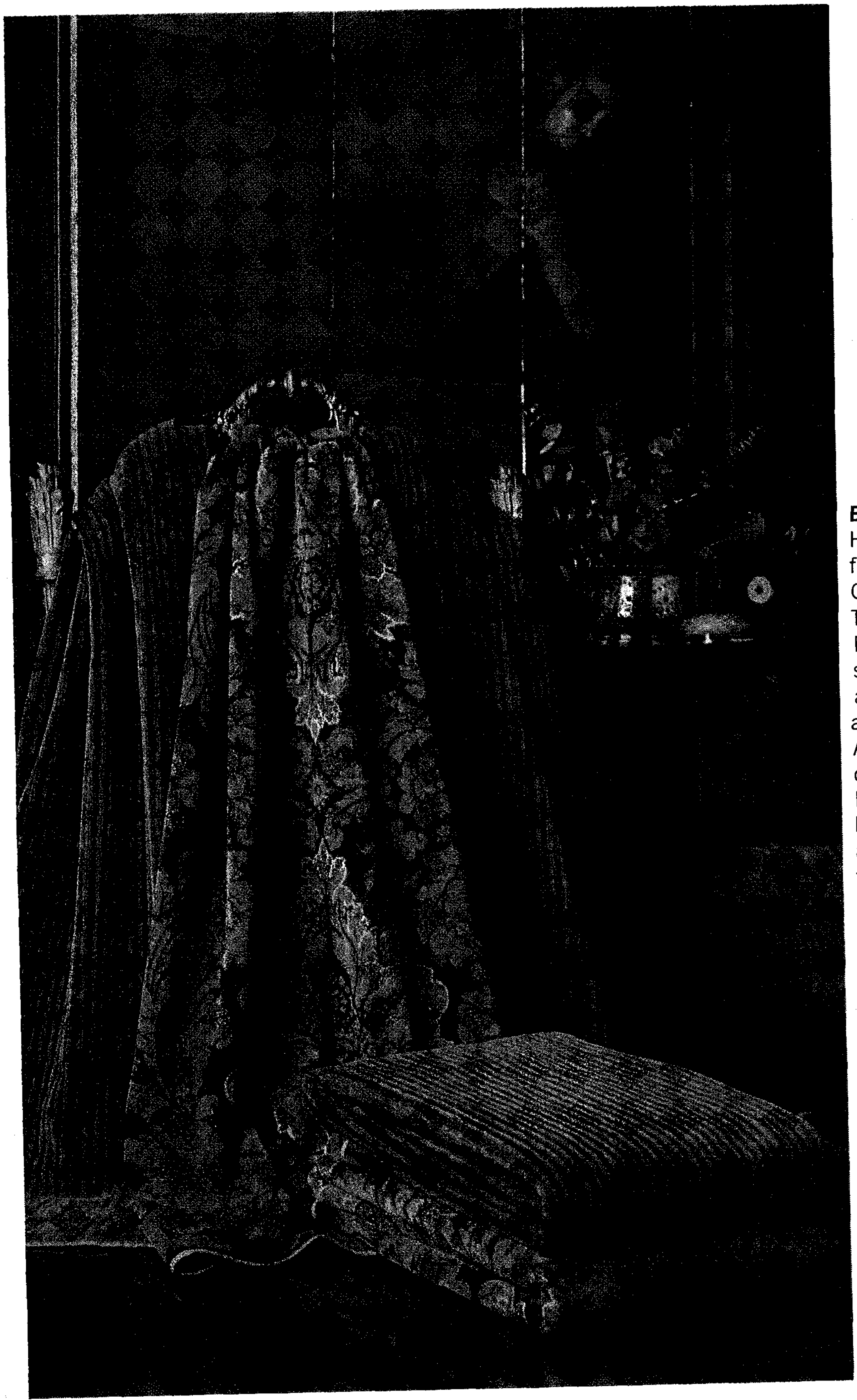

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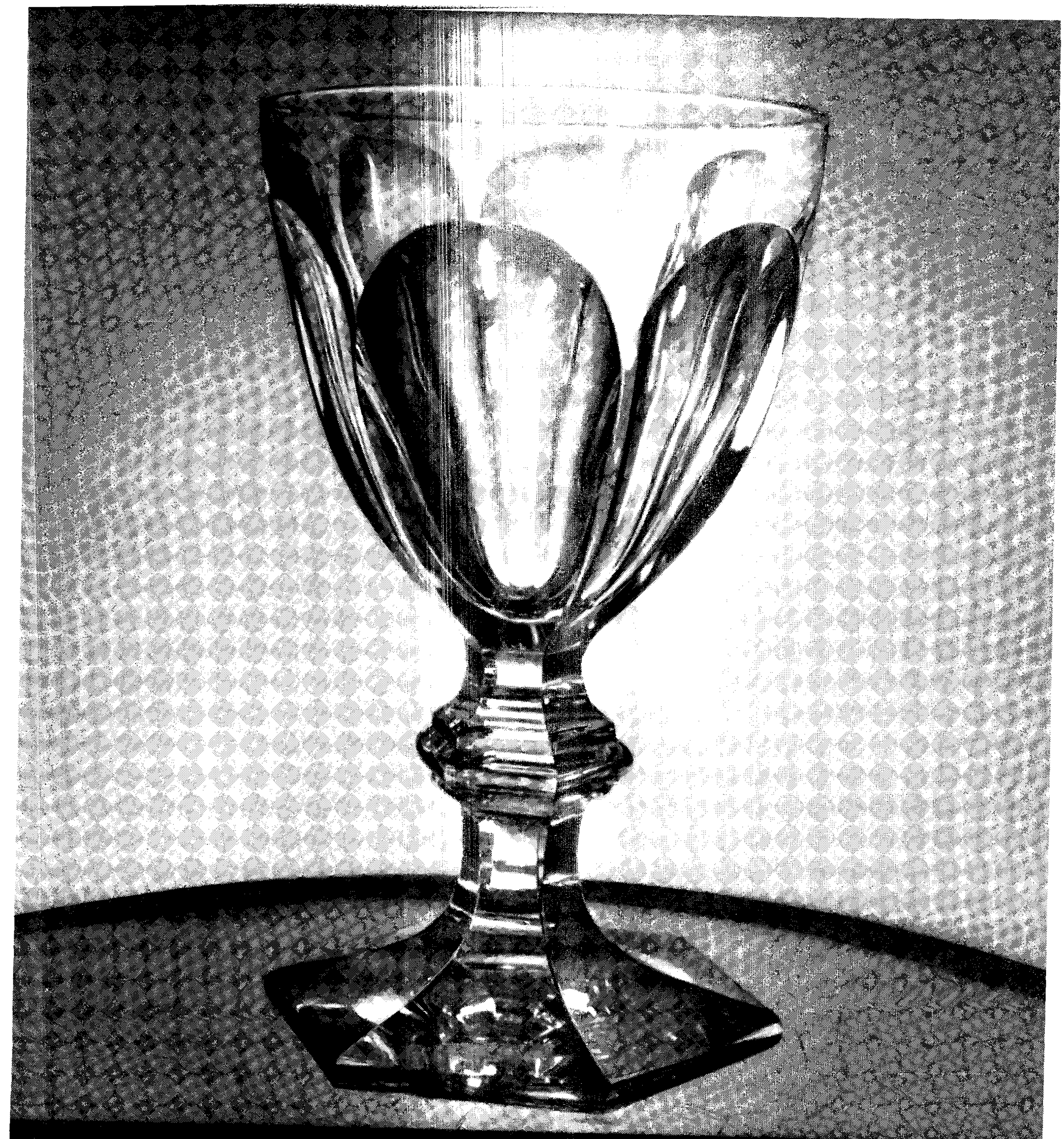

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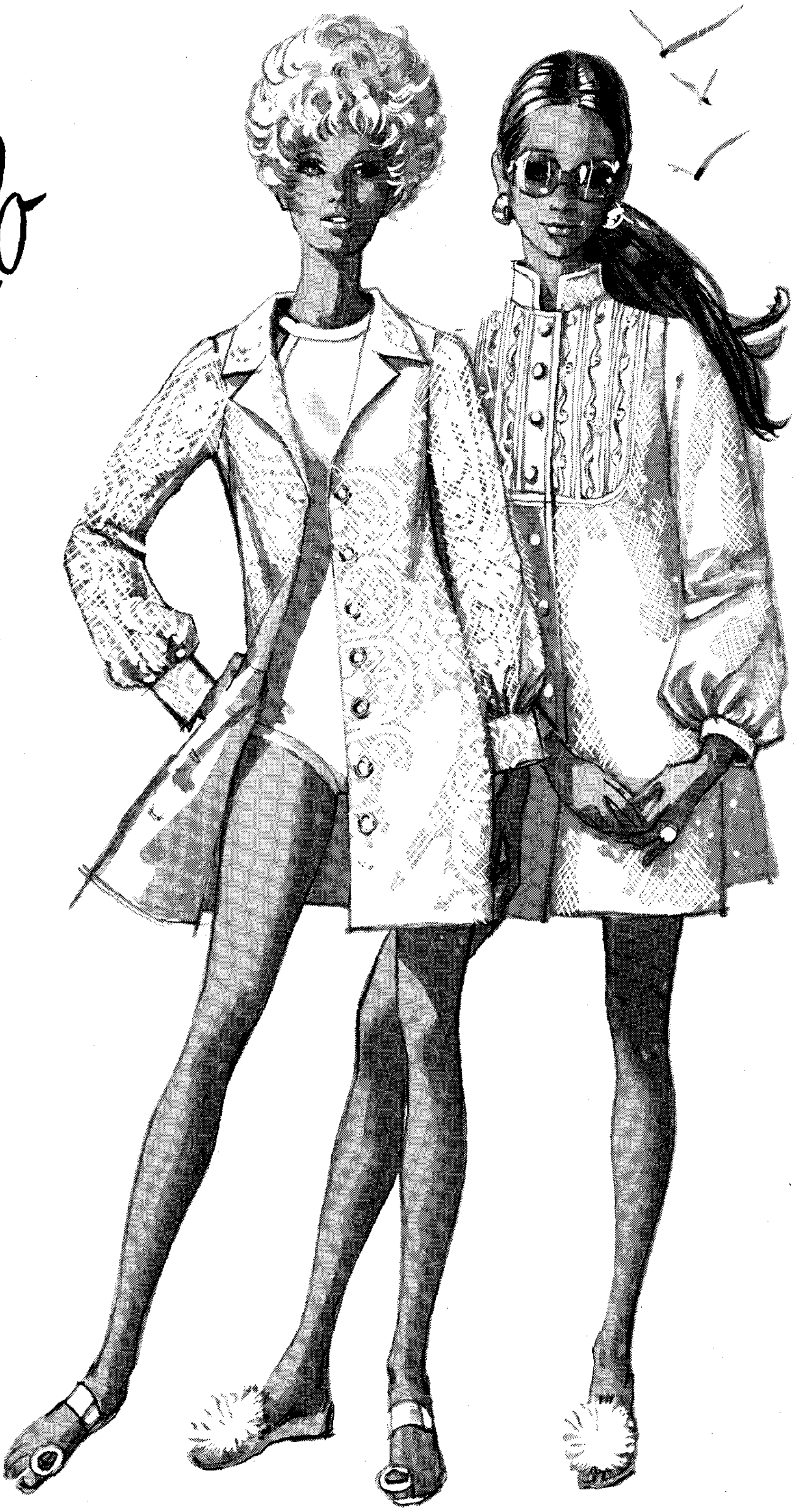
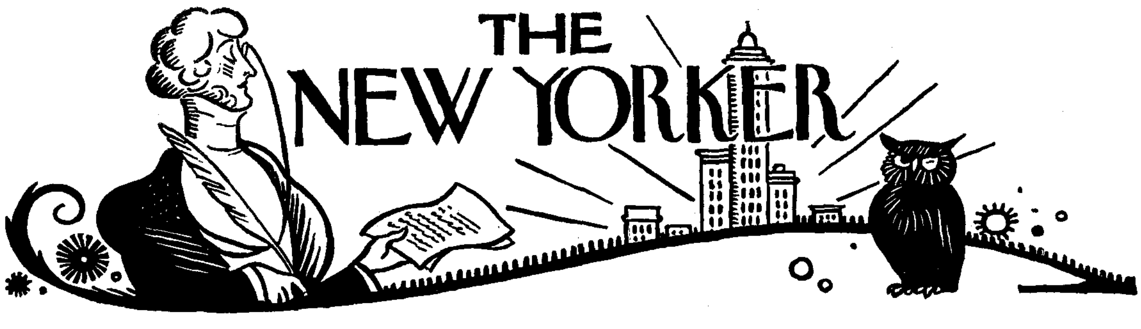
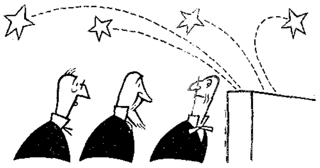




THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have heard again from our friend who abandoned New York for a distant Mediterranean island. He writes: "As you know, news reaches me very slowly, and I learned just yesterday of the excitement concerning the powerful, rapidly pulsating radio signals that astronomers at Cambridge, England, and Arecibo, Puerto Rico, have been picking up from four stars in the Milky Way. Although the astronomers are being extremely circumspect, some are talking about the possibility that the signals may be from navigation beacons set up by an advanced civilization. Last night, I was sitting on the terrace and looking at the sky, which I was never able to locate when I lived in New York, and before I knew it I found myself extrapolating wildly. I suppose it is reasonable for the scientists to assume that the beacons, if they are not natural phenomena, were put up by that advanced civilization—it would have to be millennia ahead of us in technology—for some noble yet practical purpose, maybe like the lighthouse at Pharos. But here on earth, where our technology continues to leap ahead, most of our strong, regular radio impulses can no doubt be broken down into fifty-five minutes of the Top Forty and five minutes of News, Weather, and Sports, along with word of important new skin-care products and diet drinks. Now, a civilization far enough along to beam a signal a distance of one hundred light years every 1.3372795 seconds with a variation of less than one part in ten million per pulse has probably solved the universal problems of skin blemishes and obesity, and maybe it doesn't need even *five* minutes of news anymore, but I like to think there might be some groovy Good Guys out there spinning the discs, watching the old sidereal clock on the wall, and maybe someday playing *our* request."

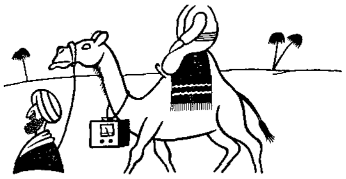


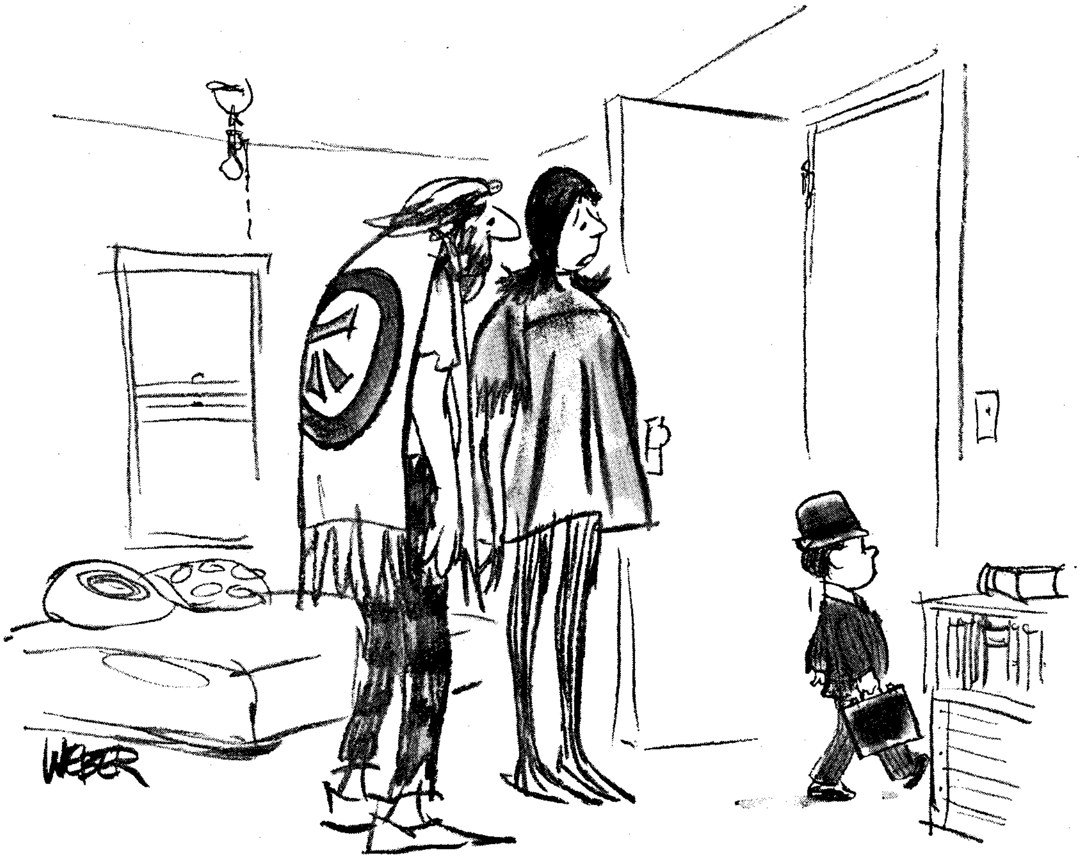
Knowledge Decentralized

AN outfit named the Responsive Environments Corporation invited us to a press luncheon the other day in honor of a new teaching machine, called the Talking Page. The luncheon was held on the third floor of the Overseas Press Club, in a bright, sunny room overlooking Bryant Park. Lined up on one end of a long dais were three sample models of the Talking Page, an innocuous-looking machine that resembles an old-fashioned slant-topped writing desk. It weighs only fifteen and a half pounds, and so is completely portable, and it can be operated on two nine-volt batteries. Specially designed 45-r.p.m. records are inserted in a slot at the back of the machine, and these are coördinated with specially designed teaching programs in such a way that the child (or adult) using the Talking Page can receive both written and spoken instruction, just as if he were sitting in an old-fashioned classroom with an old-fashioned blackboard and a real, live teacher—except that the machine's voice can be shut off at will and the student can skip back and forth from one part of the lesson to another whenever he wishes, just by flicking a lever. The main advantages of the Talking Page, aside from its silencing device, appear to be its low cost (each unit will sell for about seven hundred dollars and will rent for two hundred a year), its ease of operation, and its all-round pedagogical flexibility. The last virtue was presumably on the mind of one R.E.C. executive when he declared, "Learning takes place best when a learner is involved in multisensory adhesion to the material."

Richard Kobler, the vice-president and general manager of the Thomas A. Edison Industries Laboratory and the inventor of the Talking Page, demonstrated its proper use to the assembled journalists, who numbered about sixty. "We take a piece of paper," he began. "We are hooking it on the top of the little desk called the Talking Page. I take an Edison Talking Page disc and throw it into the slot, and, ladies and gentlemen, we have now performed a marriage ceremony between a piece of paper and a precision audio device."

The featured speaker of the afternoon, naturally enough, turned out to be Dr. Marshall McLuhan, who has been working as a consultant to the Responsive Environments Corporation. Dr. McLuhan, who is tall and thin, with a light-gray crewcut, wears conservatively tailored business suits, conservative neckties, and old-fashioned white shirts, but, as is well known, he speaks an up-to-date, late-twentieth-century idiom, which he himself helped to invent and popularize. He praised the Talking Page as a piece of "hardware" that would contribute to "the decentralization of knowledge." He went on to say, "Just as the portable radio on the camel revolutionized the Middle East, this kind of portable device can revolutionize education. What's going on at Columbia University at present is a revolt against centralism. Under electric conditions, every type of knowledge is decentralized. We live in a programmed environment where the levels of information are fantastically higher—in TV and magazine ads, for instance—than anything offered in a university. By the age of six, a child resents being called a child, because he knows as much about his environment, probably, as he'll ever know." Dr. McLuhan said he found





"Where have we failed?"

it especially significant that the Columbia undergraduates had despoiled the filing cabinets in the office of President Grayson Kirk, because the filing cabinet is the perfect symbol of "the obsolete, centralized university." He expressed a hope that the "software" connected with the Talking Page—that is, the teaching programs themselves—would reflect the world around us. "We should be training perception, not just cramming in information," he explained. "Today's students don't want information; they are looking for images, for a meaningful identity." Devices like the Talking Page, he said, are "absolutely in the groove of an electric time."

As soon as Dr. McLuhan had finished, he was besieged by about half of the journalists present, who asked him to clarify his views on the Columbia crisis. At the same time, other reporters crowded around the three sample Talking Pages and began experimenting with them. While Dr. McLuhan was trying to make things a little clearer, a hubbub of mechanical voices filled the room. One machine was saying, "*Voilà M. Brunet. Voilà Mme. Brunet . . .*" Another was saying, "When a student's own words and pictures are programmed . . ." The third was saying, "This is a game we usually play, and here's how to begin: the numbers on the left side of the page are 'x' numbers . . ." And suddenly Dr. McLuhan was saying, "Oh, wait a minute! No, no, no! Let's get out of here—too much noise!" He strode from the room, with the reporters at his heels. Out in the hall, he tried again: "The old-fashioned universities will not be reformed; they will simply be bypassed." A radio reporter shoved a microphone under his chin to catch the words, and Dr. McLuhan looked down at the device with an expression of deep distaste. "That's *very* distracting," he muttered to the electric journalist, and he went on to say that Mickey Mouse and Pogo were actually representatives of an "iconic, abstract, and very avant-garde art form," although no one at Teachers College had ever taught them that way.

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OVERHEARD on a Madison Avenue bus, one middle-aged lady to another: "In dark times like these, I am more glad than ever that I am me."

The Amiability and Conviviality of the Long-Distance Runner

ON a recent Saturday morning, when the sky was so blue and clear that it was almost impossible to believe in air pollution, we joined a group of about a hundred people who had gathered along the east side of the Central Park Reservoir in order to officially declare the cinder path around it a track for joggers. The path has been used by joggers ever since it was built, in the eighteen-sixties, and now that it has been officially declared a jogging track, it will doubtless continue to be trodden also by slower-footed pedestrians, so the only demonstrable change is a handsome orange sign that reads, in white letters, "Start of Jogging and Walking Trails." The sign has been put up, opposite East Ninetieth Street, high on the chain-link fence that surrounds the Reservoir. Behind it, when we arrived, seagulls and ducks were swirling in the warm air, and in front of it the joggers—mostly men, but with a smattering of women and children—were standing about in sweatsuits, shorts, and track shoes listening to Hayes W. Jones, the city's new Commissioner of Recreation, declare the track (and nineteen others throughout the city) officially open—by which we took him to mean that the paint on the sign was officially dry. Then Jones, an athletic-looking young man in a bright-blue sweatsuit, crouched in a racing start and took off up the trail, leading about seventy-five joggers on an official lap around the Reservoir. The black cinders on the path crunched under their feet, and after the last jogger—a plump twelve-year-old girl in blue corduroy trousers—had passed, a swirl of black dust lingered under the Japanese cherry trees that formed a partial canopy of pink blossoms over the jogging track. Below, on the bridle path that parallels the track, two girls in khaki jodhpurs and black hunt caps cantered by, their blond ponytails streaming out behind parallel to the horses' tails, and, farther along, on the East Drive, which runs beside the bridle path, cyclists pedalled slowly, the sun glinting from their handlebars. The scene and the colors were Monet's, with a few perspiring runners dubbed in by Eakins.

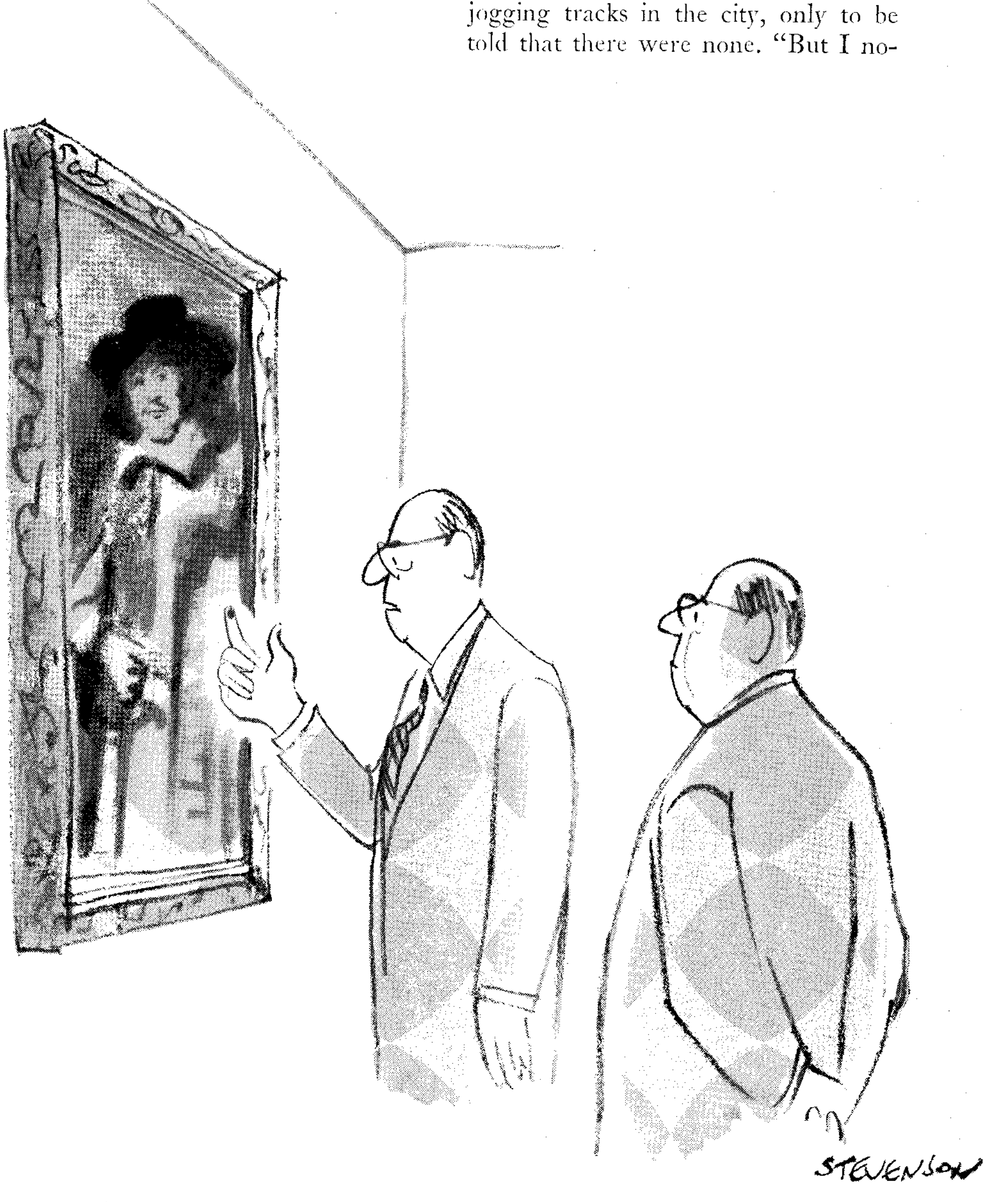
Through the fence on the other side of the Reservoir we could see a steadily progressing blur as the joggers puffed down the west stretch of the path, and before long they had passed the pump house to the south and were pounding up the straightaway on the east side. We stepped back off the path as they came crunching by the orange sign, some sixteen minutes after they had started. (We calculated later that they had made a speed of six miles an hour, which is the equivalent of a ten-minute mile.) Some of the runners, such as Commissioner Jones, who is lean and muscular, and Ollan Cassell, who won a gold medal for the sixteen-hundred-metre relay during the 1964 Olympics, and who finished the lap politely a couple of lengths behind the Commissioner, looked as if they had been on a short walk around the block, but others looked bushed, and collapsed on the bank under the cherry trees, panting hard.

Searching for somebody with enough wind to talk, we accosted a sturdy young man with a large, bushy mustache who was wearing a white T-shirt bearing the words "Caesar Rodney Half Marathon." The man, whose name was James Dunaway, gave his brow a swipe with a handkerchief and identified the Caesar Rodney Half Marathon as a thirteen-mile course in Wilmington, Delaware, which he ran in last year—a fact that entitled him to wear the shirt. Dunaway's main stamping ground, however, is the Reservoir. He averages two miles a day there. The Reservoir track, he said, is exactly 1.58 miles around and is in the domain of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, though it is maintained by the Department of Parks. "I'm constantly amazed at the number of good citizens who bring their dogs up here, considering the fact that our drinking water is down below," he said. We asked Dunaway about dogs he had encountered, and learned that in his years of jogging he has been nipped twice. As for other hazards of jogging around the Reservoir, Dunaway said that he is sometimes buzzed by bicyclists, and that another hazard is groups of teen-agers who walk slowly down the middle of the path, blocking a runner's way. "I just bust right through them and keep running," said Dunaway. "Ever hear of a train wreck? It's an English term. A train wreck is when a runner is jumped by a gang of hoods. That hasn't happened here yet, but when it does, I'll be ready." He threw a couple of hooks with his fists and then started on another lap of the Reservoir.

We talked briefly with Mr. Cassell, the Olympic runner, who said he had done most of his training in the Park but had preferred to use the bridle path, which is considerably longer than the Reservoir track. We asked whether a man could outrun a horse, and he said he didn't know, though he was sure he had passed as many horses as had passed him. There were other runners present who thought of the Reservoir track as too short for serious jogging. One was a twelve-year-old from the Bronx, a blond boy named Barry Geisler, whose forehead looked dry even though he had just finished a Reservoir lap. Barry, who had a high, piping voice, said he likes running marathons, because he likes to win prizes. A marathon is twenty-six miles, which would be about sixteen times around the Reservoir—a series of circles that might make him dizzy and would certainly bore him silly. For marathons, Barry said, he prefers a changing scene. He had come back from Massachusetts a couple of days before, where he had run unofficially in the Boston Marathon, completing it in three hours and fifty-six minutes. "I felt like quitting at the twenty-mile mark," he said. "There's a hill there that they call Heartbreak Hill."

We moved on to a tall man of about forty whose stomach protruded slightly beneath an apricot sweater. He proved to be Frederic S. Berman, the Deputy Administrative Commissioner of Rent and Housing Maintenance, who said he was trying to get in trim to keep a step ahead of angry landlords. Commissioner Berman was still puffing slightly and said he was a little pooped—a feeling that had crept up on him at the second pump house, three-quarters of the way around the Reservoir. He confided that he had joined the runners halfway around.

We next asked Commissioner Jones how he had come to open the jogging tracks, and he answered that he had taken up jogging when he lived in Detroit, and after he moved to New York, last January, he had looked for jogging tracks in the city, only to be told that there were none. "But I no-



"Well, this initial test suggests that the authenticity of your Rembrandt may be questionable."

ticed plenty of joggers here, many of whom were jogging in the streets, dodging cars," he said. "I asked some more questions, and now we have twenty jogging tracks."

Commissioner Berman, who had recovered his wind and now looked quite trim and athletic in his apricot sweater, suggested to Commissioner Jones that perhaps some of the roofs in the city that are under his jurisdiction might be used for jogging. Jones nodded, but then pointed out that most of the roofs are coated with tarpaper—not the best surface for jogging. "Maybe we could do something about *that*," Jones said, and as we left, Commissioner Berman was telling Commissioner Jones that he would give him a call.

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SIGN observed by a delegation of Middle Western Rotarians in a London shop window:

Owing to Increased Pressure of
Business, This Shop Will Now Be
Closed on Mondays

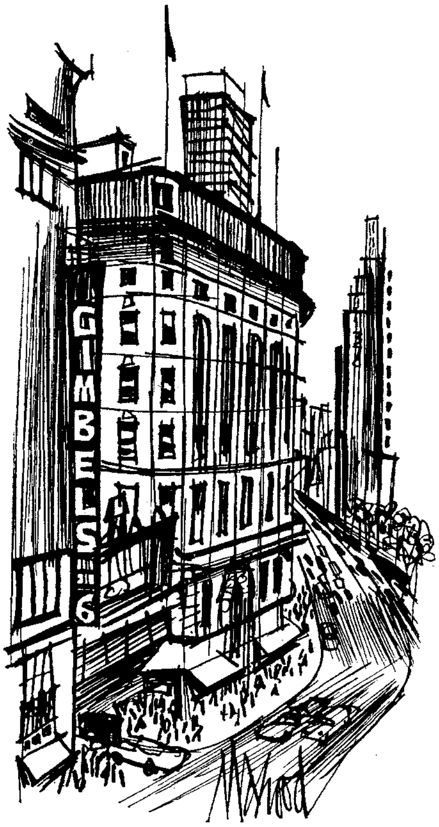
Gossamer Across the River

WE received a letter recently from the Brooklyn Museum, which began, "Gossamer gowns float in the spring air, as the ladies, elegant and graceful, enter the Museum. The imposing façade gleams with subtle lighting, as car after car pulls up to its doors. If you stop for a moment to listen, you hear the muted voices inside mixed with the crystal sound of champagne glasses. This is the champagne reception that prefaces the annual ball at the Brooklyn Museum, and it brings to light a little known facet of life in this famous borough."

Dazzled by the lyricism of our correspondent, whose stationery bore the letterhead of the Community Committee of the Museum, we set out the following evening in a subway train and surfaced forty minutes later near the entrance of the imposing façade just as a cluster of elegant ladies and gentlemen was arriving. We joined them, enjoying the sound of their muted voices and anticipating the crystal sound of champagne glasses. Inside the door, we were greeted by a hazel-eyed young matron in yellow-and-pink silk evening pajamas, who caught our arm and whisked us through the crowd, meanwhile introducing herself as Marjorie Miller, a member of the Community Committee and the author of the prose poem. As Mrs. Miller ushered us into an elevator, which began to rise slowly to the fifth floor, she gave us a quick history of the ball. "It's been held for the past eleven years by the Community Committee, an organization of about seventy women who raise funds for the Museum's many educational activities. Every year, the ball is timed to coincide with the opening of a new exhibition or an addition to the Museum. This year, it's keyed to an exhibition called 'Listening to Pictures.' Here we are."

The elevator doors parted, and we moved forward into a foyer where a number of elegant ladies were mingling with elegant gentlemen, their voices blending with—ah!—the crystal sound of champagne glasses. The party had a courtly aspect, induced by the fact that many of the men wore large medallions hanging from purple ribbons around their necks. "You get one when you buy a five-dollar raffle ticket," Mrs. Miller explained over one shoulder, hastening on to a large gallery. This contained the exhibition, which, we soon discovered, was a new arrangement of the Museum's permanent collection of contemporary American paintings, watercolors, and sculpture. The guests in here were wearing earphones attached to long plastic cords, which they plugged into railings in front of the exhibits. "Pick a painting you like and plug in," Mrs. Miller said, handing us a set of earphones. "You'll hear the artist discussing his work."

We picked a painting entitled "Renaissance Lady in a Flower," which resembled a large pinwheel, and heard the painter, Sante Graziani, say, in fireside tones, "I personally have a good deal of respect for the past—" His voice suddenly ceased, because a gentleman next to us, who was also listening to Mr. Graziani, unplugged our cord, thinking it was his. Quickly apologizing, he plugged us in again and walked off.



Across the room, we recognized Moses Soyer, the painter, who was standing in front of his painting "Three Brothers," which depicts him and his brothers Raphael and Isaac, all with solemn expressions. Moses, a short, white-haired man, looked quite solemn himself as he pressed a headset against his ears and listened to his own voice. "Not bad," he said. "No worse than most critics." He was wearing a dark suit with a brown-and-white checked shirt. "I hate white shirts," he said. "This is as far as I'll go toward dressing up." He handed his headset to a man standing next to him, who had bushy gray hair blooming in a great corona around his head. "This is Chaim Gross," said Mr. Soyer. "His plug doesn't work."

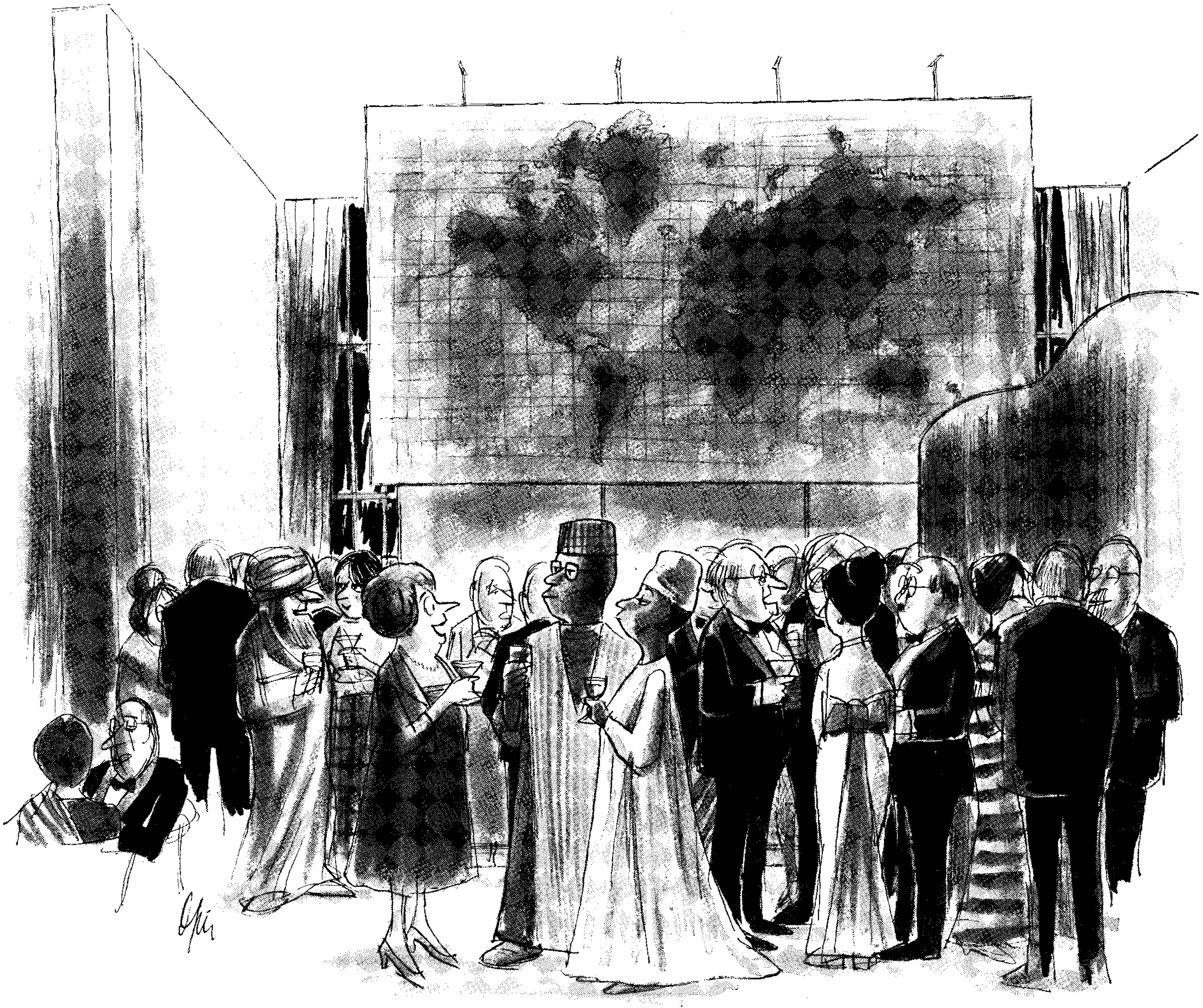
Mr. Gross shrugged in resignation and lifted one hand slowly in the direction of his own exhibit—a wood sculpture of a ballerina. "No voice," he said gloomily. "Listen."

Plugging in our headset, we heard a distant, deep, intermittent growl.

"Leopards, maybe?" said Mr. Gross. He took a pen from his pocket, leaned over the railing, and read the Museum's label on the sculpture, which said, "Ballerina, 1938." He scratched out the date, wrote in "1940," and ambled away, shrugging.

As we watched Mr. Gross fade into the crowd, we spotted another painter, Jack Levine—a slender, slightly stoop-shouldered man in a dark business suit and a red-and-blue tie. "No, I haven't listened to the tapes," he told us. "I don't intend to. It's an interesting idea, but I think people ought to react to paintings on their own, without the artist being their audible Vergil." He gazed around the room. "Looks like a convention of internes testing stethoscopes."

The crowd began to move downstairs to the Auditorium Court, a vast hall from which emanated the roar of rock-and-roll. Moving with the crowd, we caught a glimpse of a large sign, at the entrance to the Court, that listed fourteen raffle prizes, including a Congo neck rest, a reclining nude (sculpture), and a trip to Barbados for two. Pink, white, and black bal-



"*Whereabouts in Africa are you folks from?*"

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loons dangled from the great arches of the hall and floated in a fountain at the center of the floor. In a far corner, a Ben Cutler orchestra sat on a platform decorated with large silver cubes and with two silver cages, which were occupied by two highly animate go-go girls. Moving spotlights positioned high in the loggia spilled swirling discs of light over dinner tables surrounding a dance floor. There were nearly nine hundred people at the ball. We found our place—at a table with three doctors and their wives—just as the orchestra swung into "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Above the blast of the music, a gentleman on our right introduced the group: "Dr. Bernard Greenberg is a pediatrician, Dr. Alfred Ogus is a plastic surgeon, and I am Dr. Morton Gutkin, an otorhinolaryngologist. How is your health?" While we were assuring Dr. Gutkin, who resembled Denis Diderot, the great eighteenth-century French encyclopedist, that our health was fine, Mrs. Gutkin, a lively blond woman, told her husband that she wanted to dance. "You know that rhythm is bad for my pancreas," said Dr. Gutkin, but he nevertheless looked pleased and went off to dance. As we were finishing the first course of our dinner, an avocado stuffed with halibut, he returned alone and reported that someone had cut in on him. "I lost her to an obstetrician," he said, plunging into his avocado.

Between courses, the music slowed to numbers like "Moonglow" and "Fascination," and the go-go girls left their cages. Excusing ourself from the table, we pursued the girls behind the bandstand and engaged them in conversation. They proved to be Miss Valeri Jay and Miss Althea Rose, both twenty-one years old.

"We're very serious painters," Miss Jay said, in a husky whisper, from beneath an explosion of strawberry-blond hair.

"I haven't had time to see the exhibition," said Miss Rose, a brunette with an elaborately curled and ringleted coiffure worthy of the court of Louis XVI. "I came on short notice, because the other girl who was supposed to dance got the mumps. My main goal is Broadway."

"I haven't seen the paintings, either," Miss Jay murmured. "But if they're modern, they're probably atrocious. Anybody who can throw a brush or destroy a piano is called an artist these days."

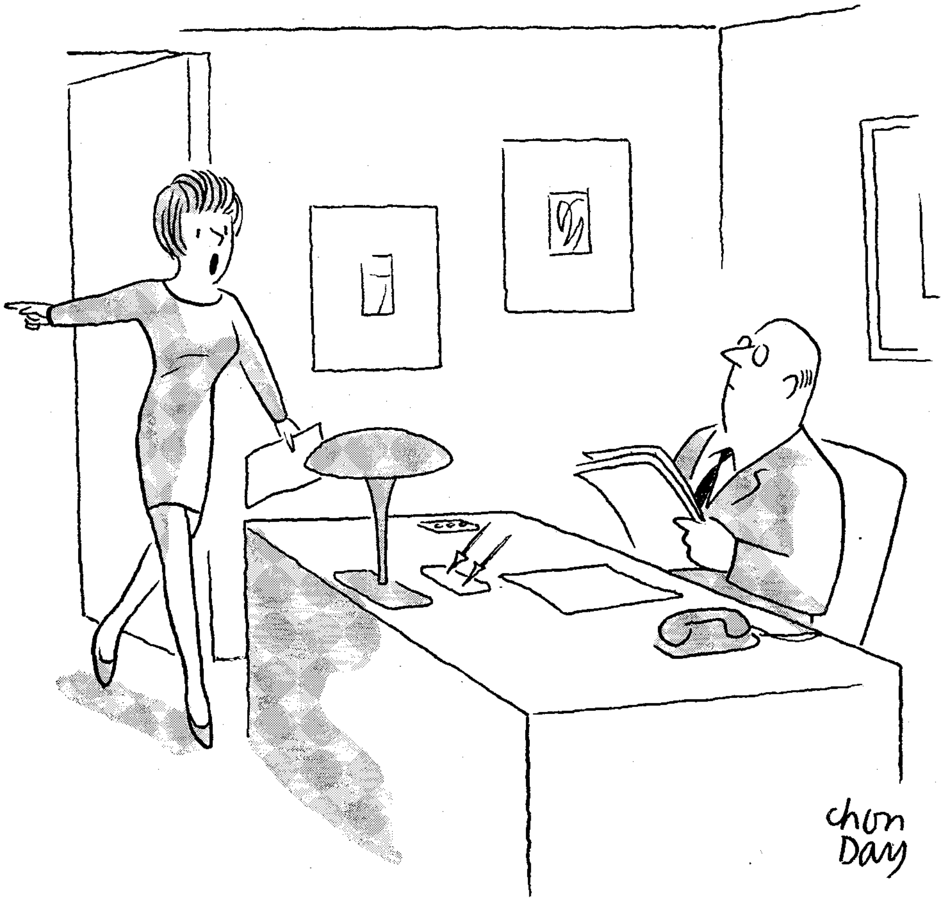
Back at the table, Dr. Gutkin was attacking a potato puff and Mrs. Gutkin was saying, "The reason he married me was that I could spell 'otorhinolaryngologist.' "

AND, IN THE CENTER RING, THAT STUPENDOUS DEATH-DEFYING DAREDEVIL . . .

HOW many people are there, I wonder, who still sparkle up at the memory of a film called "Variety" they saw a while back—forty years ago, to be exact. The question is purely rhetorical, the answer self-evident; I recall the whole thing as vividly as if I'd seen it yesterday. U.F.A. made it, and the three principals were Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti (honest Injun, that was her real name), and Warwick Ward. The plot itself was no bargain—the ruination of a stellar trapeze act because of a casual frolic of Miss de Putti's with Mr. Ward in the Fruit of the Loom—but the aerial feats the trio performed were breathtaking, and for the best of reasons: Alfredo Codona, the wizard of the flying rings, and his partners doubled for the actors. I saw the picture four times, reacting so volcanically to Codona's forward triple somersault that I almost rent the chair in front of me to matchwood. Yes, "Variety" had a potent effect on me, both then and subsequently. It induced a lifelong adoration of circus fliers, it generated a journey overseas, and in the end it led to profound disillusion. But let me set down the circumstances in some rough sequence.

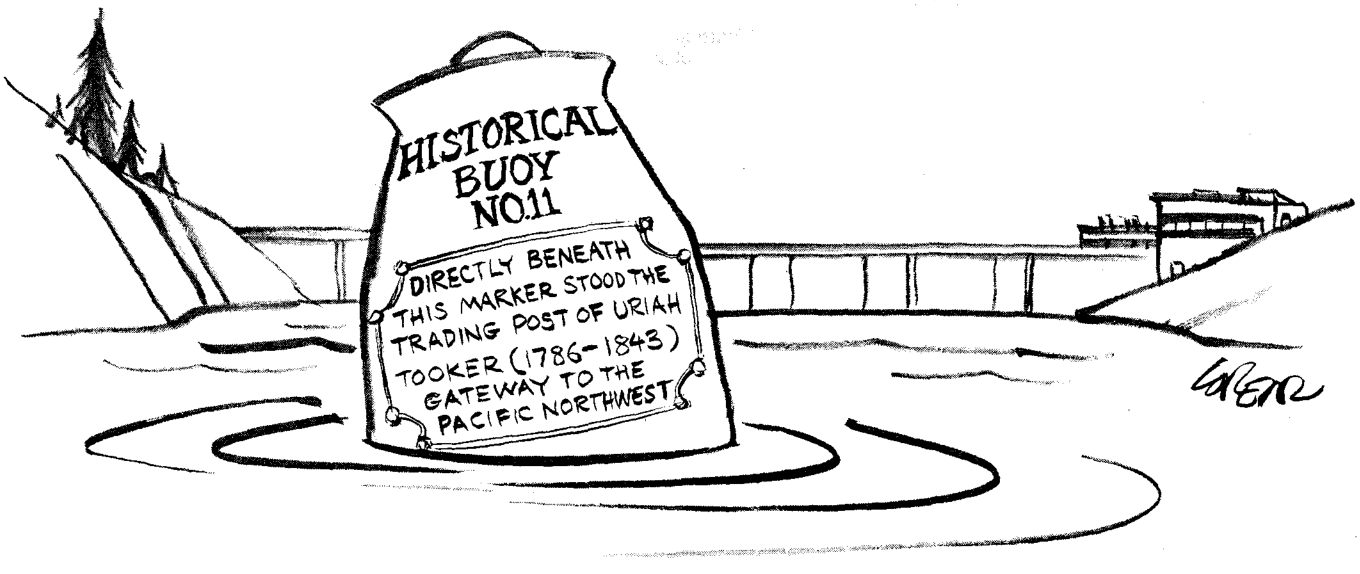
At that precise moment in the fall of 1927, I was in a state of acute indecision regarding my future. I'd recently read "The Moon and Sixpence," and, like every young tinderbox of my generation, I closely identified myself with Charles Strickland, its protagonist. The idea of spurning civilization and withdrawing to Tahiti to paint was pretty alluring. On the other hand, I felt a definite kinship with those immensely debonair figures of Michael Arlen's in "The Green Hat;" maybe I ought to plunge into the social whirl of London, engage a flat in Half Moon Street, and drain the cup of debauchery to its lees. "Variety," in an indefinable way, resolved my dilemma. Its climactic scenes had been shot in Berlin's celebrated cabaret the Wintergarten. It suddenly came over me that my existence would acquire new purpose, a real meaning, if I could visit the actual locale of the movie and behold life duplicating art. A fortnight later, I was steaming eastward aboard the S.S. Leviathan, which was conveniently steaming in the same direction.

I hung around Paris only long enough to sip a *fine à l'eau* at the Dôme in the hope that somebody would mistake me for a habitué of Montparnasse (I was also strongly influenced by "The Sun Also Rises") and caught the night express to Berlin. The occupants of my compartment were everything E. Phillips Oppenheim and I envisioned. There were a couple of secret agents trying to pass themselves off as Swiss businessmen, an aristocratic old Italian *contessa*, a pair of Scandinavian lovebirds, an English spinster with a reticule full of Tauchnitz novels, and a small, talkative party in a whipcord suit who introduced himself to me as a Polish engineer. His baggage, consisting of eleven cardboard suitcases of graduated sizes, filled the racks to overflowing and occasioned audible resentment from his neighbors. Soon after we crossed the German frontier, the engineer burrowed into his luggage, produced a gigantic sausage and a loaf of pumpernickel, and fashioned a hillock of sandwiches. Distributing these among the company, he then conjured up half a dozen collapsible metal cups, filled them with cognac, and proposed a toast to international amity. By the time we rolled into Berlin, everyone in the carriage was expansive, even the spies, and a state of utter bonhomie prevailed.



"Mr. Howard! The suggestion box! It's ticking!"

Thanks to the concierge at the Adlon, I secured a table in the loges of the Wintergarten at several times its cost and, fortified by a flagon of Rhenish, prepared to succumb to the witchery of my surroundings. It soon became apparent that something was radically wrong. The entertainment was fourth-rate vaudeville—sleazy animal acts, maladroit acrobats who floundered in and out of trampolines, and monologuists whose patter, luckily, was incomprehensible to me. Panic-stricken, I summoned the headwaiter and tried to elicit from him, by flapping my arms, what time the aerialists came on. Eventually, I was given to understand that there had been none on the bill for several years, nor were any scheduled in the foreseeable future. Enraged at my folly in embarking on a wild-goose chase (*eine wilde Gänsejagd*), I was about to leave when a snarl of trumpets ushered in the star attraction of the evening—an American dance orchestra. One of the saxophonists, a bulbous chap in the front row, was strangely familiar, and midway through a somewhat less than uproarious rendition of "Down by the Winegar Woiks" I recognized him as Tubby Funkhouser, a college classmate I had rigorously avoided as


HISTORICAL BUOY NO. 11
DIRECTLY BENEATH THIS MARKER STOOD THE TRADING POST OF URIAH TOOKER (1786-1843) GATEWAY TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

a drip. Notwithstanding, I instantly sought him out backstage, and we fell on each other's necks like castaways reunited. The rest of the evening is a blur, but I remember the two of us in some grisly *Nachtlokal* in the Kurfürstendamm buying wine for three elderly harpies straight out of George Grosz's inkwell and ultimately being toted through the Adlon's lobby with my feet dragging.

FRUITLESS though my quest had been, I never swerved a hair thereafter in my devotion to aerialists—and Codona above all—but about a year ago I lost my heart to another superb gymnast, a lady named Violette LaFong, with the Ringling Circus. Miss LaFong was an equilibrist whose specialty was working on the high trapeze under the most hazardous conditions. Using no net and defying the law of gravity, she swung hither and yon as effortlessly as a gibbon, catching herself by heels or chin as the audience moaned in anguish. The finale of her turn was so spectacular that one had to steel oneself to watch. Maneuvering herself by degrees into a headstand on the trapeze bar, she tossed a length of rope to an assistant forty feet below. The lackey then began slowly agitating the rope so that the trapeze described an ellipse. Its course grew longer and wider, Miss LaFong's perch ever more perilous, until the spectators whimpered for mercy. When she finally granted it and, ceasing her gyrations, slid gracefully to terra firma, the applause was orgiastic.

The day after I saw her, I rang up a Russian friend of mine, a scenic designer and painter many of whose canvases have dealt with aspects of the circus. "You know all kinds of gifted people, Alexei," I began. "There's a trapeze artist over at the Garden, a woman—"

"By the name of Violette LaFong," he finished. "I'm in love with her, too. Forget it, my boy. This lady is not for groundlings like you and me."

"Look, I'm not talking about love or marriage," I said. "I merely want to kneel before her and pay homage. Can you arrange it?"

"Falling off a log," he said. Alexei prides himself on his grasp of the vernacular. "She's a Russian, like everybody in the circus, and all us Russians know each other. You saw Massimiliano Truzzi, the juggler? A Russian. Unus the Great—the one that stands on his finger? Another Russian. I can name you fifty—"

I cut short his roll call of Muscovites under the big top, and we fixed a rendezvous for the next day. From the welcome shown Alexei by tumblers, clowns, and roustabouts as we made our way through the labyrinth beneath the Garden, it was plain he had not exaggerated. The tiny kimono-clad figure that opened the door of Miss LaFong's dressing room was quite different from what I had expected. Her broad shoulders, disproportionate to her height, gave her a peculiarly foreshortened appearance, and her face, while comely and reminiscent of Olga Baclanova's, was haggard from strain. Alexei introduced me in a spate of Russian I interpreted to mean that I was an ardent admirer, for she squeezed my hand gratefully.

"Ah, gentlemen, you are too kind," she said. "Here, seat yourselves wherever you can find. Throw that valise in the corner. . . . So, you really enjoyed me?"

"I can't tell you," I said. "I wouldn't believe anyone could do that headstand you finish with."

"Nobody can, my friend," she said. "Who wants to practice four years like I did before I showed it? Alexei, you remember Dolores Montoya, that big brunette? She tried in Stockholm, but she fell, poor thing."

"Discipline," said Alexei. "This is what separates the sheep from the goats. The whole secret of the artist is discipline."

"Also force of habit, tovarich," she said. "You do something long enough, I don't care what, it becomes second nature. Which it's a lucky thing, because if I stopped to ask what am I doing up there, it's goodbye Violette LaFong."

"I hope it's not an impertinent question," I said, "but what *does* a person think about when she's whirling around upside down on a trapeze?"

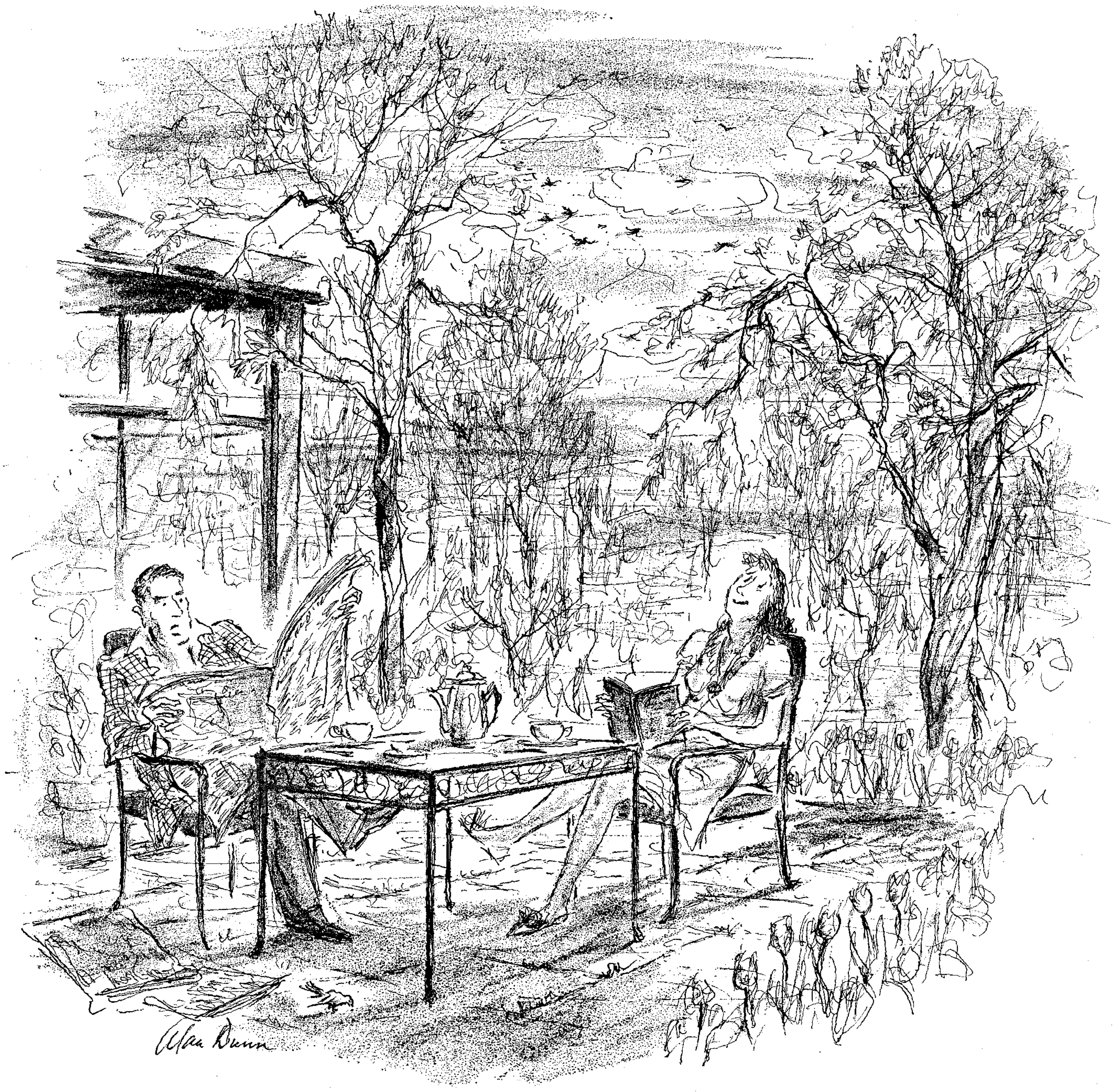
"Well, I personally am worrying about my financial problems," she confessed. "Money, money the whole time. How much it costs to clean my costumes, the tips I hand out in hotels, the prices I have to pay for my props. Ropes, for instance. How much do you think they charge for that long rope my assistant pulls? Make a guess."

"Eighteen cents a foot?" Alexei asked.

"Ha-ha!" Violette barked. "Foolish man—you see what you know? It used to cost thirty cents a foot. Now it's sixty-five! Who can afford it?"

"But your life depends on it," I objected.

"Pah! A piece of clothesline would



"Would you care to know, dear, that your 'hazy morn of an enchanted day in May' is composed of six-tenths parts per million sulfur dioxide, two parts per million carbon monoxide, four parts per million hydrocarbons, three parts . . ."

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give the same effect," she said. "The worst of all is that assistant—a real *durak*. Ninety-five dollars a week for posing in a red tunic, and he's drunk half the time. No, I tell you, when I add up my expenses and taxes up there, I get heartburn. It's all I can do to keep my balance, I'm so angry." She arose and extended her hand. "Well, boys, you must excuse me. I have to dress for the grand spec."

As Alexei and I emerged into the workaday battle of Eighth Avenue, he stole a sidelong glance at me. "Why the letdown nose?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing. . . . Another illusion gone, I guess."

"Yes, it don't pay to get too close to genius," he said. "One time in Paris, I went through fire and water to meet Picasso. What do you think he talked about? How much his camel's-hair brushes cost him. Watch *out!*" He jerked me out of the path of an oncoming limousine, and then, as it raced on, stood staring after it, transfixed. "Listen," he said, his voice trembling. "You know who was in that car? Sophia Loren!"

"So what?" I said.

"My God, man!" he exploded. "Are you made of stone? This is not simply a woman—this is all women rolled into one. I'd go through fire and water to meet her—just to breathe the same air. A person like this could change your whole life, give you a new perspective . . ." —S. J. PERELMAN

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Regents of the University of California have assigned a new name, the School of Forestry and Conversation, to the former School of Forestry on the Berkeley campus.—*Forest Industries.*

It's on account of those damned whispering pines.

SCHEHERAZADE

EDITORS' NOTE: The following is a factual account of an episode in the life of Maria Avinov, written in the form of a memoir.

DURING nine months of the year 1938, I was held by Stalin's government in the Butyrka Prison, in Moscow. My husband—my beloved Nika—had been arrested on the vaguest and most improbable charges in November of 1937, and I had not seen him or had word of him since. Now, in a cell with close to one hundred other women, I was awaiting the disposition of my own case. I had been arrested as the wife of an enemy of the people. My only real hope and consolation was the thought that I might somehow be on my way to wherever Nika was being held. In fact, I never saw him again; it was in 1948, in America, that I learned that he had been shot soon after his arrest. But in Butyrka I still had a sustaining hope. And the day came, at last, when the heavy door of our cell opened and a voice called out, "Maria Avinov, collect your things and follow me!"

With trembling hands, I pack my belongings, while women crowd around me, kissing me, weeping, pressing into my bag small gifts of bread, sugar, cigarettes. The guard at the door fumes, threatening them with dire punishments if they don't desist, but no one pays attention to him. Such partings are too poignant.

And now I stumble behind the guard along endless corridors, past locked doors guarded by wardens—Mongolian girls in uniform, trained in jujitsu, able to cope with the strongest man. The silence in these corridors is oppressive. Our footsteps echo loudly, and my heart pounds with every step. I am playing a sort of guessing game with myself: Which way now? If my guard turns left, through the chief warden's office, it means freedom, if right, it's banishment, slavery—perhaps death.

Through a prison yard, through gate after gate we go, until we reach a large, dismal court bounded on all sides by solid walls with hundreds of barred windows in them. Silence. Darkness. A few stars twinkling far, far above. Straight ahead, rising shadowy and sinister, is the Pugachev Tower, where those condemned to death are sent. The guard leads me in. If this is my sentence, then they must have done away with Nika. My knees cave in, I clutch at a wall, praying, praying. The guard fumbles with a key and opens a door.

I see rows of women huddled in a large, low cell. Surely, I say to myself, too many—too many for death, even here. They look back at me, blinking. And suddenly it dawns on me—the tower has been reassigned, the prisoners here are awaiting deportation. This is to be my road. Is it the road taken by Nika before me?

Wondering what next, I follow my guard to a cubicle near the door. He says, "You will now hear your sentence." Unfolding a paper, he reads distinctly, slowly, enunciating every word, but in the state I am in I can hardly understand what he is saying, though somehow I gather that, as the wife of a political criminal, I am condemned to three years of "free deportation."

"Free deportation?" I repeat.

"Yes, free deportation. In Central Asia. A strange verdict!" He shrugs. "But none of my business. Must be something special. Congratulations."

I stare at him idiotically. "What does 'free deportation' mean?"

"You'll find out. It's not for me to explain. Into the cell with you."

I SPENT several weeks in that gloomy tower in which, as the legend has it, Pugachev, a famous rebel of Catherine the Great's reign, spent his last days. Here I met again some of the women who had left my former cell before me. They were still waiting for a train to Siberia. I was deeply touched by their rejoicings over my verdict, seemingly oblivious of their own sad fate. They told me that free deportation meant I would live in some out-of-the-way place, reporting to the local N.K.V.D. office once a week. The term "free," they said, implied that I would be free to starve, if friends didn't send me food parcels and money, and if I failed to find employment locally. Not a rosy prospect. But the word "free" still sounded good to me.

One cold, snowbound morning in December, two hundred of us women were packed into a few ill-smelling vans known as Black Ravens. I could not tell what station we were being taken to, as there was no opening in the van through which to peek. It turned out to be the Kazan Station—the station from which, in bygone springs, my own big, happy family used to entrain for its summers in its beloved Kochemirovo. I couldn't help smiling at the contrast between then and now.

Armed N.K.V.D. men lined the women up on the slippery station platform. There we stood for an hour or more, legs weak, knees wobbly. One woman fell. A guard struck her. There was a shriek, then a gruff, reluctant reprimand: "Easy there. What's the good of beating her?"

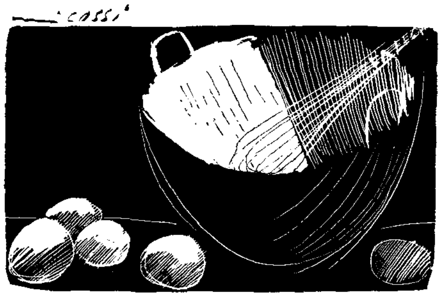
We were a ragged, motley bunch of deportees, with only one thing in common—our sex. Ex-noblewomen, ex-thieves, ex-intellectuals, ex-prostitutes, and more than half of us were wives, or ersatz wives, of Communist Party members fallen victim to Stalin's mad purges. This Communist "élite" stood apart from us with a defiant air. I found myself coupled with another "ex-lady." She was over seventy, formerly a noted musician, friend of Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, and other famous men. She had been arrested in midsummer while strolling through one of Moscow's parks and hadn't been allowed to go back to her room to collect a few belongings. She now stood shivering in her once-white summer dress and shoes, a torn, bloodstained Army coat wrapped around her. In her hands, she clutched a very small suitcase, somehow obtained by her in prison. I offered to carry it, but she said in a whisper, "Oh no, thank you. It's not at all heavy. All I have in it is an old ivory fan."

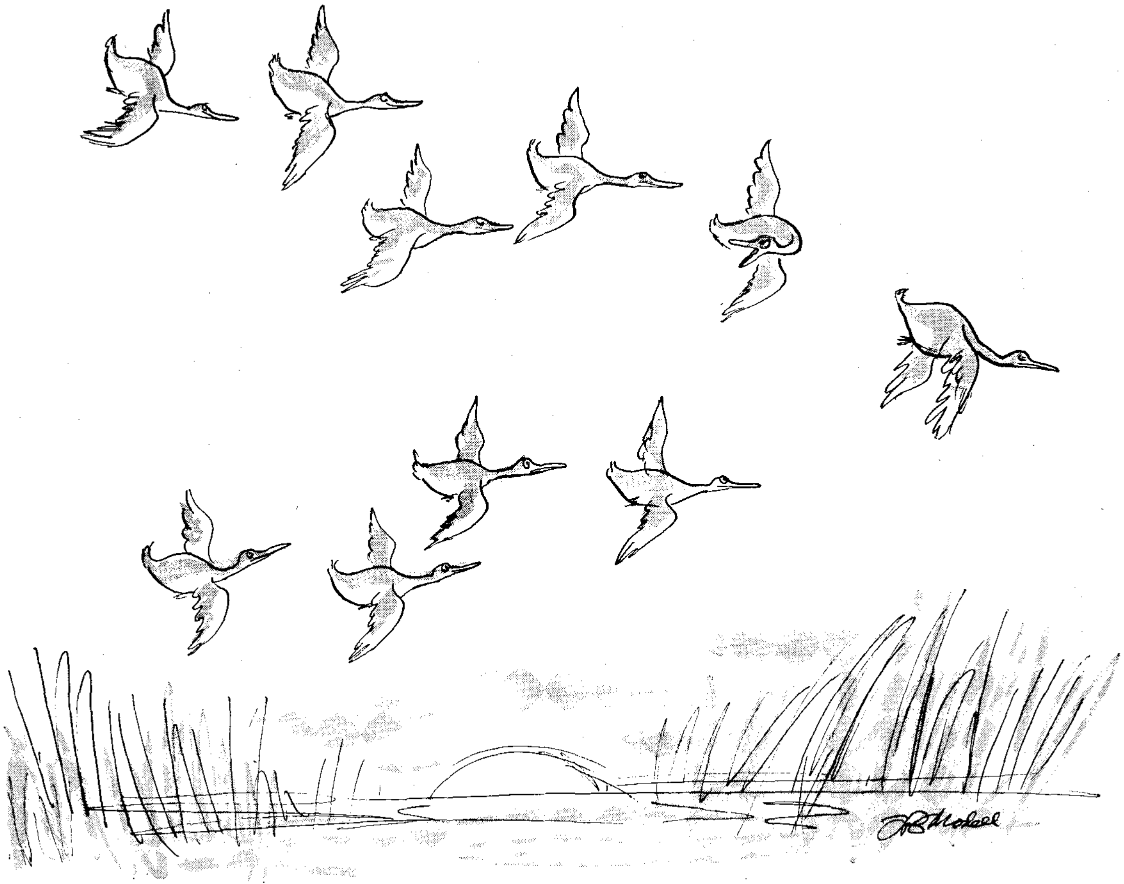
"*Fan?*" I repeated incredulously.

In the same hurried, nervous whisper, she said, "Yes. You see, I had it with me when they arrested me. It was such a hot day. Now it's all I have left. I would hate to lose it."

For what seemed an eternity, we stood waiting on that platform. Several more vanloads of prisoners arrived and were lined up behind us. Many wept quietly. Thieves and prostitutes quarrelled and swore. The Communists tried to appear aloof. I felt sorry for them. At least we others didn't have to pretend this was all the fault of some official blunder.

We must have looked like a herd about to be shipped to a human zoo, and when the train finally crawled in and we were driven into the railway





"What this formation needs is some fresh, new leadership."

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carriages, the impression became even stronger. The carriages were all alike, each with a passage running its full length, on one side a row of tightly sealed whitewashed windows, on the other a row of wire cages. In each cage were three tiers of wooden bunks, four bunks to a tier, with so little space between two levels of bunks that an occupant could never sit upright. The boards were hard. But to be able to lie down was bliss.

The last three cage-compartments in our car were occupied by male prisoners. We caught glimpses of them on our way to the washroom, where we were always escorted by an armed guard. We were forbidden to look up when passing those cages—we had to keep our eyes fixed on the floor ahead of us—but the heart of every woman faltered as she went by, for her own husband might be in there. One night, for a wild moment, I thought I heard Nika when a man's cultivated voice called out for water. The sound of blows followed. Then a scream. "You have no right! There's nothing against the law in what I said!" The beating went on. I shut my eyes, stuck my fingers into my ears. Later, the guards dragged their victim through the corridor to the other end of the car. Later still, we learned that he had been stripped and thrown naked into a small, cold cell. One of the women began to sob aloud. The commander of the guards flattened his nose against the partition of the cage. "Do you want to join the gentleman?" he asked in an ominous voice. The woman fell silent.

This journey lasted a fortnight. All we had to eat was some black bread and two cups of tepid water a day. I had not fully recovered from the malaria I had contracted in Butyrka. My thirst, in the stifling atmosphere, became a torture. Whiffs of tobacco smoke from the corridor, where our guards sat, made my craving for a cigarette intense. One evening, I half lost consciousness and began to moan for a drink of water—an offense that called for the cold cell.

Two young women—cage companions of mine—tried to comfort me. They were both singers from the Moscow Grand Opera, whose husbands had been arrested and "disposed of." Now the youth, beauty, talent of those young artists were destined to be buried for ten years in a forced-labor camp.

I saw one of them creep to the wire partition and call out in a soft voice, "Comrade Chief? Oh, Comrade Chief? Would you care for a little music? We're well-known singers, you know. We've been applauded by Comrade Stalin himself, and now we'd like to sing for you and your men."

There was a prolonged silence in which slow, tentative smiles began to spread over the faces of the guards, ending in a broad grin on that of their commander. "Well—perhaps. Just one or two songs," he said. And, eagerly, they all crowded in front of our cage.

Russians, whatever their backgrounds and political shadings, love music and have a soft spot for artists. That night, in the stifling heat of the rumbling train, with the forms of prisoners prostrated in their bunks and the ecstatic faces of the N.K.V.D. men looking in at us, I heard the most amazing performance of my life.

First, in a crystal-clear, enticing soprano, the "Habanera" from "Carmen." I had often heard that lovely melody, but never as I heard it that night. One of Rubinstein's duets followed, then Schubert's "Der Wanderer"—my favorite. Applause broke out in every cage-compartment. As if awakening from a dream, the commander spun around. "Stop it. Quiet! Shut up!" he shouted. "And you, Comrades, to your places!"

The men dispersed. Lights were lowered. But presently a hand pushed a cup of water into our cage and a rough voice said, "Eh, you! Singers! Here's your reward. Now be quiet."

As I lay in my bunk, quivering with emotion and thirst, that cup of cool, refreshing water was pressed into my hand, and a gentle voice whispered, "Have a drink, my poor dear. We sang to get it for you."

AT last we reached Alma-Ata, Kazakhstan. But no "free deportation" awaited me there. Not yet. Instead, I was marched with the rest to the local prison. When we got there, we were told, "Full up!" So all day we sat in the snow like a flock of sheep, guarded by Kazakh soldiers and their watchdogs. Night fell. Still we sat. Finally, the shuffle of many feet and a sudden flood of light revealed two hundred prisoners being led away. Almost of their own accord, my eyes searched those drawn, anguished faces. Was Nika's among them? Was I on the same road, just a little behind him? For a few moments, I had the sensation that his smile enveloped me, swelling my heart. But I was alone again as we were led into the gloomy one-story building, full of damp and decay—whitewash peeling off every wall, long corridors lighted here and there by tiny kerosene lamps, heavily padlocked doors, and, underfoot, slippery, ill-smelling slime.

The chief warden, at the head of the column—an exotic figure in a high fur cap—stopped in front of one of the doors. When he opened it, it was like opening a door into a steam bath. Literally, a cloud of steam billowed out at us, and anxious voices cried, "No! No! No more! We can't take any more!" A tall white-haired woman stood in the doorway, pleading. "You can't, Chief—we're a hundred already. Nowhere to sit. Even those who faint remain standing."

The chief warden, with his peaked fur cap above high cheekbones and a pair of slanting eyes, reminded me of the Asian warriors in Vereshchagin's famous paintings. "So what?" he said with a grin. "You'll get used to worse. Move back."

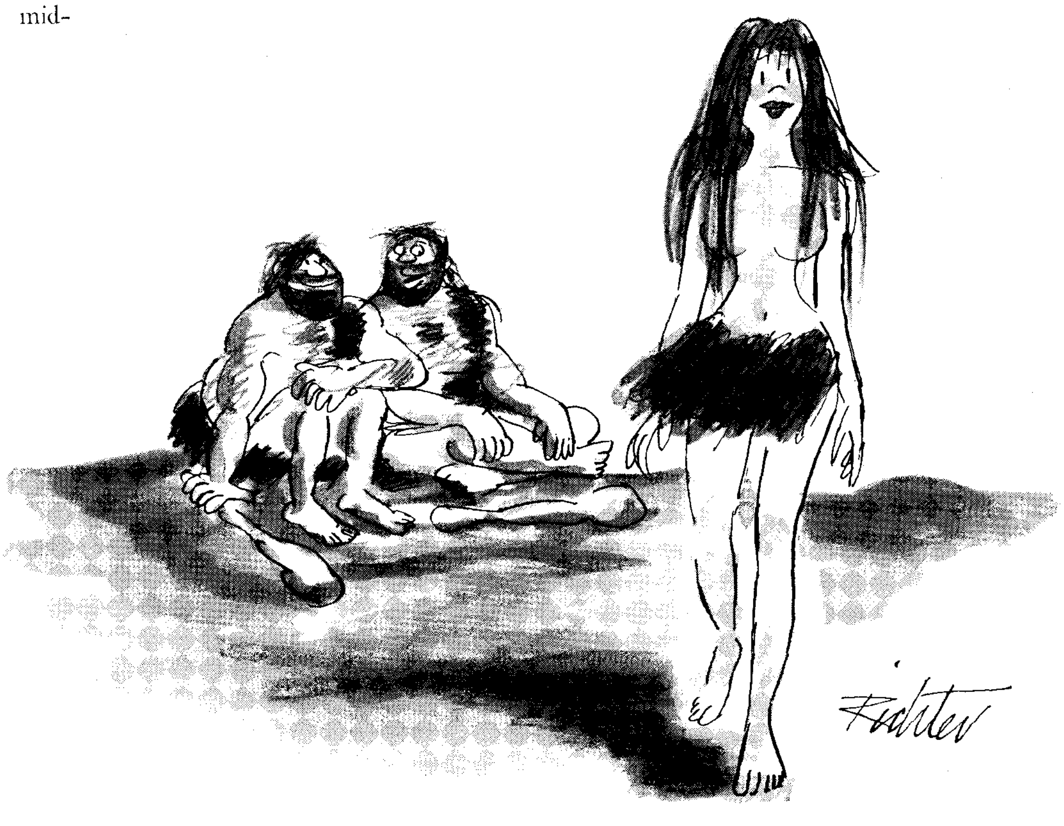
Some fifty of us were shoved in. A wall of outraged, sweating faces receded a little. We stood crushed one against the other. But around midnight the door opened again and a few women were taken away. Now, from time to time, one of us was able to crouch on the floor for a little while, then get back to her aching feet and to the denser layers of heat and stench. The barred windows were open, snowflakes drifted in, and all night long a ceaseless hum of voices—exasperating, deafening, persistent.

With the coming of morning, many women were found in a dead faint. A number of them were moved to other quarters. This left us with room enough to huddle on the floor, and I took stock of my new companions. They looked like bundles of rags. Only one stood out—or perhaps I should say shone—among them: the gaunt, white-haired woman who had spoken up the night before. She was Elena Ivanovna, our cell leader, a psychiatrist who had formerly had a good practice in Moscow. Her husband and their two sons had been shot during the purge, and she had been sentenced to a long term in a concentration camp. I at once recognized in her a typical product of the Russian intelligentsia—brilliant, clever, disinterested, and an unbeliever with a noble, loving heart. I felt instantly drawn to her; she, too, seemed to single me out, as in a low voice she told me who was who in the cell, giving me at the same time a few useful hints.

"That group there, my dear, are prostitutes and common criminals. Those others, as you see, are nuns. These, here, are the Communist 'aristocracy' picked up in the last purge. And those, over there, the non-Party women—students, actresses, and, of course, the Asians. They all fight the whole day long. Oh, I have my hands full. And yes, dear, let me warn you—the food. It's vile. And it's brought on unwashed plates, straight from the adjoining cell, where the riffraff and criminals of Alma-Ata, most of them with awful diseases, have licked them clean." After that I never dared touch the gruel they served us on those plates. I lived on bread and warm water.

DAY after day, Elena Ivanovna struggled with her wretched task, trying to argue with the authorities, trying to keep the women quiet. Savage fights would burst out over nothing, with women clawing each other, tearing each other's hair. Dreadful catlike yowls would come from one corner as two women rolled on the floor, biting each other over a lump of sugar; a bloodcurdling scream would come from another as a girl got hit with a bottle. Blood would gush from the victim's head, other women would rush in like wildcats to claw at the aggressor, while Elena Ivanovna ran from one to the other, entreating and threatening. Never in all my prison experiences had I seen such a bedlam of a cell. Compared to it, the grim cells of the Butyrka seemed like havens of peace.

My admiration for Elena Ivanovna grew every day, all the more for the fact that she was obviously a very sick woman. One day, she was seized by a dreadful fit of coughing, and her handkerchief was soaked with blood. She answered my horrified look with "Yes, I know. Consumption. Not long to live. I'll welcome the end. But as long as I'm alive I must do what I can for these unhappy creatures. All our lives, my husband and I fought for progress, enlightenment, a better deal all around. Our reward is this terrible regime, a thousand times worse than any czar. But even so, I feel I'm lucky. You see, I was supposed to be sent to a concentration camp long ago, but the chief



"She is so . . . utterly *now!*"

warden here, when he heard I was a psychiatrist, kept me on to maintain order. So here I am, doing the best I can."

I desperately wanted to be of some help to her, but didn't know how. I thought and thought about it; I even prayed for guidance, without results. Then, one day, as one prostitute nearly strangled another over a piece of stolen bread and Elena Ivanovna spent a good half hour tearing them apart, I had a sudden inspiration. "Elena Ivanovna," I whispered as she stood in the middle of the cell, still panting after her exertions. "Would some stories keep them quiet, do you think? I'm considered a good storyteller and I know many—"

"Stories?" she cried. "But how marvellous!" Then, glancing at me, dubiously, "Can you, though? You're so weak. Your voice, my dear, is a hoarse whisper."

I told her I would manage, if she could get them to listen. Instantly, she climbed onto a rickety box. "Comrades!" she said. "Listen to me. We're about to have some entertainment. Mrs. Avinov has offered to tell us stories. She knows many. Do you want to hear them?" There was loud applause, and eager cries of "Yes!" But Elena Ivanovna eyed them severely. "If it's yes, you must be very quiet. If you don't behave, I'll stop the storytelling at once." And a chorus promised to be good.

That is how I became, as I jokingly called myself, "The Scheherazade of Cell 26" in the Alma-Ata Prison. Perched on the rickety box from which Elena Ivanovna usually admonished her unruly charges, I saw a hundred pairs of eyes fixed on me, a hundred hollow-cheeked faces lighting up with anticipation. Has anyone else, I wonder, ever had such an audience?

I began with Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days." The story captured everyone's attention from the very start. Even the nuns stopped mumbling their prayers, and the Communist ladies, who at first had tried to appear indifferent, listened intently. Once, as my voice grew weaker, a small lump of sugar was passed from hand to hand and finally given me by one of the prostitutes. "Dear storyteller," she said, "it's small, and others have sucked it, but it will soothe your throat." I thanked her and took the sugar.

Next, I told them a love story—"Jane Eyre." My listeners were always quiet. When I came to the end, and my voice faded away from sheer exhaustion, sighs of contentment filled the cell.

Every day, for several hours a day, I told them stories. At night, I would lie awake preparing my repertoire: "Ivanhoe," "The Three Musketeers," "The Lady of the Camellias," "The Call of the Wild," and so on, with apologies to the authors whose works I mutilated by filling in what I had forgotten with improvisations of my own. Jack London and Conan Doyle were the favorites; any humorous passage in their stories always elicited boisterous laughter, and it was worth the strain and fatigue to hear such merriment within those dismal walls. The gratitude of the women was touching. Poor dirty rags would be placed under my head at night, someone would give

WALES VISITATION

White fog lifting & falling on mountain-brow
Trees moving in rivers of wind
The clouds arise
as on a wave, gigantic eddy lifting mist
above teeming ferns exquisitely swayed
along a green crag
glimpsed thru mullioned glass in valley raine—

Bardic, O Self, Visitacione, tell naught
but what seen by one man in a vale in Albion,
of the folk, whose physical sciences end in Ecology,
the wisdom of earthly relations,
of mouths & eyes interknit ten centuries visible,
orchards of mind language manifest human,
of the satanic thistle that raises its horned symmetry
flowering above sister grass-daisies' small pink
bloomlets angelic as lightbulbs—

Remember 160 miles from London's symmetrical thorned tower
& network of TV pictures flashing bearded your Self
the Lambs on the tree-nooked hillside this day bleating
heard in Blake's old ear, & the silent thought of Wordsworth in
eld Stillness
clouds passing through skeleton arches of Tintern Abbey—
Bard Nameless as the Vast, babble to Vastness!

All the Valley quivered, one extended motion, wind
undulating on mossy hills
a giant wash that sank white fog delicately down red runnels
on the mountainside
whose leaf-branch tendrils moved asway
in granitic undertow down—
and lifted the floating Nebulous upward, and lifted the arms of the trees
and lifted the grasses an instant in balance
and lifted the lambs to hold still
and lifted the green of the hill, in one solemn wave.

A solid mass of Heaven, mist-infused, ebbs thru the vale,
a wavelet of Immensity, lapping gigantic through Llanthony Valley,
the length of all England, valley upon valley under Heaven's ocean
tonned with cloud-hang,
Heaven balanced on a grassblade,
Roar of the mountain wind slow, sigh of the body,
One Being on the mountainside stirring gently
Exquisite scales trembling everywhere in balance, one motion
on the cloudy sky-floor shifting through a million
footed daisies,
pheasant croaking up steep meadows,
one Majesty the motion that stirred wet grass quivering
to the farthest tendril of white fog poured down
through shivering flowers on the mountain's
head—

• •

No imperfection in the budded mountain,
Valleys breathe, heaven and earth move together,
daisies push inches of yellow air, vegetables tremble,
green atoms shimmer in grassy mandalas,
sheep speckle the mountainside, revolving their jaws with empty eyes,
horses dance in the warm rain,
tree-lined canals network through live farmland,
blueberries fringe house walls
on hills nippled with white rock,
meadow-bellies haired with fern—

Out, out on the hillside, into the ocean sound, delicate
gusts of wet air,
Fall on the ground, O great Wetness, O mother, No harm on your body!
Stare close, no imperfection in the grass,
each flower Buddha-eye, repeating the story,
the myriad-formed soul—
Kneel before the foxglove raising green buds, mauve bells drooped
doubled down the stem trembling antennae,
look in the eyes of the branded lambs that stare
breathing stockstill under dripping hawthorn—
I lay down mixing my beard with the wet hair of the mountainside,
smelling the brown vagina-moist ground, harmless,
tasting the violet thistle-hair, sweetness—
One being so balanced, so vast, that its softest breath
moves every floweret in stillness on the valley floor,
trembles lamb-hair hung gossamer rain-beaded in the grass,
lifts trees on their roots, birds in the great draught
hiding their strength in the rain, bearing same weight,

Groan thru breast and neck, a great Oh! to earth heart
Calling our Presence together
The great secret is no secret
Senses fit the winds,
Visible is visible,
rain-mist curtains wave through the bearded vale,
gray atoms wet the wind's Kaballah
Crosslegged on a rock in dusk rain,
rubber-booted in soft grass, mind moveless,
breath trembles in white daisies by the roadside,
Heaven breath and my own symmetric
Airs wavering thru antlered green fern
drawn in my navel, same breath as breathes thru Capel-y-Ffn,
Sounds of Aleph and Aum
through forests of gristle,
my skull and Lord Hereford's Knob equal,
All Albion one.

What did I notice? Particulars! The
vision of the great One is myriad—
smoke curls upward from ash tray,
house fire burned low,
The night, still wet & moody black heaven
starless
upward in motion with wet wind.

—Allen Ginsberg

• •

me a small onion—a great treasure. And Elena Ivanovna was able to maintain order. At the slightest outbreak of bickering she would say, "Stop at once, or no stories!" It worked every time.

One day, as I was in the middle of a story, the door opened and our magnificent, barbaric chief warden appeared on the threshold. I paused, but he waved me to go on, so I finished the tale, the chief warden listening with interest. I don't remember what the story was about, but it must have had a funny ending, for the women broke into shrieks of laughter, and the warden joined them, his white teeth flashing. Finally, he raised his hand for silence. "Women," he said. "You were the worst bunch ever. Now you have become the most orderly cell. So I'm going to reward you. There'll be more bread and sugar for everyone, and tomorrow you can buy cigarettes."

Wild cheers. He turned on the women savagely, silencing them with a fierce "Shut up!," but a smile still lingered beneath his huge mustache as he left, and the bolting of the door sounded less grim.

I MUST end with a vignette about Lucy, a prostitute and murderess. One day, I was telling Conan Doyle's story about a black panther, "The Brazilian Cat." The women sat enthralled. Just as I was reaching the point where the hero is invited by his diabolical host to see how the cat is fed, and finds himself locked in a room with a hungry, raging panther, my voice broke. I felt too weak, too dizzy to go on. I couldn't utter a sound. Elena Ivanovna, laying a hand on my shoulder, announced a recess. "Comrades, go to your places. Mrs. Avinov is tired. We will hear the end tomorrow."

Like wind over a wheat field, whispers rippled through the cell. "No, no! Not tomorrow. Today. Please!" But Elena Ivanovna remained adamant and, crestfallen, the women crept to their places.

I was lying in my corner, exhausted, when Lucy crept to my side. "Dear storyteller," she whispered, "I was sent to scrub the floor in the chief's office today. A guard told me I'm on tonight's list. You know what that means. They're packing me off tonight, to a concentration camp. Before I leave, I must, I simply must know—is he saved?"

I roused myself out of my stupor, unable to make out whom she was speaking of. "The hero," she whispered anxiously. "The man in the panther's cage. Oh, I would be so much happier if he escaped. Please, for God's sake, whisper the end in my ear."

I held back tears. In a trembling whisper, the lump still rising in my throat, I told her the end of the story. Lucy listened intently, then gave me a rapturous hug. "Now I feel better!" she said. "Now everything is all right. Thank you, thank you!"

A few minutes later, the door opened and the chief warden appeared, a typewritten list in his hand. He read the names of those who had to go on their last, dreadful journey. Among them was Lucy's. She filed out with the rest, but on the threshold she suddenly turned around, smiled, and blew me a kiss.

—Paul Chavchavadze

A REPORTER AT LARGE

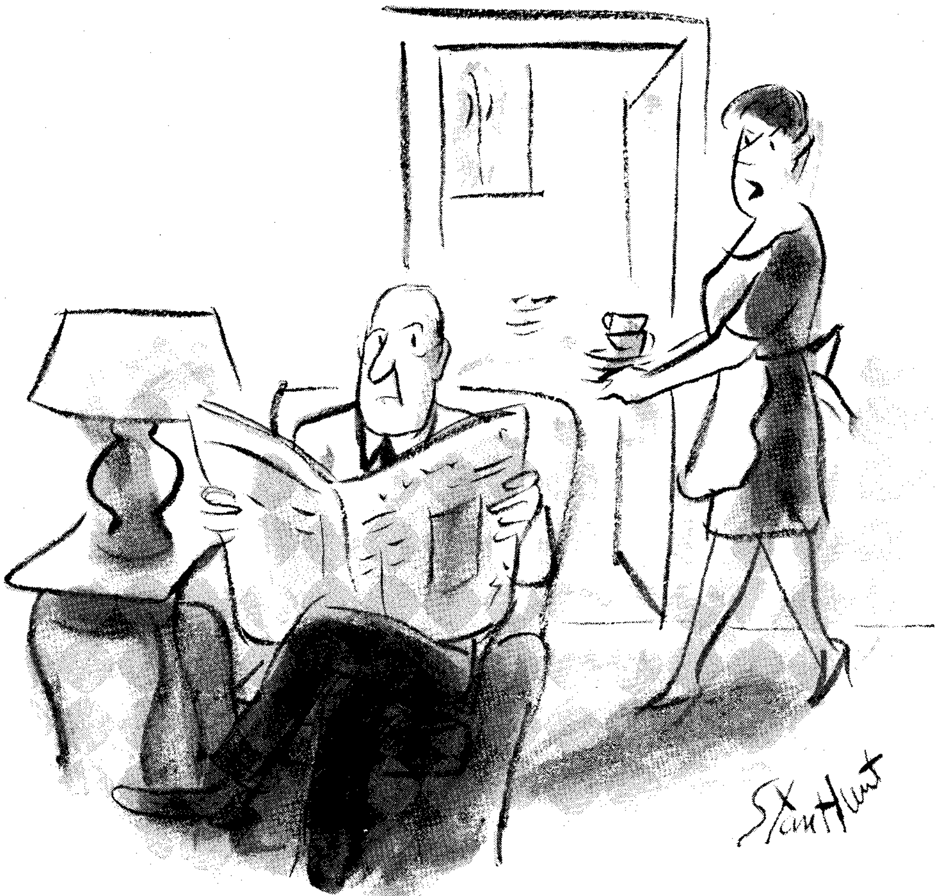
VOICES

FOR several weeks a while ago, I lived in an apartment in Rome on the fourth floor of a run-down Renaissance palazzo at one end of a piazza called the Campo de' Fiori. The piazza is in the middle of the old papal city, surrounded by narrow, twisting little streets that thread their way among blocks of ancient houses dating back, many of them, to the fourteenth century. The rooms of my apartment were huge, with beamed and frescoed ceilings, thick walls, and tiled floors, and there was also a terrace, awash in flowers and trellised ivy. I slept, or tried to, in a front room with a large window looking out over the piazza. At first, I was startled by the noise. There were lulls, but never long periods of uninterrupted silence. In the very early morning hours, I would sometimes be awakened by the explosive buzzing of a motor scooter, the rumbling of cart wheels over the cobblestones, the crash of some unbelievably heavy object onto the pavement. Mostly, however, even at night, the sounds consisted of voices, individual and concerted, blending into and succeeding each other in a never-ending choral composition of pure cacophony. It was astonishing.

Actually, the sheer volume of sound at certain periods of the day didn't surprise me. I had known all along that the Campo de' Fiori was the site, six days a week, of a large open-air market. I would get up in the morning and open my shutters to look down over a sea of gray canvas umbrellas sheltering perhaps as many as two hundred stands. A great crowd of shoppers ambled and pushed down narrow aisles between long rows of heaped edibles of all kinds. Directly beneath my window alone, at the northwestern end of the piazza, I counted thirteen venders of vegetables and several selling preserves, cheeses, and sausages. On my way across the piazza to a café where I often had breakfast and read the morning paper, I would pass pushcarts of fresh vegetables piled into great green mounds, tables buried under soft white and brown mushrooms, pyramids of cherries, apples, oranges sliced open to reveal their dripping interiors, pears, apricots, bunches of white and green asparagus, enormous beets and onions, tiny round potatoes, huge heads of fresh lettuce, green and red peppers, artichokes, tomatoes, carrots, wild strawberries. Along one whole side of the piazza stretched a seemingly endless line of butcher stands, behind which the butchers themselves, in soiled white smocks, wielded their cleavers and large, flat knives under the plucked bodies of chickens and the bloody carcasses of lambs and kids hanging in rows from steel hooks. There were also bunches of pigs' feet, chunks of tripe, chains of plump sausages. At the far end of the piazza, the fishmongers presided over damp boxes and baskets of the day's catch—fish of all shapes, gleaming red, blue, and silver, soft masses of squid and small octopuses, mountains of white-and-gray minnows with tiny, dead bright-button eyes, dozens of small dark-red clawless Mediterranean lobsters. And scattered along the periphery of these crowded rows of comestibles were still other stands, selling pots and pans, dishes, glassware, cheap toys, shoes, and clothing. The stone face of the piazza, roughly rectangular and about the same size as a football field, disappeared every morning of the week but Sundays and holidays under the umbrellas, the tons of merchandise, the shuffling feet of thousands of shoppers.

The voices to which I awoke and which filled my room nearly every morning arose, of course, from this market. Not yet fully awake, I'd hear them soaring up from the sea of gray umbrellas, as indistinguishable at first as waves beating against a rocky shoreline. After a while, however, I began to recognize rhythms and tones, endlessly repeated, and eventually I became able to pick out the individual calls of certain venders. These voices, whether male or female, all had some characteristics in common; they were loud, flat, and rough, with the peculiar hoarseness of the carnival barker. I'd lie in bed sometimes and listen for each one, and soon, through the dull roaring of that human sea, I could string the solo voices together, make of them a leitmotiv for the entire market.

"Ah, Signore," the voices would call into my room, "look at these trays for a hundred lire! Signori, look at this

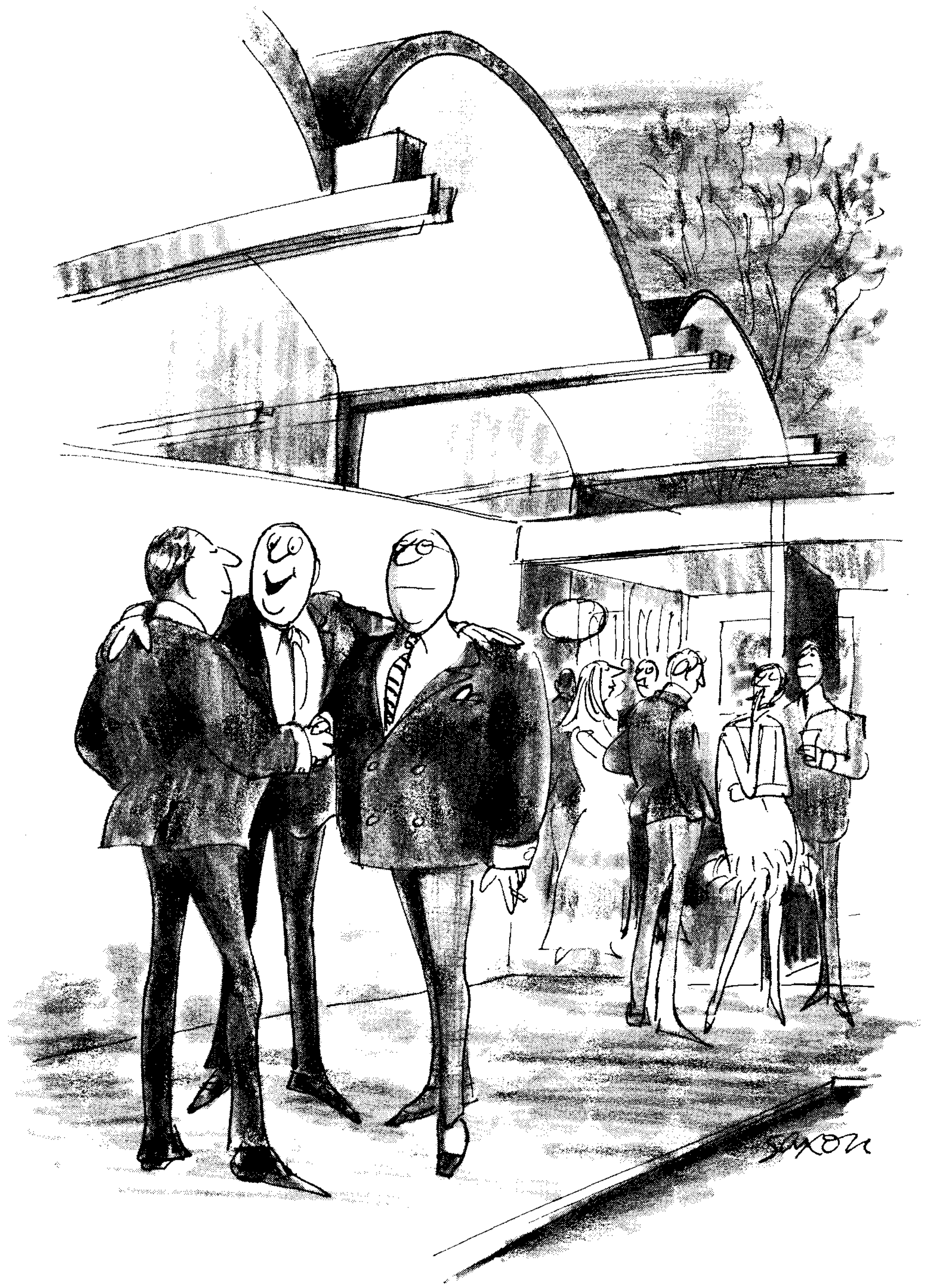


"I've got a roof over my head, right? I get three squares a day and enough clothes to keep me warm, right? What more do I want, right?"

stuff! A hundred lire! You can't buy anything you don't taste! Kid today! There's kid today! Look at this beauty, Signori! Look at this! The most in apricots—take a look! If you don't taste them, I won't sell them to you! Beautiful tomatoes, fresh zucchini, look here! Beautiful, beautiful and sweet, Signora! Beets, a hundred lire for such beets! These oranges, Signori—have you ever seen such oranges? Eggs to drink! Eggs to drink! Courage! Courage! Come over here! Look at these sweet little carrots! Signora, you see anything better than these? Wow, look at these strawberries! Come here, they're special, really special! Cherries, cherries as hard as rocks! Fish! Alive they are! Alive! Hey, hey, hey, look at these pearls! Hey, over here! Over here! A hundred lire! You won't taste them, I won't sell them to you!"

Later, threading my way through the market to the café or the newsstand, I was able to associate the individual voices with faces, gestures, expressions. The vegetable stands were mostly tended by women, stocky and strong, with rough hands and copper-colored faces beaten and lined by the sun. They were country people who had come directly from their farms to sell their produce in the piazza, and they had been up since two or three o'clock in the morning. Some wore gold bands in their ears, and their teeth were often astonishingly white; they called their wares out over the heads of the buyers, and exchanged snatches of shouted gossip with each other between official bellowings. They stood flatfooted on the cobblestones, and occasionally they'd lean over to rearrange their displays, seeming at the same time to caress their mounds of vegetables and piles of fruit, running stubby, dirt-caked fingers over their oranges and apples, peppers and cauliflowers and potatoes. They looked tired, their faces creased and worn, but proud, rooted to the same earth from which their fat, fresh vegetables had sprung.

The butchers and fishmongers were mostly as white as their damp smocks, with fat, round faces and strong, hairy arms. They were city people, and many of them lived in the quarter. They had been up since before dawn, having driven several miles out to the city's general market, in the Via Ostiense, near the Porta San Paolo, where they had bought the naked carcasses and heaps of silvery fish they were now carving, chopping up, and selling. The fishmongers had wet, red hands; every few minutes they'd snatch up pails of water and sprinkle the day's catch, keeping it fresh-looking and clean against the sun and dirt of the piazza.



"I want you two to know each other, because it's going to be a mind-expanding experience for both of you."

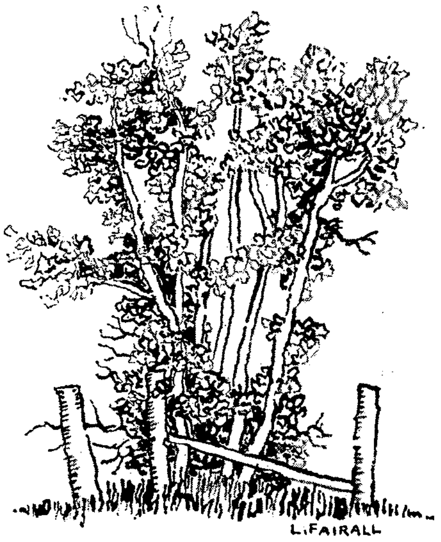
The venders of pots and pans and clothing and cheap housewares seemed more nervous, more frantic than the others. Their cries were pitched higher and were often couched in the form of challenges, as if the buyers who thronged past had every right to be suspicious and needed to be strongly convinced that they might be passing up some brilliant bargain. These salesmen of gaudy and cheap and slightly shoddy products had the anxious, mobile faces of small-time con men. They, too, belonged to the quarter, but they looked as if they rode the cold winds of chance; they tended to bounce, to scurry rapidly from one end of their displays to the other, to be ready to snatch something out for an unwary passerby who might be persuaded to succumb to the lure of a cheap pair of sandals, a bright yellow-and-green plastic toy, a monstrous purple lamp, a hideously painted bust of the Virgin. They hovered over their wares in family groups of two and three, the women as agile and shifty as the men, and I always had the feeling as I passed them that they had sneaked in unbidden, having acquired their merchandise from the back of a pickup truck or a looted warehouse. At the sound of a siren or the sight of a policeman's uniform, I expected them to be off, packing up and scurrying away down the nearest side street.

From my window, I began to spend ten or fifteen minutes at a time staring down over this bustling morning scene. I never grew tired of it. Sometimes I'd pull a chair up to the sill and sit down to watch. Occasionally, from some nearby window, a Roman matron would lean out, lowering an empty basket on a string to a child dispatched on the morning's errands. Later, the basket would be hauled back up, full of vegetables and fruit, milk and cheese, with perhaps the carcass of a chicken stuck into it, the scrawny neck and lifeless head dangling over the side. And often the basket would go back down for a second trip, carried briefly away into the crowd by a solemn urchin clutching a wad of lire in one grimy hand.

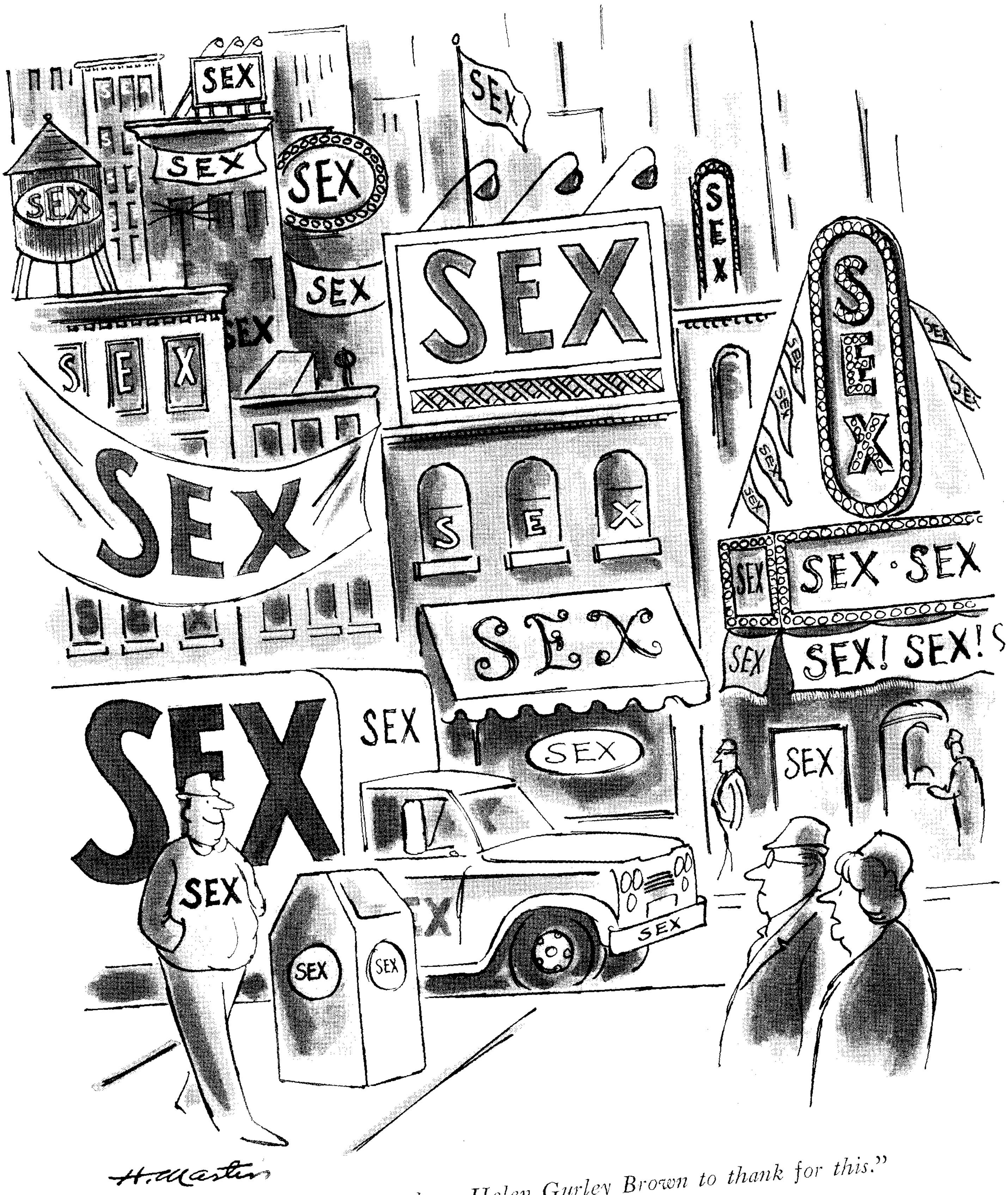
Despite the sea of gray umbrellas, the piazza was always full of color as well as sound. The merchandise, in all its gaudy hues, glittered brightly in the open spaces. Above, the sky on a sunny day blazed a deep blue, and the rays of the sun struck the façades of the old houses and palazzi that lined the square, with their dark-orange and amber walls, brown shutters, and terraces blooming with flowers and vines and green shrubs. Directly below me, a small stone fountain in the shape of a soup tureen splashed gaily, its waters teeming with bits of refuse—peelings, lettuce leaves, rotten fruit—dumped there by passing venders. In the very center of the piazza, towering on a pedestal of stone over the umbrellas and the crowd, loomed a great bronze statue, blackened by time; this was the hooded figure of Giordano Bruno, who was burned alive in the piazza on February 17, 1600. Sinister and calm in his monk's robe, his head bowed and shaded by a cowl, and his hands folded in front of him over a book, Bruno seemed to emphasize the vitality of his surroundings by his very indifference and silence.

THE plaque at the base of the statue, which was designed by a sculptor named Ettore Ferrari, gives the date of its dedication—June 9, 1889—and carries the following inscription: "To Bruno/ The Century By Him Divined/ Here/ Where the Pyre Burned." Actually, according to the reference books I began to consult on the subject, the pyre on which Bruno died did not arise in the very center of the piazza but at the corner of the Via de' Balestrari, at the southeastern end. He was one of the first to be burned alive there, but by no means the last. In fact, I discovered that a great many Jews and other heretics were put to death in the Campo de' Fiori, and that the piazza was the site of at least one other gruesome practice. The Via della Corda, a dark and narrow little street running parallel to the Via de' Balestrari, was named after an instrument of torture once employed at the corner of the street and the piazza. People caught cheating in the grain and fodder market that occupied the piazza were bound at the wrists and hoisted into the air by means of a large pulley. A heavy weight was attached to their ankles, thus stretching their bodies to the utmost, and they were then allowed to fall toward the ground just far enough to jerk their arms and legs out of their sockets. This barbarous punishment was not definitively abolished until the winter of 1816.

Of all the victims who suffered and died in the Campo de' Fiori, Bruno was the most famous and certainly the most interesting. Like all the great religious rebels and reformers, he began by being orthodox. By the time he was seventeen—in 1565—he had become a Dominican monk, in the Monastery of San Domenico in Naples, and some seven years later he was ordained a priest. Unfortunately for his personal welfare, he had an inquisitive and ranging mind. He read poetry and the pagan as well as the Christian philosophers, especially Heraclitus, Parmenides, Lucretius, and the very dangerous Copernicus. He began to have doubts about dogma, especially concerning the Trinity and the Incarnation. In 1576, he moved to Rome, but he left almost at once and wandered about Liguria, Piedmont, the Veneto, and Lombardy for about two years. He went to Switzerland and became a Calvinist, but he soon rebelled against this new orthodoxy as well. In France, he acquired a reputation for his philosophical and scientific treatises, as well as for his championship of the Copernican system. Civil war drove him out of France to London, and he continued to wander about Europe until he showed up in Italy again in the spring of 1591, at the invitation of a Venetian aristocrat, Giovanni Mocenigo. Bruno must have had a difficult personality. He persistently refused to make the smallest compromise, and offended nearly everyone he met. Mocenigo was no exception, and in May, 1592, he denounced Bruno to the Inquisition. During his trial, Bruno defended himself by insisting on the distinction between "philosophical reason according to principles and natural light" and "truth according to the light of faith." On July 30th, however, he declared himself penitent and ready to submit. All might have worked out well, but Pope Clement VIII suddenly demanded that Bruno be handed over to him. Bruno arrived in Rome in February, 1593, and was immediately clapped into prison. The new trial he was subjected to dragged on for seven years. The Roman authorities demanded from him not only a retraction on the ground of faith but also a complete denial of his own philosophy. Bruno hesitated, but eventually stood firm. On January 20, 1600, the Pope ordered sentence to be carried out, and three weeks later Bruno, as "an impenitent, tenacious, and obstinate heretic," was turned over to the secular court. He and all his works were sentenced to be burned. When the verdict was read to him, Bruno said, "Perhaps you tremble more in pronouncing the sentence than I in receiving it." From then until the moment of his death, he didn't waver. On his way to the pyre on the day of his execution, he turned his head away and refused to kiss a crucifix offered to him.



Bruno's death and the other autos-da-fé and tortures practiced for so long in the Campo de' Fiori eventually gave the place a bad name. The guidebooks hardly mention it, and I soon discovered that it was all but impossible to find any postcards or souvenirs depicting it. Until 1889, there had been nothing in the piazza to commemorate Bruno's death, and the statue was not erected until long after the end of papal government in Rome and only at the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H. Martin

"I suppose we have Helen Gurley Brown to thank for this."

* * *

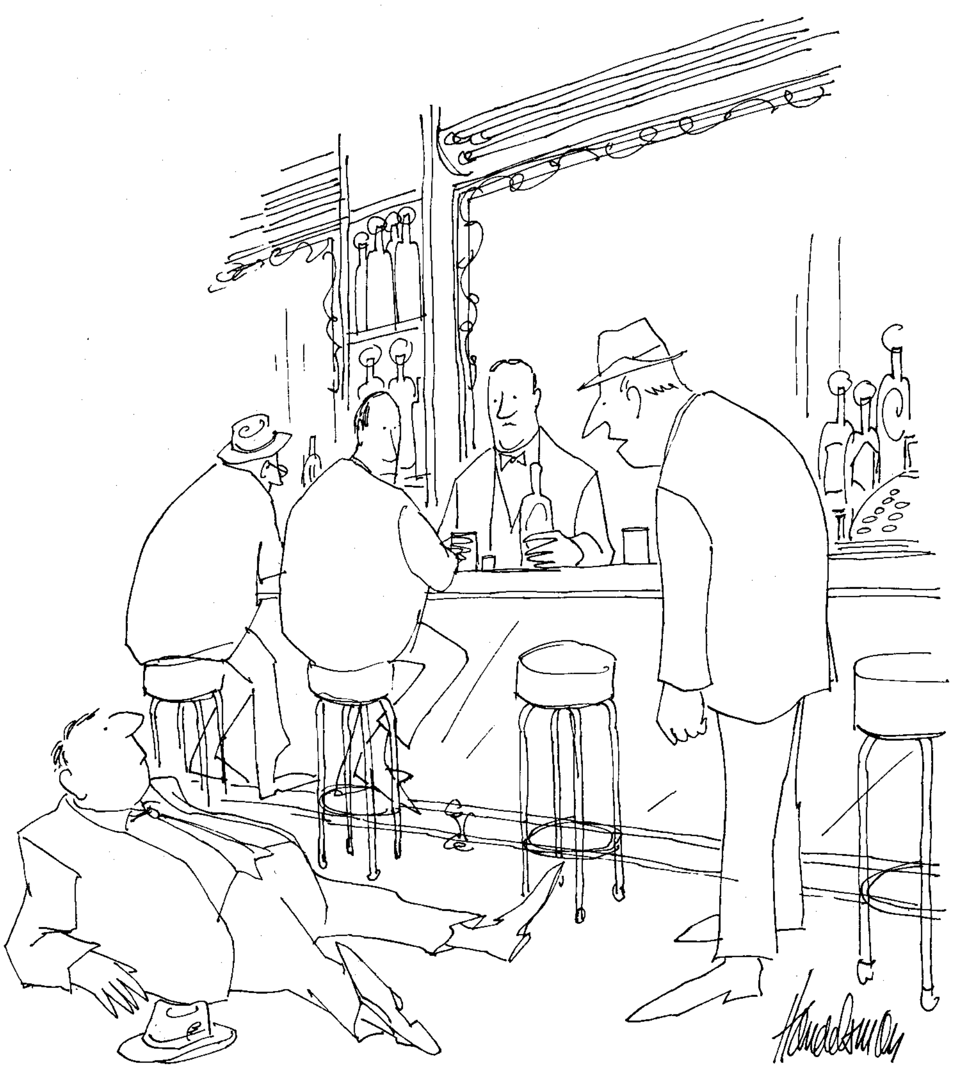
instigation of a determined band of scholars and students. It was as if the authorities had determined to blot out some of the more uncomfortable pages of history. And yet the Campo de' Fiori had been for nearly three hundred years the very heart of Rome. From the second half of the fifteenth century to the end of the seventeenth, the most celebrated names and faces of Renaissance Rome graced its cobblestones and side streets.

"Campo de' Fiori," literally translated, means "Field of Flowers," but the place may have been named after Flora, the beautiful Roman mistress of Pompey the Great, whose theatre and curia and surrounding gardens once occupied the eastern end of the piazza and the neighboring Piazza del Biscione. (It was in one of the halls of Pompey's curia that Julius Caesar was struck down.) It is also possible that the piazza got its name from another Roman lady, Terenzia, who dedicated part of what was probably then an open field to a lascivious entertainment she had thought up and instituted called the Floral Games. The historian Gregorovius, when he looked into the question, provided a much more prosaic, and very likely accurate, explanation for the name. "Cardinal Scarampi, in 1456, was the first to build in the Campo de' Fiori," he wrote. "This piazza, where the Theatre of Pompey once stood, then occupied considerably more space than it does today. It took its name from the field that completely covered it and, until the time of Eugenius, it had served as a place of pasture for livestock. A few houses faced it from one side, and from the other it stretched more or less openly away toward the Tiber. Scarampi . . . had it paved."

Houses, shops, and inns rose on all sides, and the piazza began to flourish as a center of trade and social life. Papal bulls and other official proclamations were posted there, which meant that anyone who wanted to keep abreast of the day's events had at some point to pass by. Religious processions on their way from the Vatican to the basilicas of San Giovanni in Laterano, Santa Maria Maggiore, and San Marco passed through the piazza, as did most of the foreign officials and nobles who entered the city in order to visit the papal court, directly across the Tiber. To facilitate all this traffic, Pope Sixtus IV opened a new street into the piazza—the Florida, now called the Via del Pellegrino—and later Rodrigo Borgia, after he became Pope Alexander VI, widened and improved several of the nine other streets converging on the Campo. These side streets, as well as the piazza itself, were lined with the small shops of groups of artisans who had banded together to ply a common trade. Often the streets were named after the principal activity carried on in them. The makers of trunks, hats, coats, and crossbows flourished in the streets of the Baullari, the Cappellari, the Giubbonari, and the Balestrari, while the Vicolo del Gallo took its name from the presence of a popular tavern. Nothing, unfortunately, remains to commemorate the fact that in the middle of the sixteenth century the city's first two editors, Antonio Blado and Antonio Salamanca, opened their printing establishments either in the piazza itself or in one of the surrounding streets.

In 1579, Pope Gregory XIII built a fountain in the center of the piazza, just about where Bruno's statue now stands. Because of low water pressure in the area, it had to be built six feet below street level, and, like the one directly under my window, it was in the shape of a tureen, made of white marble and with four spouts. The people of the quarter called it "the soup bowl." In 1622, Pope Gregory XV had an inscription carved on it. "*Ama Dio e non fallire/ Fa del bene e lassa dire*," it read, urging everyone to love God, do good, and mind his own business. In the nineteenth century, Pope Gregory's soup bowl was dug up and moved to the Piazza della Chiesa Nuova, after which the much smaller and quite similar one was built at my end of the Campo. The occasion was the arrival in the piazza, in November, 1869, of the daily open-air market, which had for four centuries been carried on in the nearby Piazza Navona. Before that, it had been in existence at the foot of the Campidoglio for at least two hundred years, and very probably it can trace its origins back to Republican Rome. The municipal government had decided to move the market because extensive repairs and innovations had to be undertaken in the Piazza Navona, whose three great fountains—two of them by Bernini—were already among the most cherished tourist sights of Rome. When the transfer was made, the Campo de' Fiori had long since ceased to be the center of the city. For a century and a half, the Campo had been deteriorating until it was little more than an open space in a crowded quarter whose streets thronged with the poor and with people earning a hard living on the fringes of life.

The coming of the market partly restored the piazza's importance, luring shoppers from all the surrounding quarters, and even from newer and richer sections well beyond the boundaries of the medieval city. It did not, however, bring the rich back into the crumbling palazzi or make the area quite respectable. Thieves and prostitutes reportedly



"Of course you're entitled to your opinion. It just happens to be my policy to hit people I disagree with. It may be a good policy or it may be a bad policy, but you're free to think what you like about it. That's democracy."

Keep it secret.

There is something about this particular blend of flowers
and spice that makes men think the perfume
is you – which is just great – and women (less naive)
ask you point blank what you're wearing.
You don't have to tell them.
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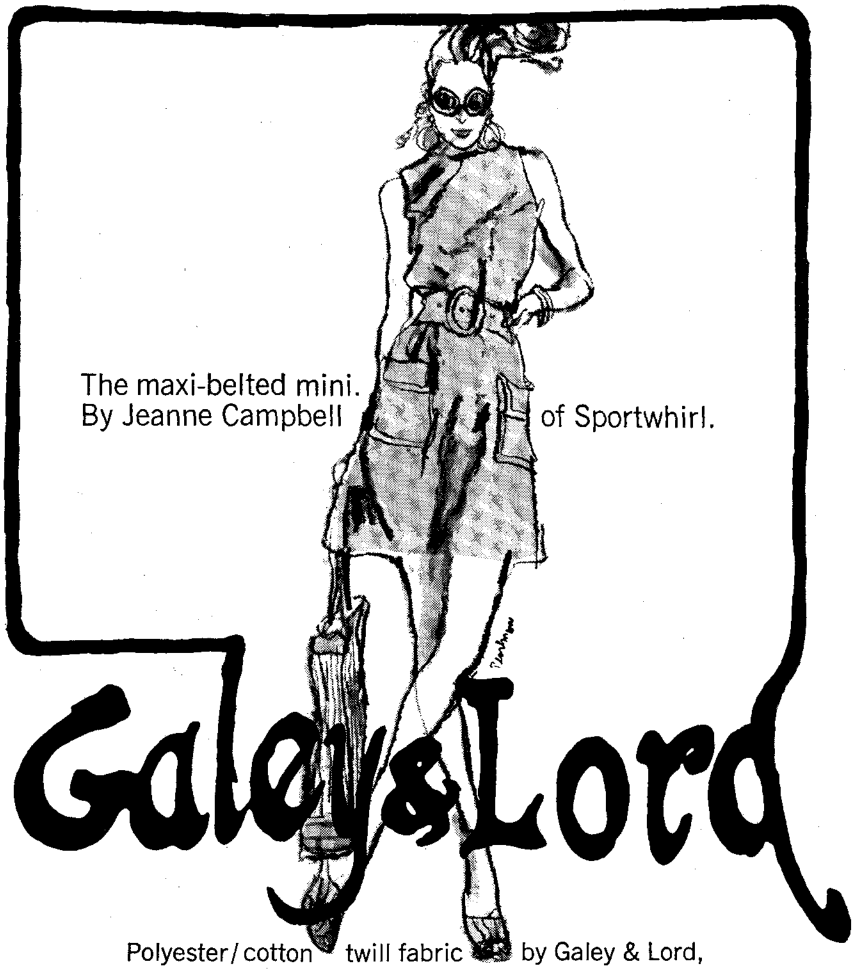
haunted the foul and narrow streets leading into the piazza, and the entire quarter acquired a slightly romantic but dubious reputation as the center of Rome's petty underworld. Much later, Mussolini planned to open up the whole area by ramming a modern avenue through entire blocks of old houses. The war prevented him from carrying out this plan and many of the others he had formulated for the modernization of the city. It was only ten or twelve years after the war, when well-to-do Romans started buying and remodelling apartments in the old, long-neglected great Renaissance houses of the city, that the raucous low life of the piazza began to be tempered by the presence of a few respectable families. The preponderant voices, however, remained those of the real "Romans from Rome," living out their lives in the quarter as they always had, oblivious of history.

MANY other voices besides those of the market invaded my room. The most insistent and violent one belonged, I guessed, to a woman in her thirties. She lived in one of the apartments near the corner of the Via dei Cappellari, somewhere behind the lines of laundry that hung, dripping relentlessly, across the street. Her voice was shrill and hard and piercing; it would come soaring across the piazza from behind the wall of laundry like a battle cry from the ranks of an army advancing behind flapping pennants. "Ah, Massimo-o-o!" it would scream. "Massimo-o-o, where the hell are you, you dirty monkey? Get the hell up here right this minute! Massimo-o-o! If you aren't home in two minutes, you little bastard, I'll break your head! Massimo-o-o, imbecile! You hear me? Get up here right now before I come down and break your arm! Ah, Massimo-o-o! Massimo-o-o! *Cretino! Imbecille! A' vie' qua-a-a!*" These tirades often became so vituperative, menacing, and foulmouthed that I'd find myself wondering how the woman could keep it up. I'd go to the window and gaze down into the piazza, hoping to spot Massimo among the hordes of children swarming through the market or, on Sundays, around the base of Bruno's statue. The voice would scream on, threatening mayhem and the vengeance of Heaven on the object of its wrath, but no little boy would separate himself from his fellows and go running across the cobblestones. At least, I never noticed him.

Massimo apparently did hear, however, and eventually he would come



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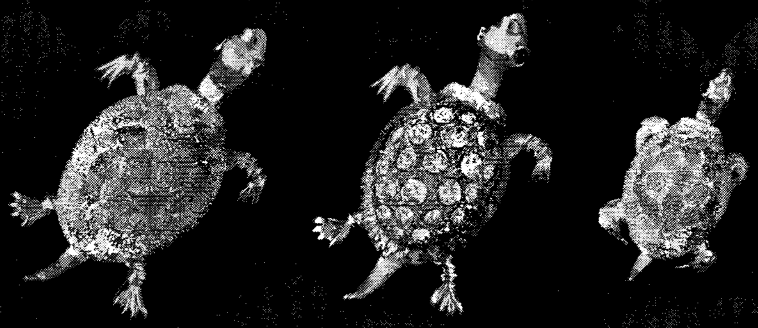

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Driving is good throughout the country; only the most remote roads are unpaved. Major highways are often crowded and slow-moving. Parallel roads ("D" and number) take you to the same place, offer more of the countryside to gaze at and usually don't take much longer. And the friendly inns and unexpected scenery you're likely to pass will make the extra mileage worth your while.

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trunk: malle arrière
tire: pneu

French mechanics are good, even in the country. In the event of any major problem, a call to Hertz will get you a new car fast, and you're on your way again.

les Symboles de la route

Road signs in France conform with International Road Signs. Three shapes:
triangle: danger
circle: regulation
rectangle: information

The stylized illustrations inside the shapes are easily understood. The nearest French Government Tourist Office can provide you with a pamphlet showing pictures of all of them.

When you see the word stop *on a roadside, do it. Other important phrases you're likely to see:*

serrez à gauche: *squeeze left*
tenez votre droite: *keep right*
piétons: *pedestrians*
sens interdit: *do not enter*
déviation: *detour*
travaux: *men at work (slow down)*

Pour le "speed-demon"

For years, the French have been trying to regulate speed on the open roads. With little success, you'll discover. People proceed at their own pace, and it's not always fast. There are definite limits set in towns and cities; observe them, even if the French don't.

Vous et la police

Usually, foreign drivers don't get tickets. Monsieur l'agent *will scold for a while and then send you off with a warning. (French drivers often get fined on the spot.) There is one law, however, that'll bring every* flic *in the neighborhood down on you the minute you break it: don't ever cross a solid lane marker.*

la Pause qui rafraîchit

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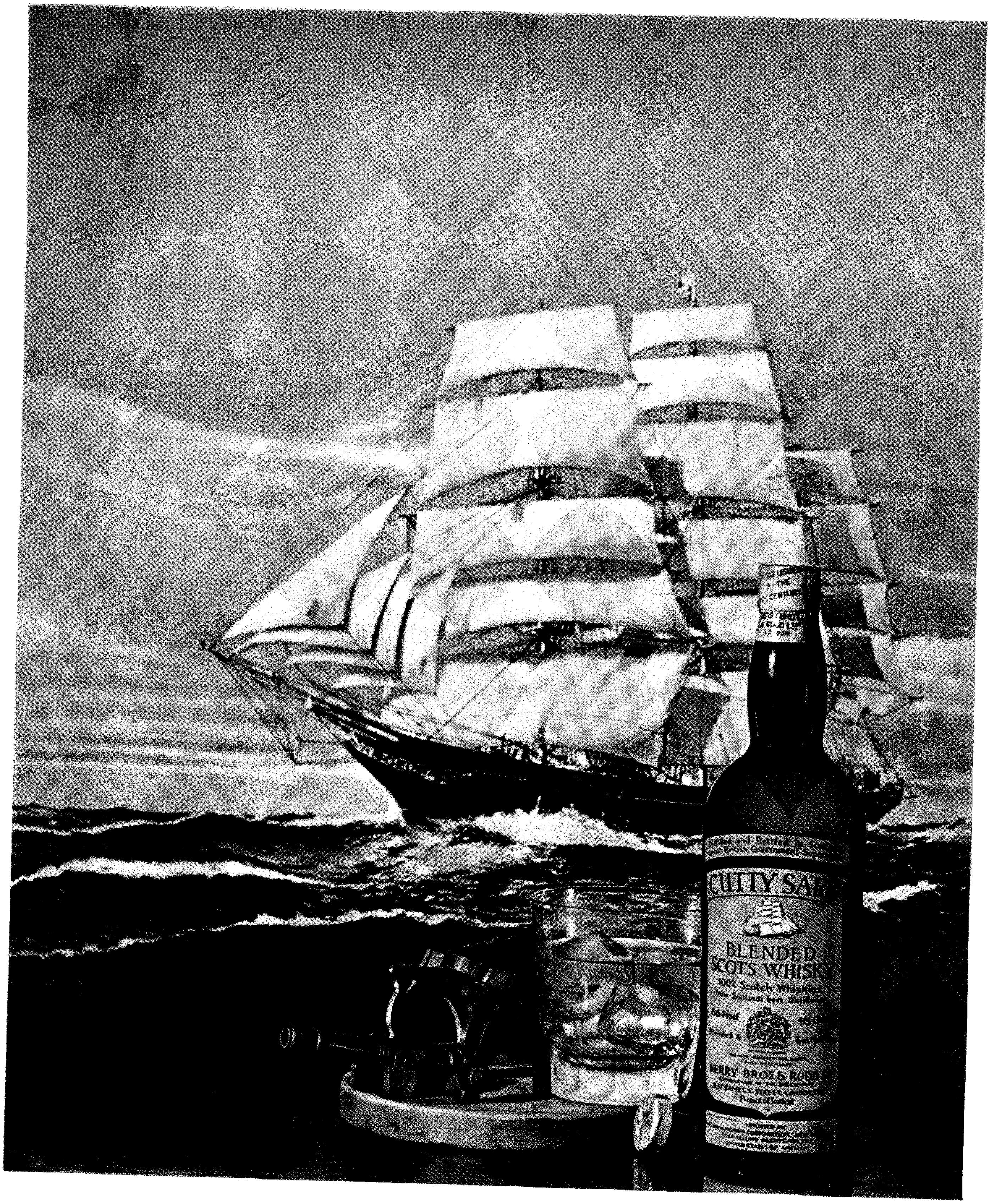
home. The voice would cease its screaming imprecations and remain silent for some time. After a while, though, I'd hear it again—usually around two o'clock in the afternoon, when the market had closed up and the commercial uproar had abated somewhat. The intensity and depth of emotion would still be evident in the voice, but the tone would have altered dramatically. "Massimo! Massimo!" I would hear it shout. "Treasure of my heart, flower of my life, why don't you eat? Eat, eat! You want to die of hunger? You want your mother to perish of grief? You want your papa to die of shame, to tell me I don't cook like I used to? My love, my sweet, my angel, have another tomato, eat your bread, drink your milk. Eat, eat, love of my life! Here, Mama will give you a big hug and kiss! You eat now! Massimo-o-o! *Tesoro! Amore! Mangia, che ti fa bene! Cocco! Angelo!*"

I tried often to imagine what Massimo looked like. I saw a small boy of seven or eight with dirty knees and scuffed shoes, black hair and eyes, red cheeks, and sturdy shoulders, but too fat for his age. I'd see him climb the stairs to the sound of threats and fury, bursting in to be met by a hug and a light cuff and a mound of steaming spaghetti. Who, anywhere around the Campo de' Fiori, would not have heard of him? At the newsstand, I once idly inquired about him, but the young man who sold me my newspaper couldn't identify him, either. "Ah, Signore, it could be any one of them," he said, indicating with a flick of his hand a crowd of urchins then engaged in kicking a soccer ball around the piazza. "Massimo? A common enough name. And here everyone shouts from the windows all the time. Do you not notice?"

The young man's name was Remo. He and his family had been tending their stand, on the corner of the Via dei Baullari, for thirty-five years. They would take turns sitting like benevolent gnomes inside a very small wooden booth festooned with magazines and newspapers. Nothing escaped their vigilant attention. Remo rarely smiled, and he thought that life in the piazza had deteriorated a good deal since he first began to observe its goings on. "Ah, Signore," he said to me one day, "you like this market? It is not what it was. No, indeed it isn't. On Saturdays you had to fight your way into the piazza, that's what I remember. Now—" He shrugged. "Now it's nothing. People are moving out. The ones who were brought up in this quarter, they do not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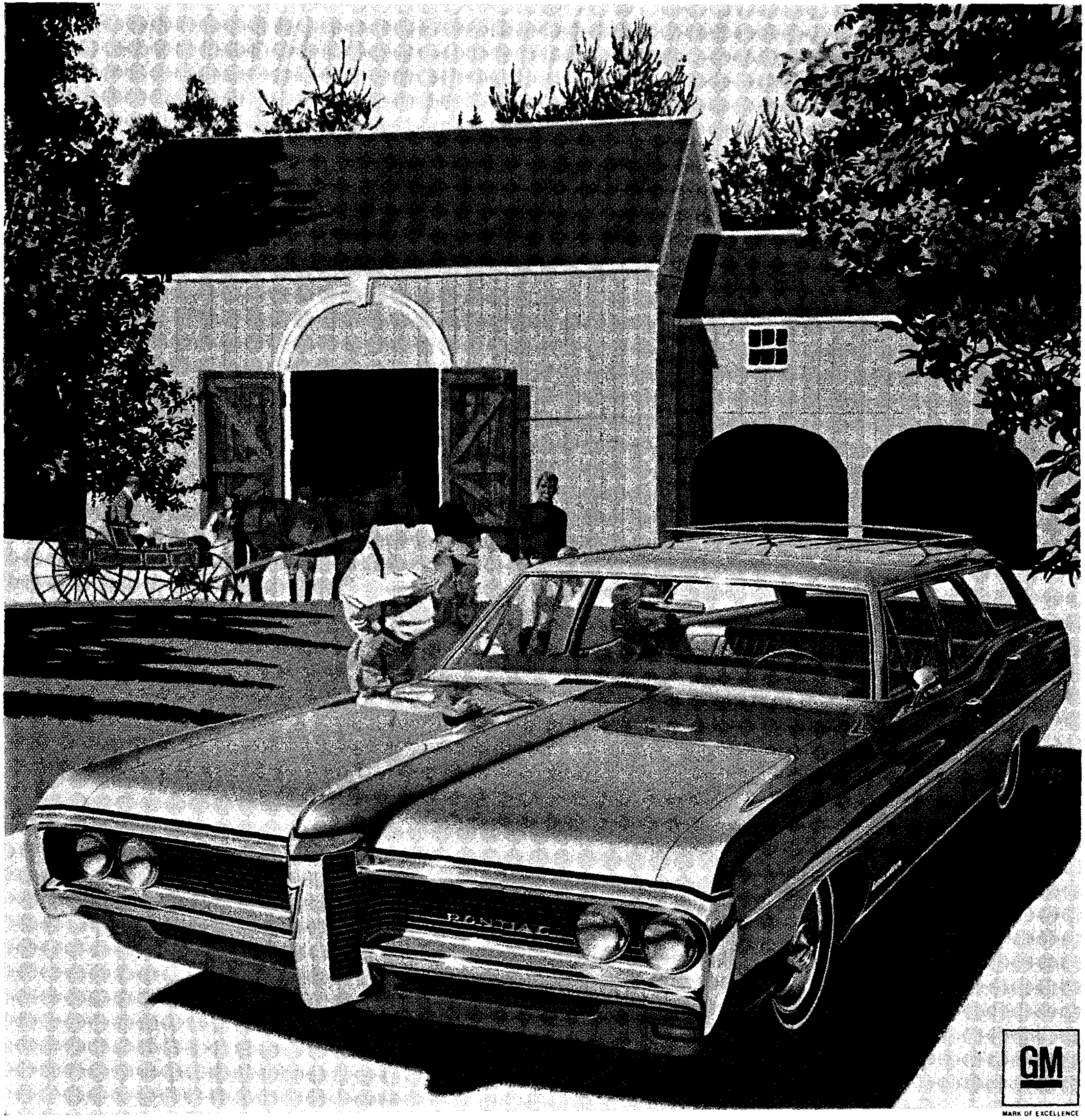

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Wide-Track 1968 Pontiacs

like the old palazzi. When they have money, they move away. The rich and the foreigners are moving into the buildings now, but they don't buy in the market. They go to the supermarkets in the Parioli—drive all the way out there rather than buy in the piazza. No, it's not what it was." He was unhappy, too, about the crime in the area. "Dirty people," he said. "*Gentaccia*, that's what they are. The quarter is full of them. Every thief in town lives here. Do you have a car?"

I told him I didn't.

"That's lucky for you," he said. "It would be stolen. Don't trust anyone you meet in the piazza. Anyone can see you're an American." At the time, I had seen no evidence of crime in the piazza, and I paid no attention to Remo's advice.

One night at about 2 A.M., I was awakened by the sound of loud masculine laughter and conversation outside my window. I looked down and saw a group of men directly below. They were talking and joking, making no effort to keep from disturbing the neighborhood. I shouted down at them to keep quiet. One of them looked up briefly, but otherwise they paid no attention. Their hoarse, merry voices continued to resound in the night air. After about ten more minutes of this, I went to the kitchen and came back with a large pot full of water. I asked them once more time to keep quiet, but I was ignored. I then leaned out the window and poured cold water on their heads. Bellowing and cursing, they quickly scattered and regrouped beyond the fountain, out in the piazza and well out of range. Through the slats of my shutters I saw them conferring angrily and occasionally pointing up toward my window. Slightly uneasy, I went back to bed.

The next morning, when I stepped out into the piazza, I was greeted by a young tough in wrinkled slacks and a torn jersey. He was unshaven, with close-set eyes and a snarl of oily-looking curls, and he had evidently been lounging against the wall of my building, waiting for me. "Hey, you," he said hoarsely. "Hey, are you the one who threw water on us last night?"

The market was in full swing and the piazza was crowded with people. I made up my mind not to be intimidated. "Yes," I said. "You woke me up."

The youth shook his head gravely. "That was a very stupid thing to do."

"Listen," I said. "I have some rights. I asked you twice to keep quiet

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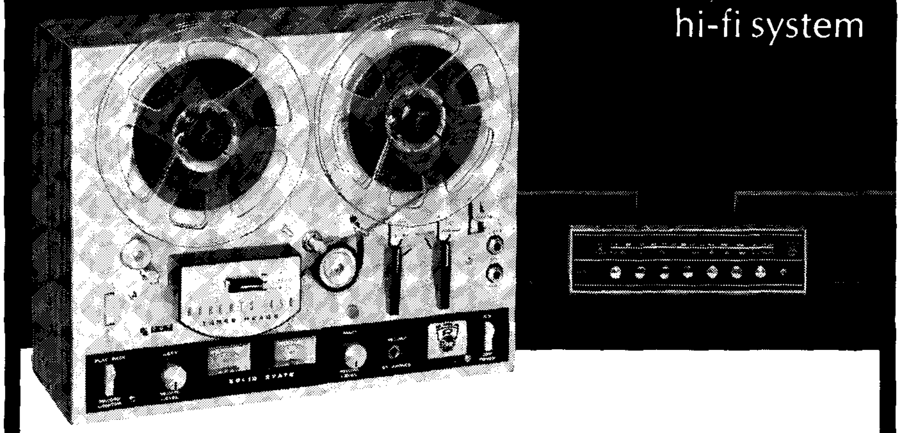

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and you paid no attention. You have no right to wake everybody up."

"And you have no right to throw water on people."

This seemed a rather weak rejoinder to me, so I pressed my luck a little. "I could *have called the police, you* know."

The tough smiled, revealing a bright row of gold teeth. "No, no," he said, shaking his head. "You would not do that. No one in this quarter would do such a stupid thing. You have to live here—no?"

"I don't live here all the time," I said. "Besides, I don't like to be threatened."

The tough smiled again and spread his hands out wide. "Threatening you? Who is threatening you, Signore? I? I merely wish to protest against being doused with water in the middle of the night, that's all. That's not unreasonable, is it?"

"Mario, introduce me to the gentleman," I heard someone say.

I turned, and was confronted by a short, stocky, bald Roman in a rumpled but well-tailored brown suit. He had a round, affable face with large brown eyes and a strong, prominent, straight nose. He was smiling broadly. "Mario does not know my name," I said, and I introduced myself.

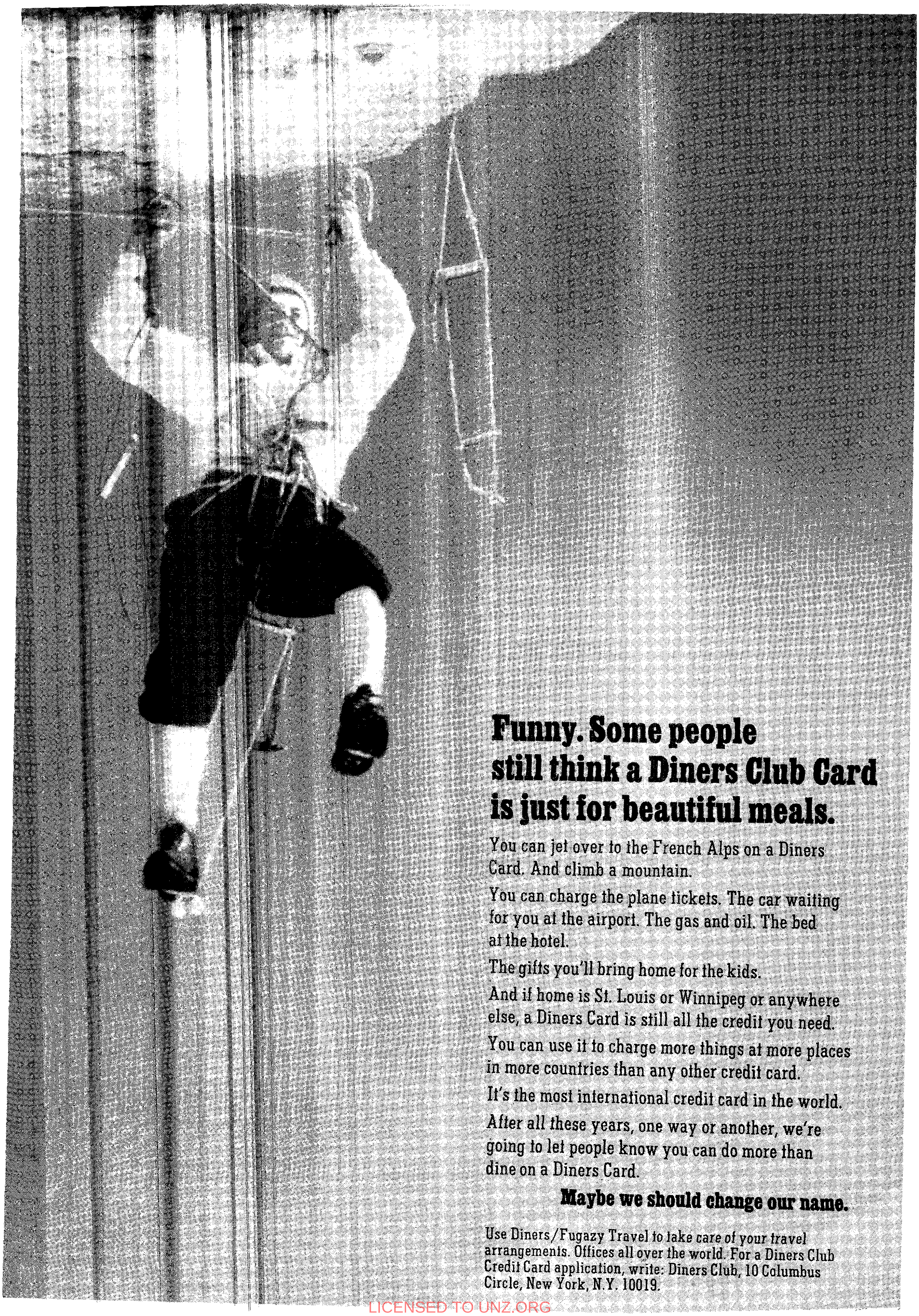
"Of course he does," the new arrival declared. "You are the American on the fourth floor. Everyone knows who you are. I myself have often seen you in the piazza. Pleased to meet you. My name is Domenico. My friends call me Memmo."

"Were you also in the piazza last night?" I asked.

Memmo laughed. "Alas, yes," he admitted. "Luckily, you missed me. Mario, here, was soaked. That probably accounts for his sour face." He turned to Mario and clapped him roughly on the shoulder. "Hey, Mario, cheer up! The bath did you good, eh? The first one you've had in weeks."

Mario made an effort to smile, but it did not seem entirely genuine. I concentrated on Memmo. "I'm sorry about it," I said. "But I was tired and I wanted to get to sleep. You were directly under my window, and I asked you all several times to be quiet."

"Right," Memmo said. "Quite right. I think we will not chat there again. However, *caro Signore*"—he took my arm confidentially and pulled me a few feet off to one side—"don't do such a thing again. For your own good, Signore. No one would harm you, of course—*Dio mio*, an American!—but Mario and his friends can play such



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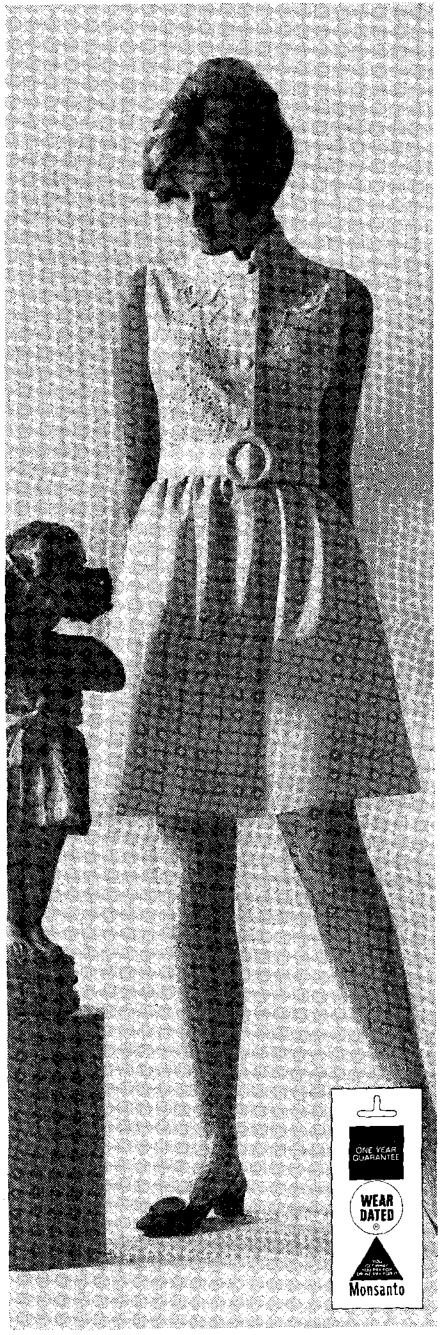

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tricks, Signore! The apartment is so full of beautiful things. I have not seen it, but I know that it is. Apartments can be broken into, Signore, and even the most beautiful object can be made to disappear. What is the sense in playing tricks on people like Mario, eh?"

I looked back at Mario, who was still standing by the entrance to the building and regarding me sourly. "And you?" I asked. "What about you?"

"I?" he said. "Oh, I'm a friend of Mario's. He runs little errands for me. I have a shop here, just around the corner. You've passed it many times. Electrical equipment—radios, iceboxes, toasters, things like that. You've seen my shop, haven't you?"

I said that I had passed it often.

"Well, of course you have," Memmo said. "It's a very well-known store. Everyone in the neighborhood knows me. Ask *anyone*."

"It's very kind of you to warn me," I said.

Memmo looked astonished. "Warn you?" he said. "Signore, I would not think of presuming to warn you. Still, it is important that you know how things are here on the piazza, eh?"

"Yes, I understand," I said. "Thanks very much."

"Forget it," Memmo said. "Forget the whole thing. And don't worry about Mario. Nothing will happen. Come and see me in the shop. Drop in any time—right there, just around the corner." He shook my hand and departed in the direction of his store. As he went, I saw him nod almost imperceptibly to Mario, who went off with him, not casting so much as a backward glance in my direction.

Mater Nov. eboracensis.
E. Scotus pinxit.

A couple of days later, I did drop in on Memmo. From the outside, the store looked like any other small shop dealing in electrical housewares, but since my encounter with Mario and Memmo and our *oblique conversation*, I had become curious about it. When I stepped inside the shop, I discovered that the place was all but empty of merchandise. The window display featured a cheap washing machine and a second-hand refrigerator, but except for a couple of small toasters and a transistor radio or two the store looked cleaned out. Mario and a couple of other shady-looking young men lounged against the walls, smoking American cigarettes, while Memmo sat behind a small wooden desk. He had been talking into the telephone, but he hung up immediately when I came in. "*Ah, buon giorno, buon giorno*," he said, coming out from behind his desk and rubbing his hands briskly together. "How nice to see you! Thank you for dropping in."

"Business seems to be a little slow," I said.

"On the contrary," Memmo answered, smiling broadly. "Business could *not* be better."

"You've sold everything in the shop, then?"

"Well, not quite," Memmo said. "Come back here."

Memmo led me back to his desk, opened a top drawer, *and pulled out a* large, flat box full of Swiss wristwatches. "Look at this," he said, holding one up by the strap. "Fifty thousand lire, this watch costs. I sell it for thirty. Would you like it?"

I told Memmo that I already had a watch.

He put the box back in the drawer and closed it. "Well, then, how about this?" He opened another drawer and showed me a pile of cigarette lighters. "Or these?" He produced boxes of cufflinks, tie clasps, studs, men's and women's bracelets, earrings, electric razors, razor blades, small bottles of cheap cologne, key rings, charms. Finally, with an elaborate little flourish of one hand, he opened still another drawer and took out a long, thin, expensive-looking case. "Perhaps there is a lady in your life?" He opened the box to reveal a handsome pearl necklace. "For you," he said, "for my friend the American, only a hundred thousand lire, eh?"

"No, thanks," I said. "I can't afford it."

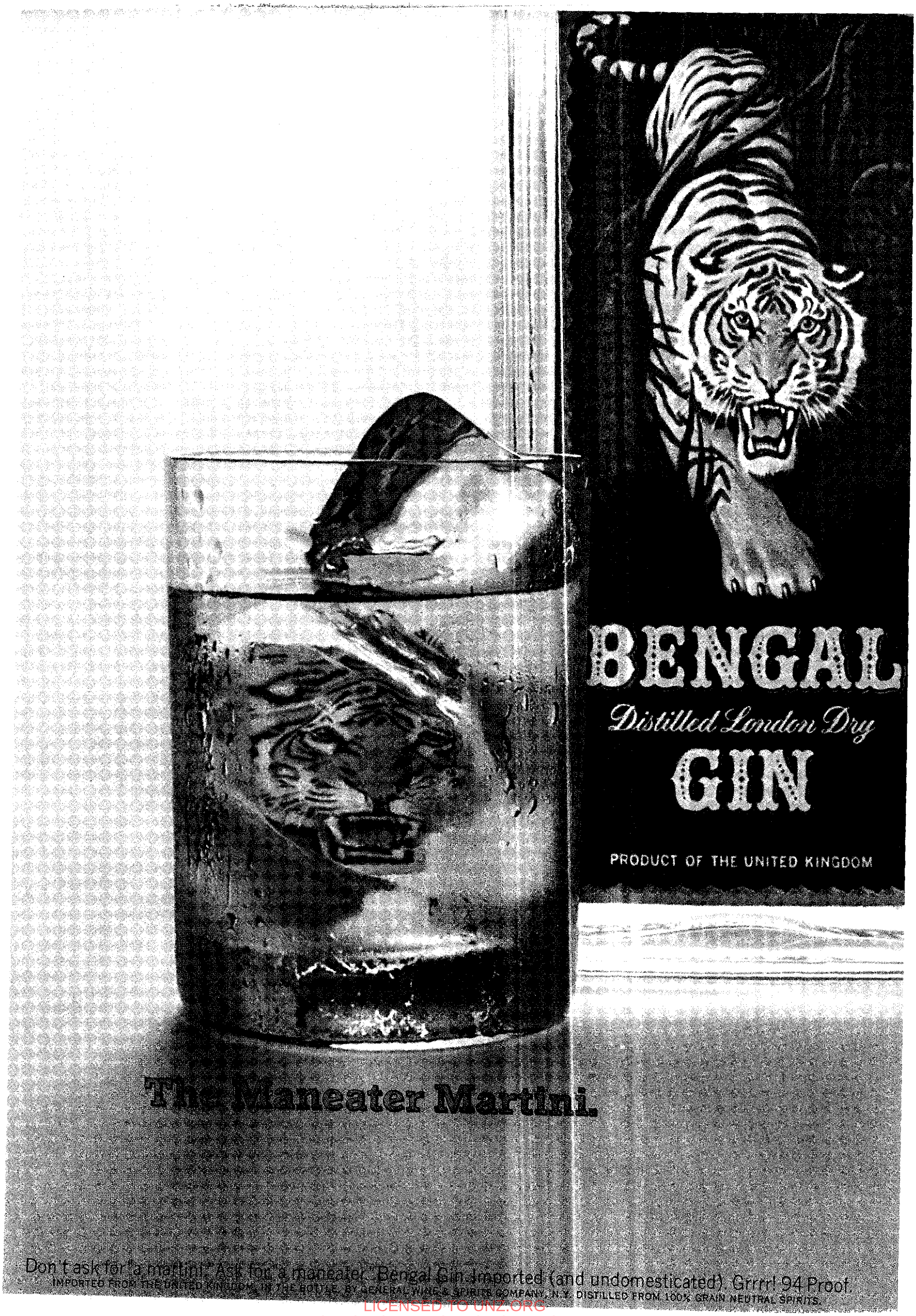
Memmo sighed, cheerfully stuffed the box back into the drawer, and closed it.

"You seem to be selling everything here," I said.

Memmo smiled and shrugged. "Well, Signore, I believe in floating *with the traffic, eh? What you* Americans call, I believe, the law of supply and demand."

"How can you afford to sell these things so cheaply?" I asked.

"Signore, we have our own direct sources of supply," Memmo said. "We eliminate the middleman, as you would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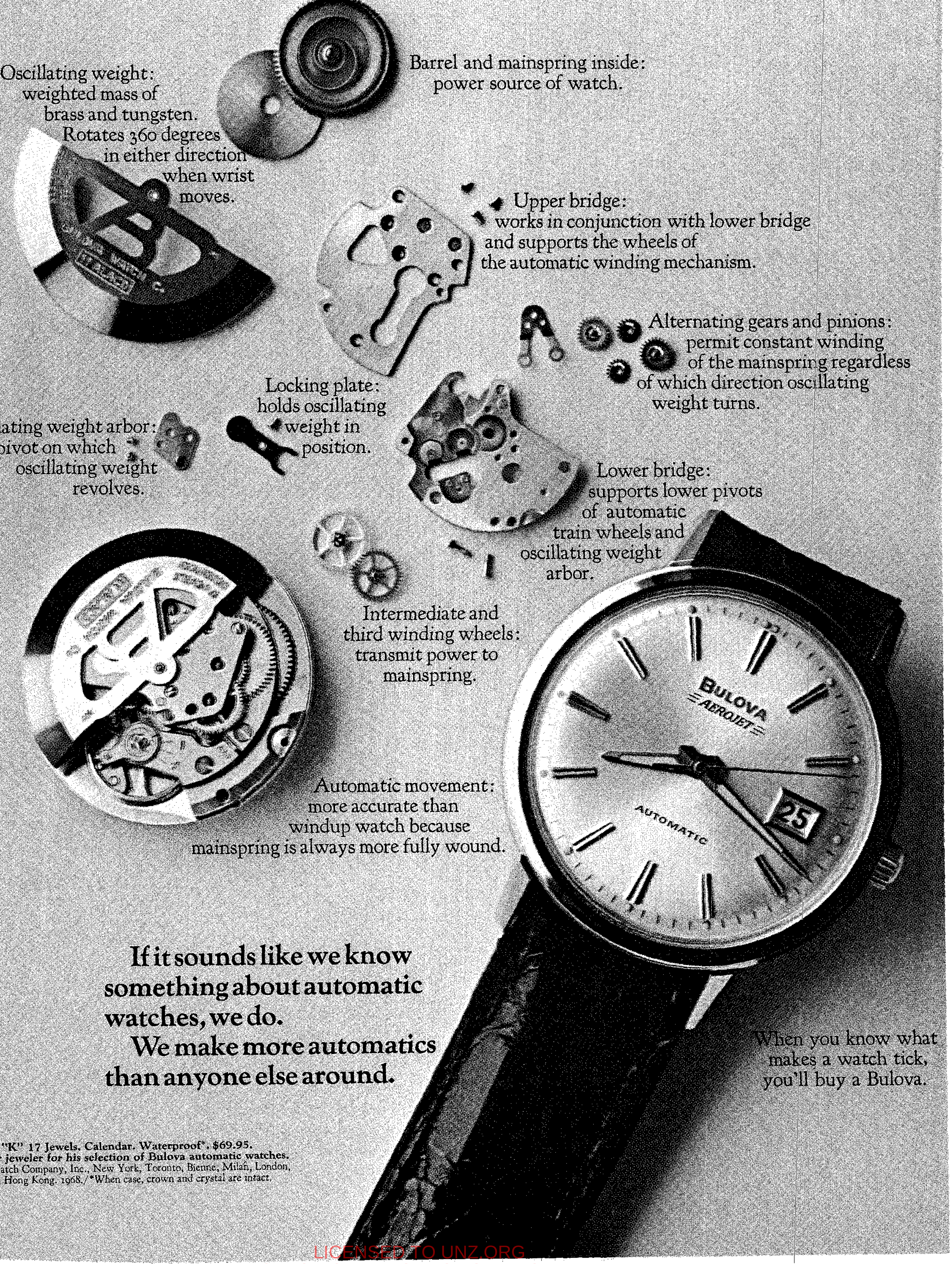

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say. We import everything directly. You understand?"

"I think so," I said.

After that, I became increasingly aware of Memmo and his boys. Mario and half a dozen other young toughs strolled in and out of the shop, and several times I noticed them peddling objects through the marketplace. Once, I found Mario and a friend presiding at the corner of the Via dei Baullari over a large stack of shoeboxes. They were selling sandals for five hundred lire a pair—a ridiculously low price. Occasionally, they would operate out of the back of a panel truck, selling everything from shirts to hardware. I never saw Memmo anywhere except inside his store, usually on the phone or in deep conversation with one of his young men.

One day, at the newsstand, I asked Remo about Memmo and his friends. Remo glanced sharply at me, then looked around to see if we were alone. "Stay away from them, Signore," he said in an undertone. "They are no good, that bunch. I let everything I hear go in one ear and out the other. It is better that way. But I tell you this, Signore—the police drop in there from time to time, and it is not to pass the hours chatting. Memmo wasn't around for a long time last year, and that Mario—you know him?"

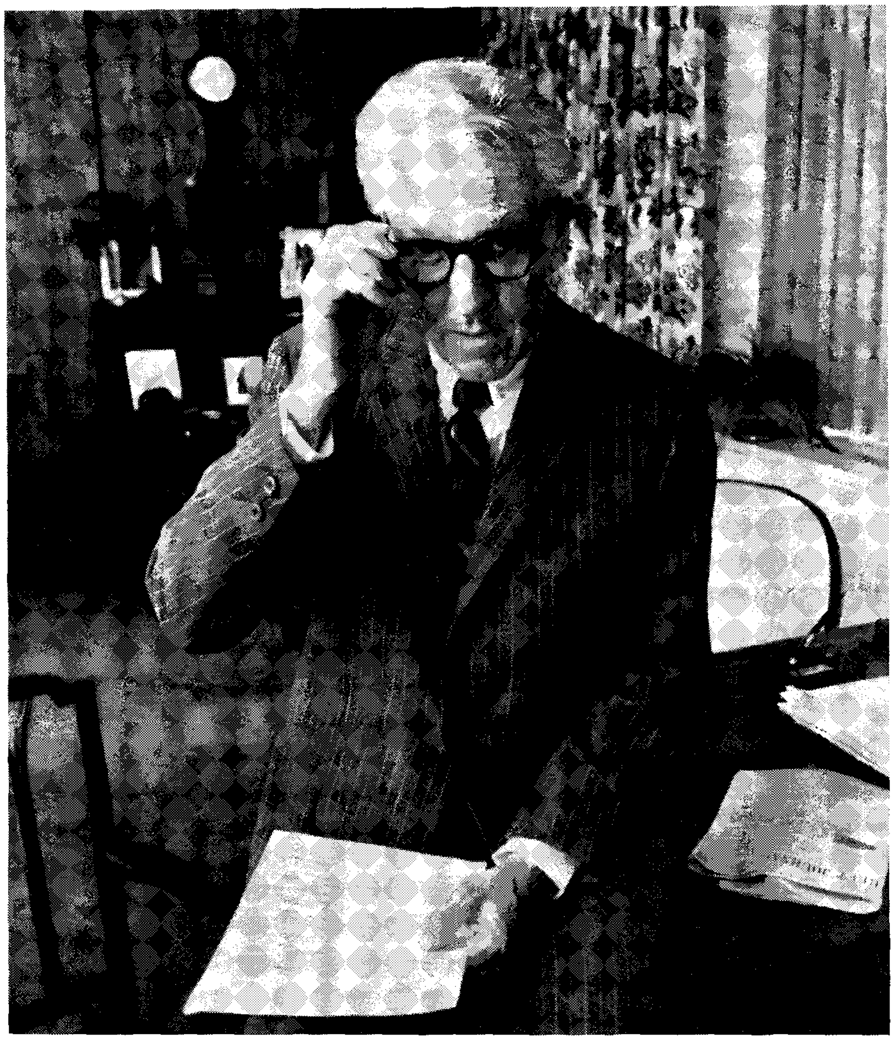
I said that I did.

"A bad one," Remo said. "He was a carpenter. Then he killed a man one day just because the fellow clapped him too hard on the back, or something. He did three and a half years. A hood, *un vero teppista*. Don't have anything to do with them."

"But who are they? Are they from around here?"

"All from this quarter, Signore, every one of them," Remo said sadly. "They give it a bad name. All over Rome, people say the Campo de' Fiori is a den of thieves. Memmo and his crowd—they're responsible for that. It's really too bad."

WEEKDAYS, life on the piazza was conducted according to a specific rhythm, and there was only one period of real silence. Sometime between 2 and 3 A.M., the pulse of the quarter would suddenly stop. For anywhere from ten minutes to a half hour, the voices would be stilled and no other noise would be heard. The piazza seemed then to be holding its breath. The pale-yellow light of a few street lamps would cast shadows along the damp cobblestones and throw into relief the small balconies and terraces,



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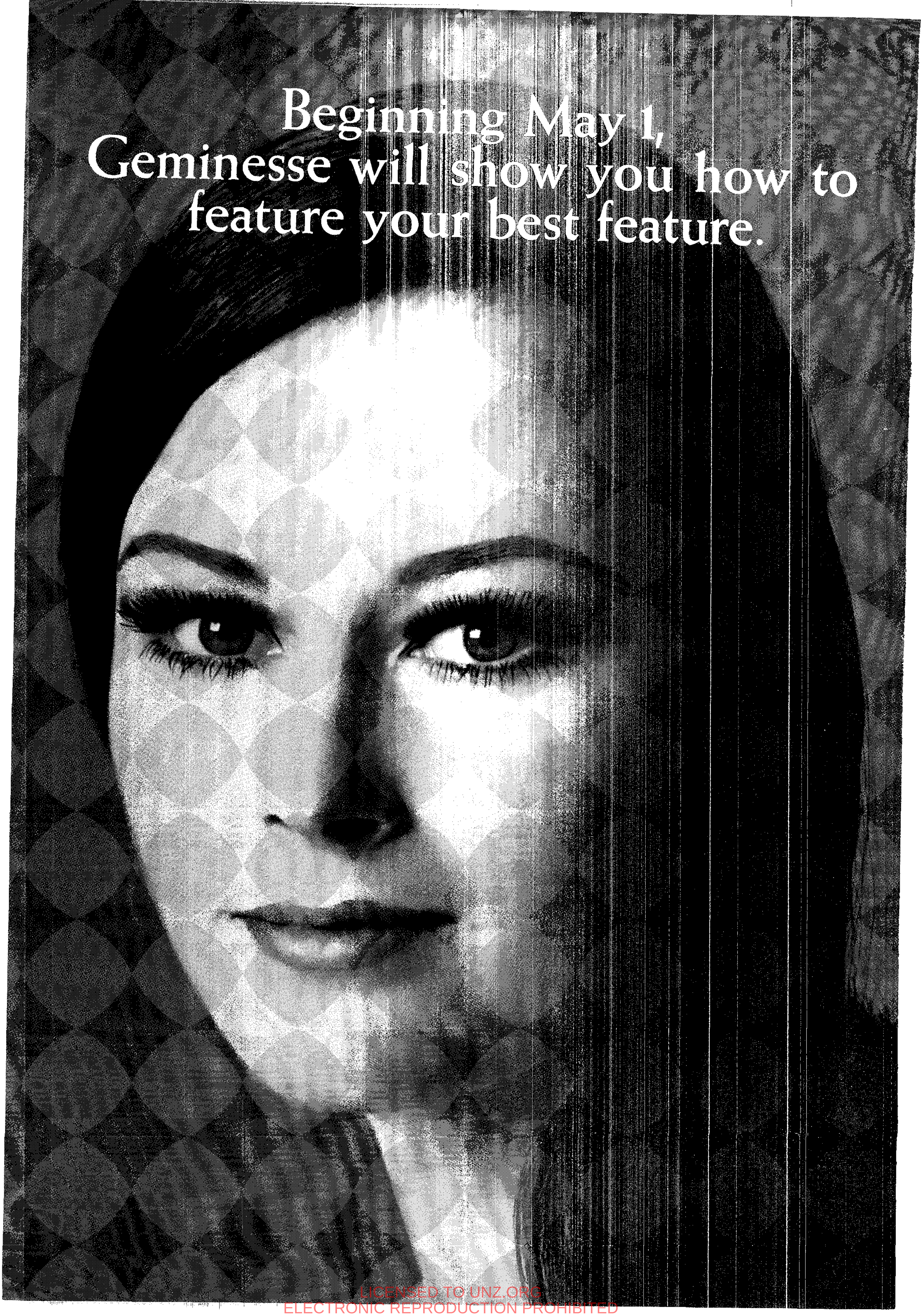
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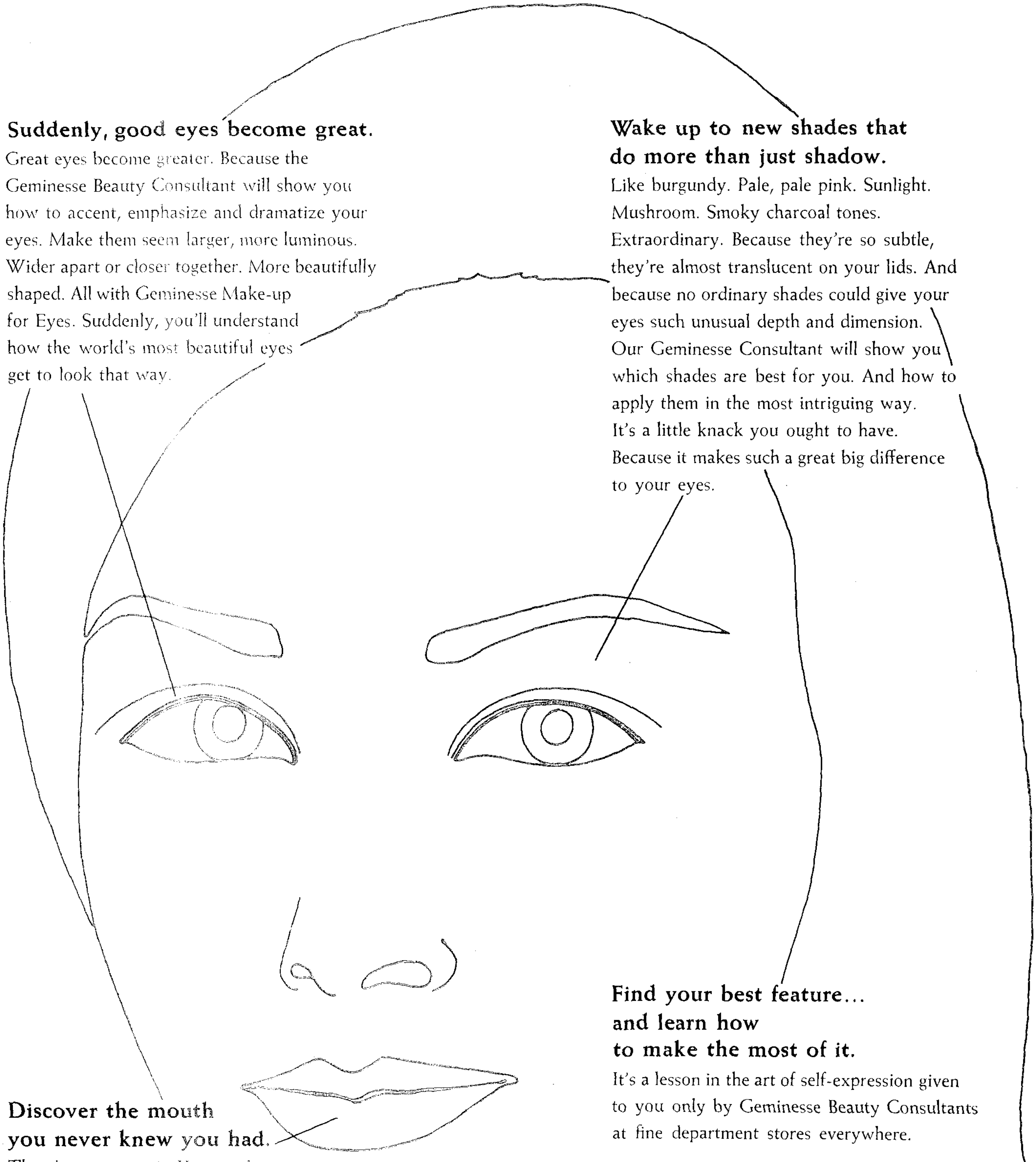

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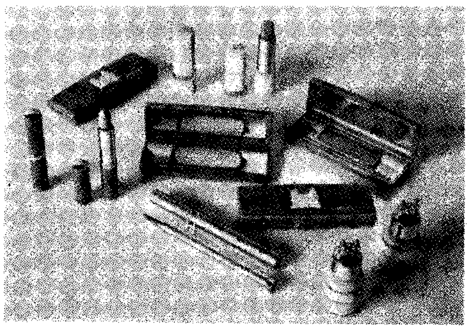

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the cornices and moldings of the old buildings. At such times, the smell of the piazza would be very strong—an odor of earth and old stone and dampness and decay. The figure of Bruno, on its pedestal, would dominate its surroundings then as it did at no other time.

The respite was invariably brief. It would be shattered by the sound of an iron shutter being unlocked and rolled up, by the buzzing of a motor scooter, by the slam of a heavy wooden door, by the clatter of planks being unstacked, by the rumble of iron-clad wheels over the cobblestones. Soon the first pushcarts would appear, loaded high with boards, and the piazza would be alive with voices—those of the *facchini*, the market's porters, greeting each other and murmuring guttural instructions. Laboriously, seeming to work at half speed in the dim light, they would begin to erect the stands and counters from which the day's merchandise would be sold. As they worked, the first trucks arrived from the outlying farms, disgorging their sturdy women and their mounds of fresh fruit and vegetables. The first butcher would appear, with a load of raw meat, and wait impatiently for his counter to be erected; often, if his stand was in the early stages of construction, he'd go off in search of hot coffee and a roll. The arriving venders and the porters had little to say to each other; their relationship had long since been clearly established by custom, and they seldom had much in common. The venders represented capital, and many of them came from the country or other parts of the city. To them, the piazza was merely a marketplace for their goods. The porters, on the other hand, the builders of *bancarelle*, all came from the quarter. They lived in the narrow streets and alleys that fanned out from the piazza, in cluttered rooms and tiny apartments full of women and small children. They kept their planks and pushcarts in ground-floor rooms along the Via del Pellegrino, the Vicolo del Gallo, the Via della Corda, sometimes around the corner in the Piazza Farnese. Every morning, they were up and at work by three o'clock, ready to toil for hours like mules for between five hundred and a thousand lire a day. Their voices—harsh, tired, cynical, resigned—seemed to speak for all the poor of the quarter. By eight o'clock, when the clamor of the market filled my ears, they would have vanished back into their burrows.

Five hours later, in the strong heat of the midday sun, the porters would

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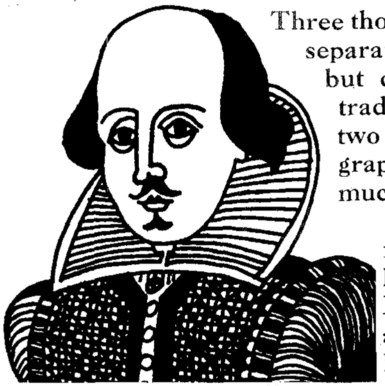

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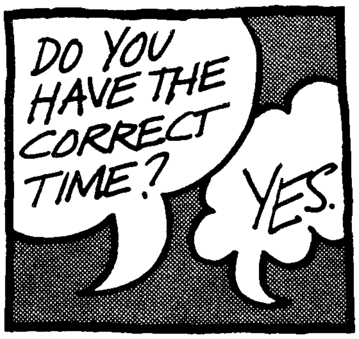
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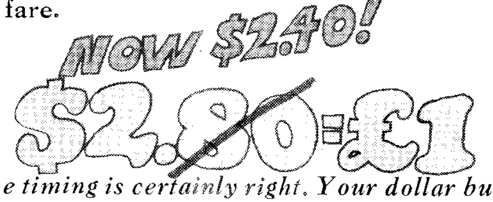

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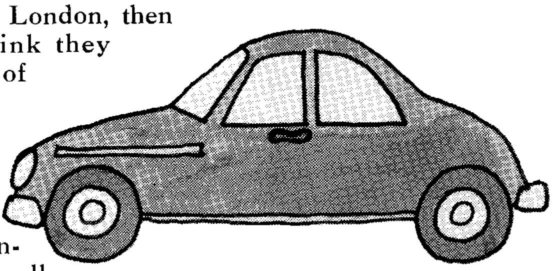

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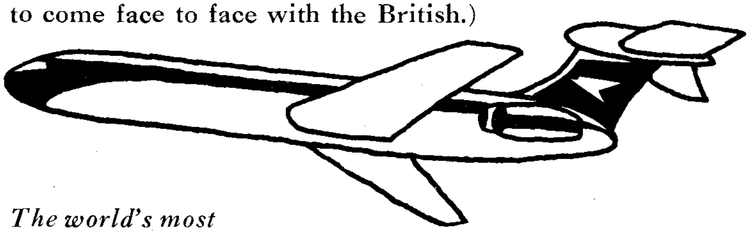

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reappear and begin to raze all that they had built. As the crowd of shoppers thinned out and the venders packed up their goods, the porters hauled down umbrellas and awnings, carefully dismantled the stands, loaded the loose boards onto their pushcarts, and trundled them back to their storage bins. The stone face of the piazza gradually reappeared, filthy with refuse—an empty expanse strewn with the leavings of a careless army. The voices of the quarter sounded now from the open windows and doorways of the surrounding houses—the voices of mothers and young children, of fathers home for the midday meal, of young men swarming back on their scooters and bicycles from the tasks of the morning. To all these merely human noises was added the discordant hum of jostling traffic, shifting the emphasis but in no way diminishing the habitual uproar of the piazza.

Then a large blue open truck would enter the Campo and park to one side. From it a dozen men dressed in faded and stained blue smocks would descend and fan out over the stones. Some, armed with huge brooms, would sweep the refuse into sizable heaps; others would shovel the garbage into the truck. Then the piazza would be carefully and thoroughly hosed down. Only the fountain would be ignored, and left half choked with the day's leavings. By the time the street-cleaners had departed, the piazza, under a fierce sun, would have begun to dry out and acquire a hard, baked look. Half a dozen flower stalls, submerged earlier by the flowing tide of the market, would stand out brightly along the Via dei Baullari. And at my end of the Campo two or three white-jacketed waiters would appear and begin setting up tables and chairs on the sidewalk directly across from the fountain.

These tables, bounded by portable plants and hedges, belonged to a restaurant called La Carbonara, which occupied two stories of the building next to mine. It was too expensive for most people of the quarter, and was patronized mainly by Romans from other sections of the city and by foreign tourists who had found it listed in their travel brochures or chanced upon it on their way to the Piazza Farnese. The foreigners were always the first to arrive, at midday, and they would settle themselves at the outdoor tables, under the hot sun and in full view of the unlovely fountain. The Italians never arrived much before one-thirty and always ate inside, away from the noise and between cool, whitewashed

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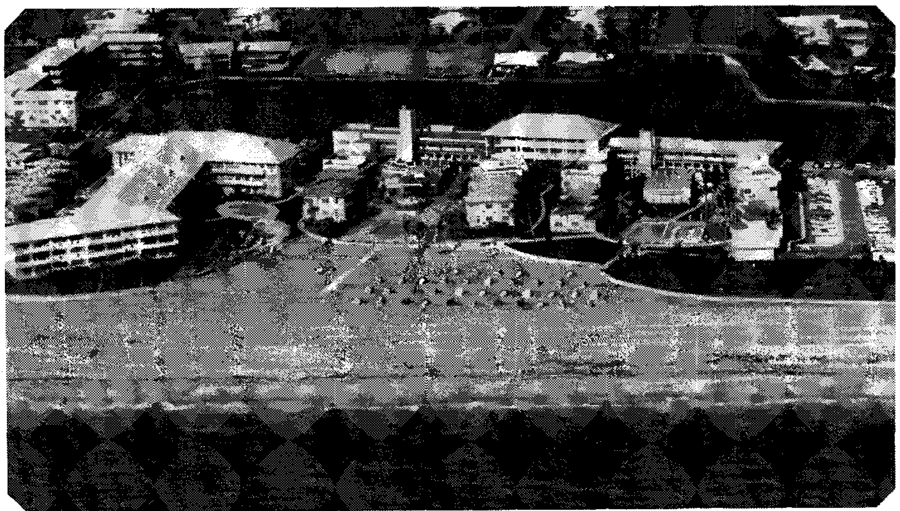

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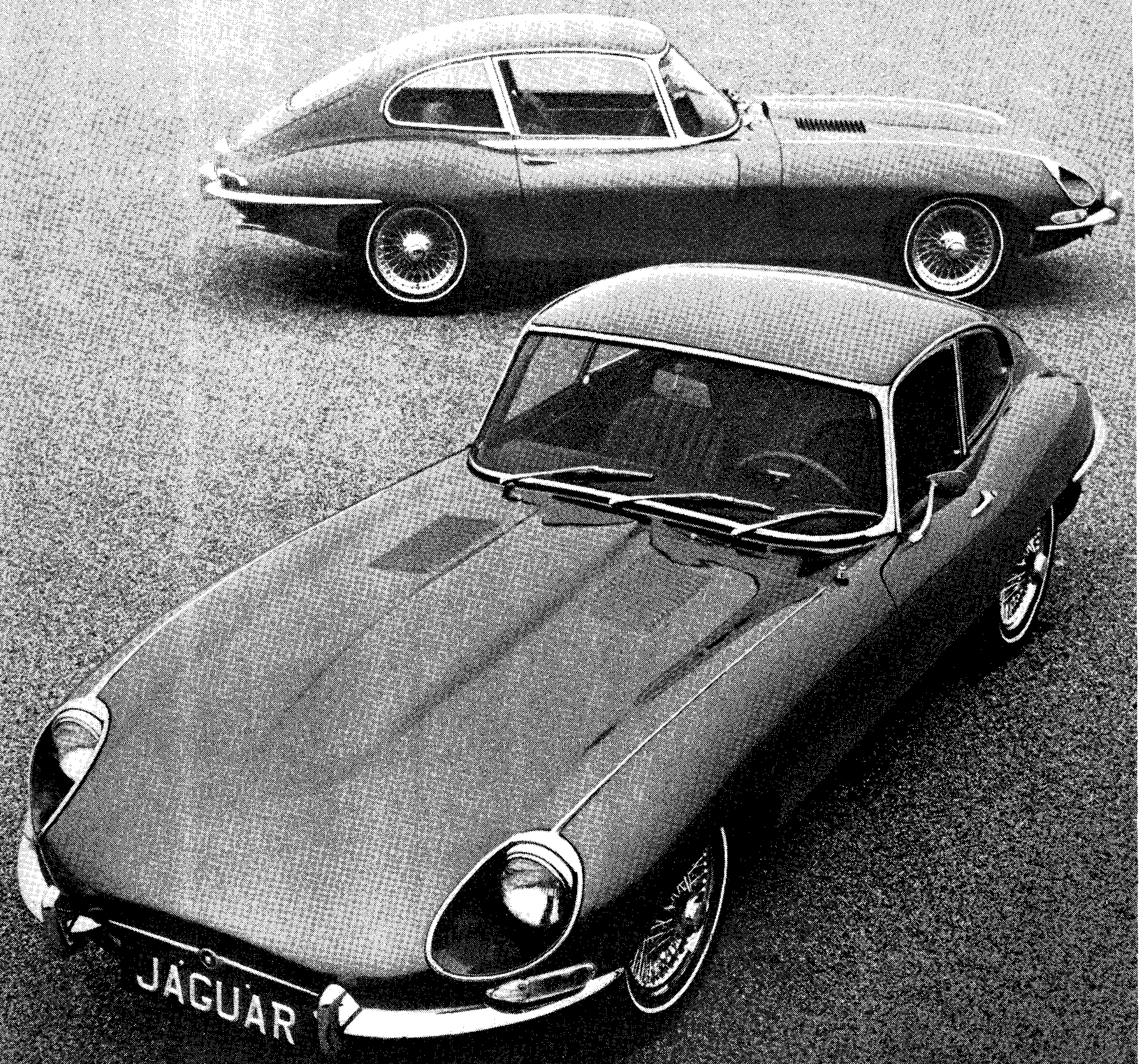

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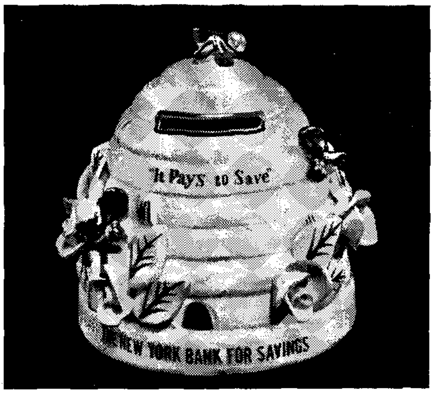

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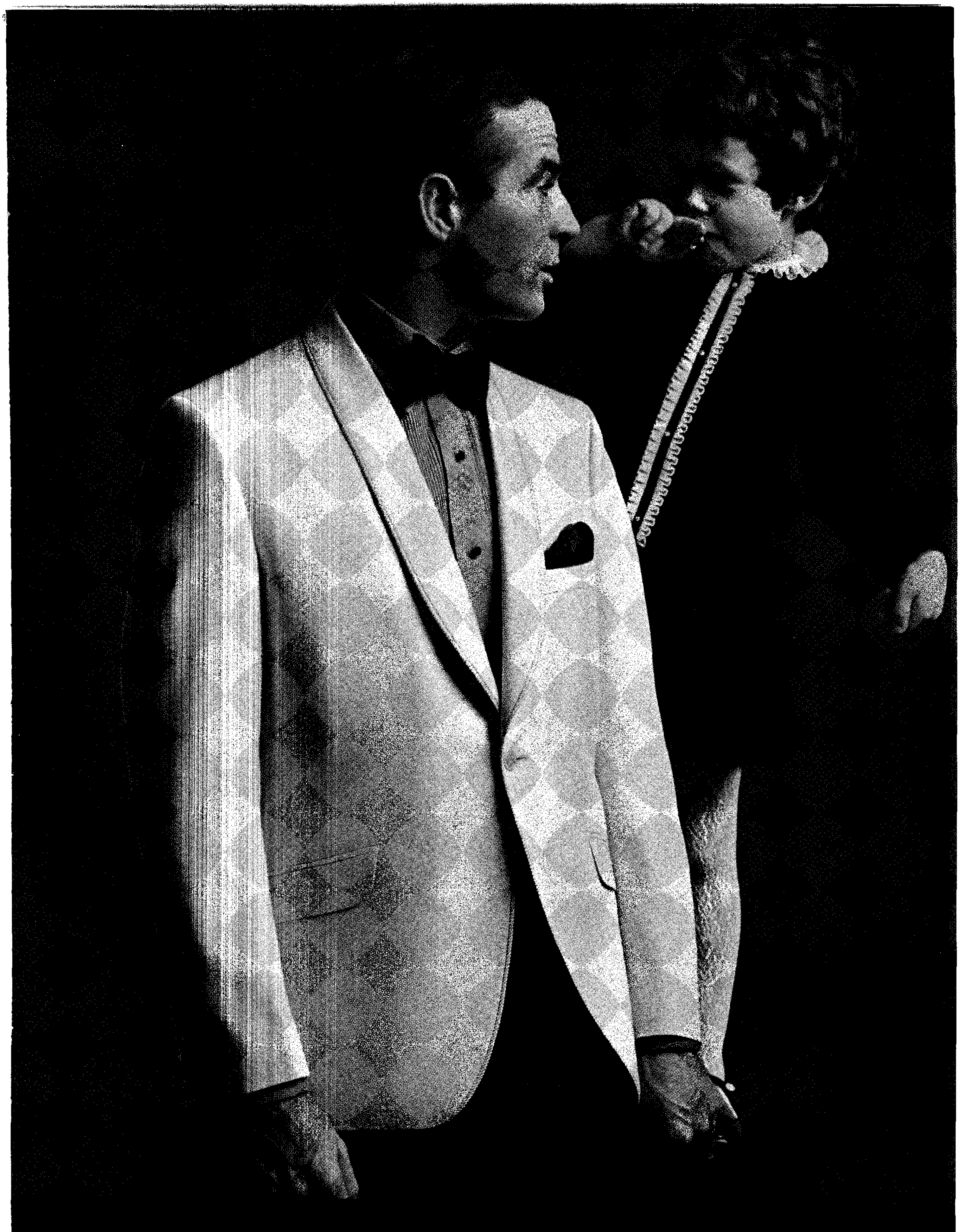
walls. At lunch, La Carbonara catered to a hard core of regulars. I used to eat there two or three times a week, and I soon got to know the regulars. They sat alone or in small groups, but they all knew each other and exchanged conversation. The king of the place was a huge butcher named Nando. He came later than the others, never arriving before two o'clock, and his entrance always enlivened the room. He would stand in the doorway, blocking it completely with his enormous bulk, and banter obscenely in street dialect with his friends, who would call out insults from the surrounding tables. He would take some time to decide where and with whom he would sit, then move heavily toward a proffered chair and sink into it, resting his massive hands on the table and lowering himself with the grace of an elephant submerging in a pool. Often he would bring along a choice cut of meat for himself, slap it down on the table, then turn it over to the waiter, giving him precise instructions on how it was to be prepared. "*Carissimi*," he would say, addressing the room at large, "look at this obscene cut of good beef, a real steak, not the obscene pieces of obscene rubber they serve everywhere these days. That's meat, *cari mici*. You think I'd eat anywhere if I didn't bring my own meat? I'd be an obscene idiot to risk my guts in any obscene den of obscene thieves." Then he'd order a litre of wine and attack the bread, stuffing great chunks of it into his mouth and spraying crumbs all over the tablecloth. Nando made everybody cheerful. Diners who had never seen him before would look up startled and listen in amazement to the Rabelaisian exchanges his arrival evoked, but then they would relax and enjoy the good humor Nando engendered. Once, however, two middle-aged English ladies in severe suits and flat-heeled walking shoes, who evidently understood an unusual amount of street slang, rose from their corner table and hurried disapprovingly away. Their departure spread a pall over La Carbonara. "Well, look at that!" Nando finally said, tearing off another large chunk of bread. "A couple of frigid witches who wouldn't know a good piece of meat if they saw one." Everyone roared, and the English ladies were quickly forgotten.

Among the other luncheon regulars was a jeweller named Roberto. He was in his sixties and always sat by himself, at a rear table in a corner of the room. He ate voraciously, leaning over his plate and stuffing pasta into his mouth. I suspected that he lunched at La Carbonara every day only because of Nando. The entrance of the butcher never failed to galvanize Roberto. He would look up from his food and hurl the opening insult across the room. Sometimes the exchanges became so vehement that Roberto, carried away, would soar to his feet and prop himself up against his chair as he fired coarse witticisms at the butcher. In its intensity, his expression resembled that of a sports fan outraged by a referee's decision. Such an outburst ended as soon as Nando chose to break it off, at which point Roberto would immediately subside into his chair and return to his food. He never spoke to anyone else in the restaurant. I gathered that Roberto and Nando liked each other, but I never saw any evidence of real friendship. They never ate together. I once asked Nando about Roberto. The butcher shrugged. "A little crazy, that's all," he said mysteriously. "But a good man. He has a heart."

The jolliest table was the one presided over by Franco, a plump, curly-haired young man who dealt in dubious antiques on the Via dei Coronari, a few blocks away. He ate with his mistress, a handsome, dark-haired woman a few years older than he was, her teen-age son, her older sister, and various friends in the antique business. There was always room for one more at Franco's table. Franco sat at the head of the table, beaming on the company, pouring wine for the latest arrivals, and presiding over spirited discussions of the day's events. Whenever Nando chose to honor Franco's table with his presence, Franco would commandeer a special bottle of wine in his honor, ply him with small delicacies, roar with laughter at his jokes, listen to his every word as to an oracle. Nando's bulk caused seating problems at Franco's crowded table, generally compelling later arrivals to sit well out into the aisles, partly hidden behind the first line of eaters. "Ah, Nando, Nando!" I'd hear Franco say. "You rogue, tell us what you did today! Tell us whom you swindled! Tell us about your life, Nando, you king of butchers!"

The end of the lunch hour in La Carbonara was usually signalled by the arrival of a thin, furtive-looking crea-



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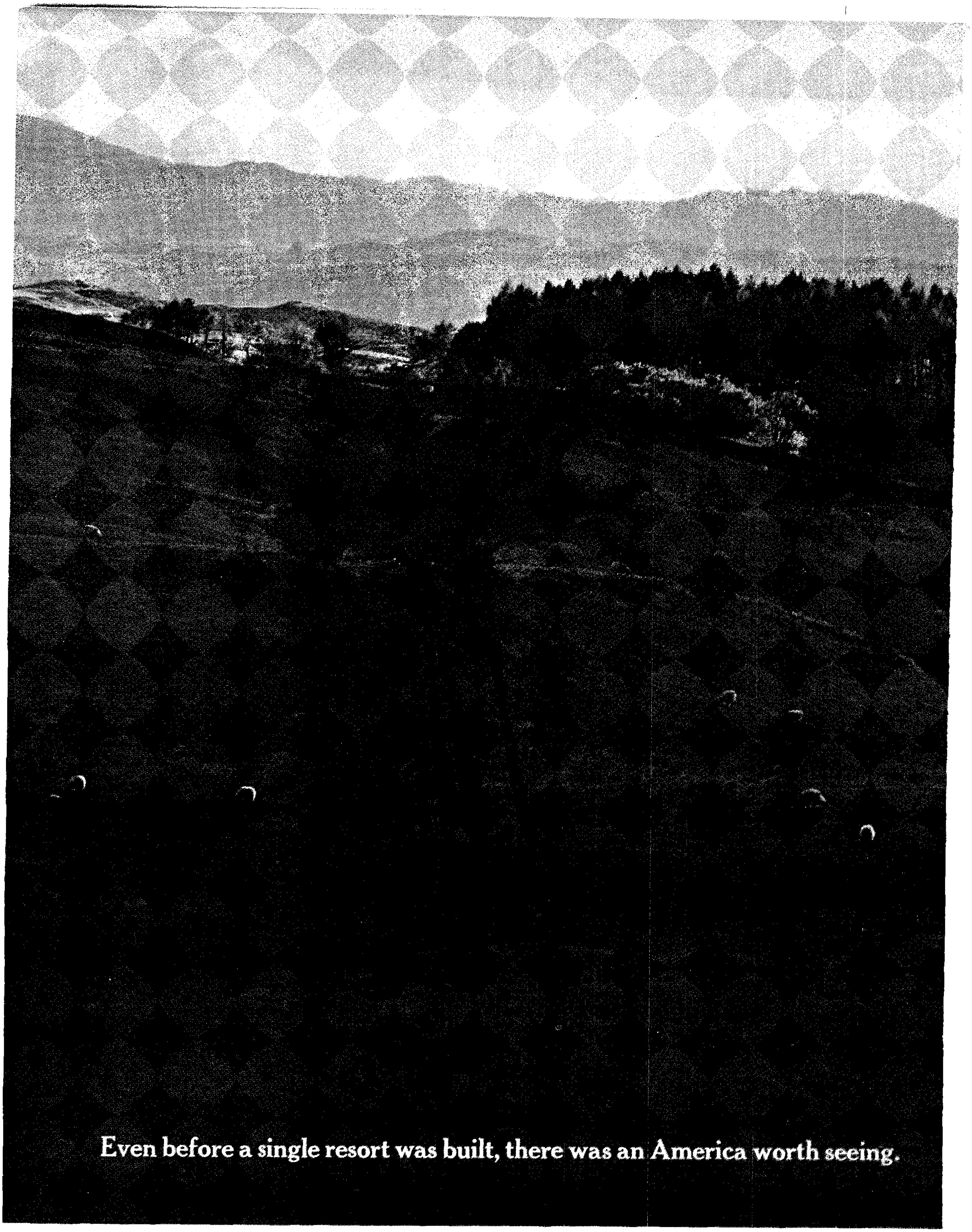
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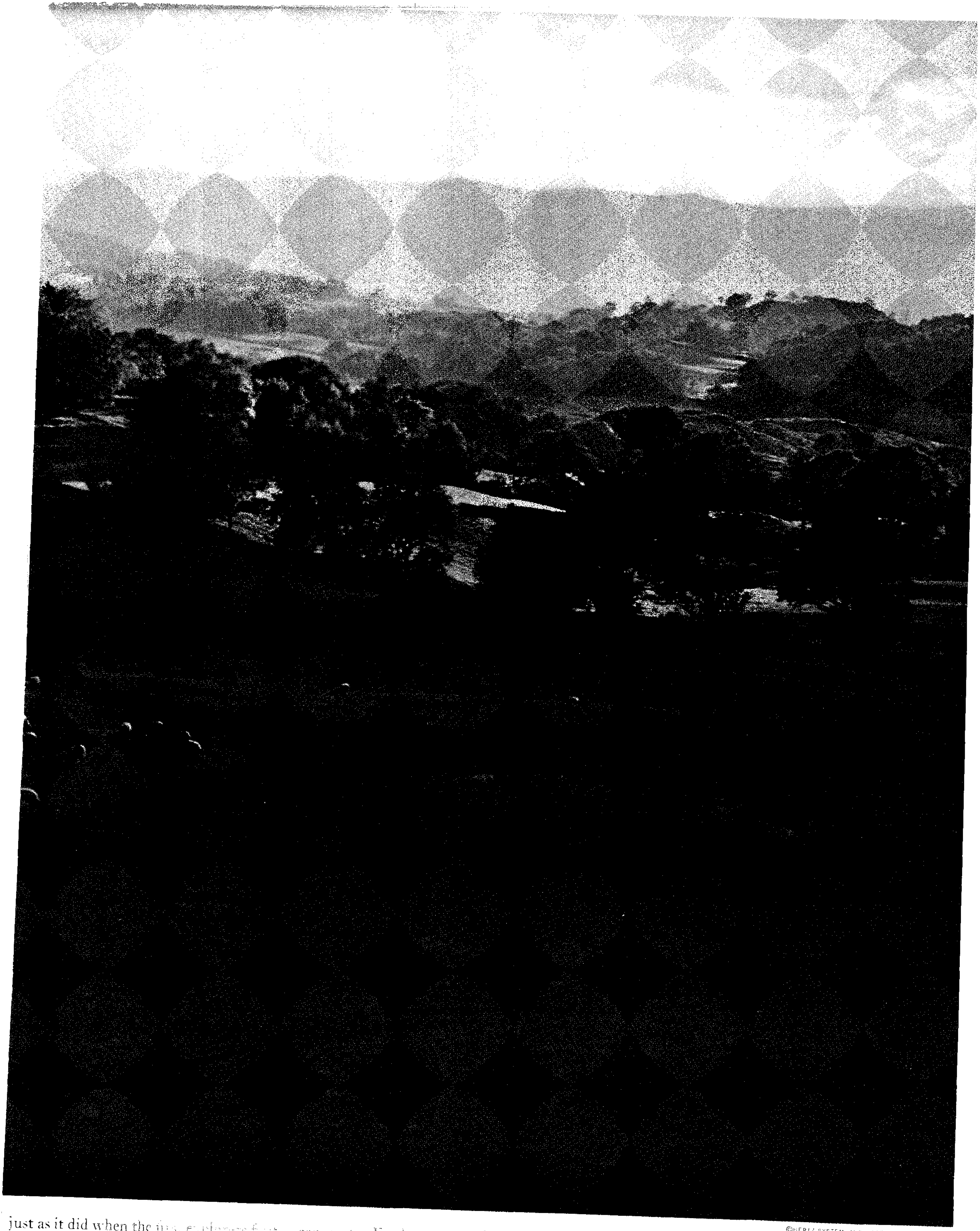

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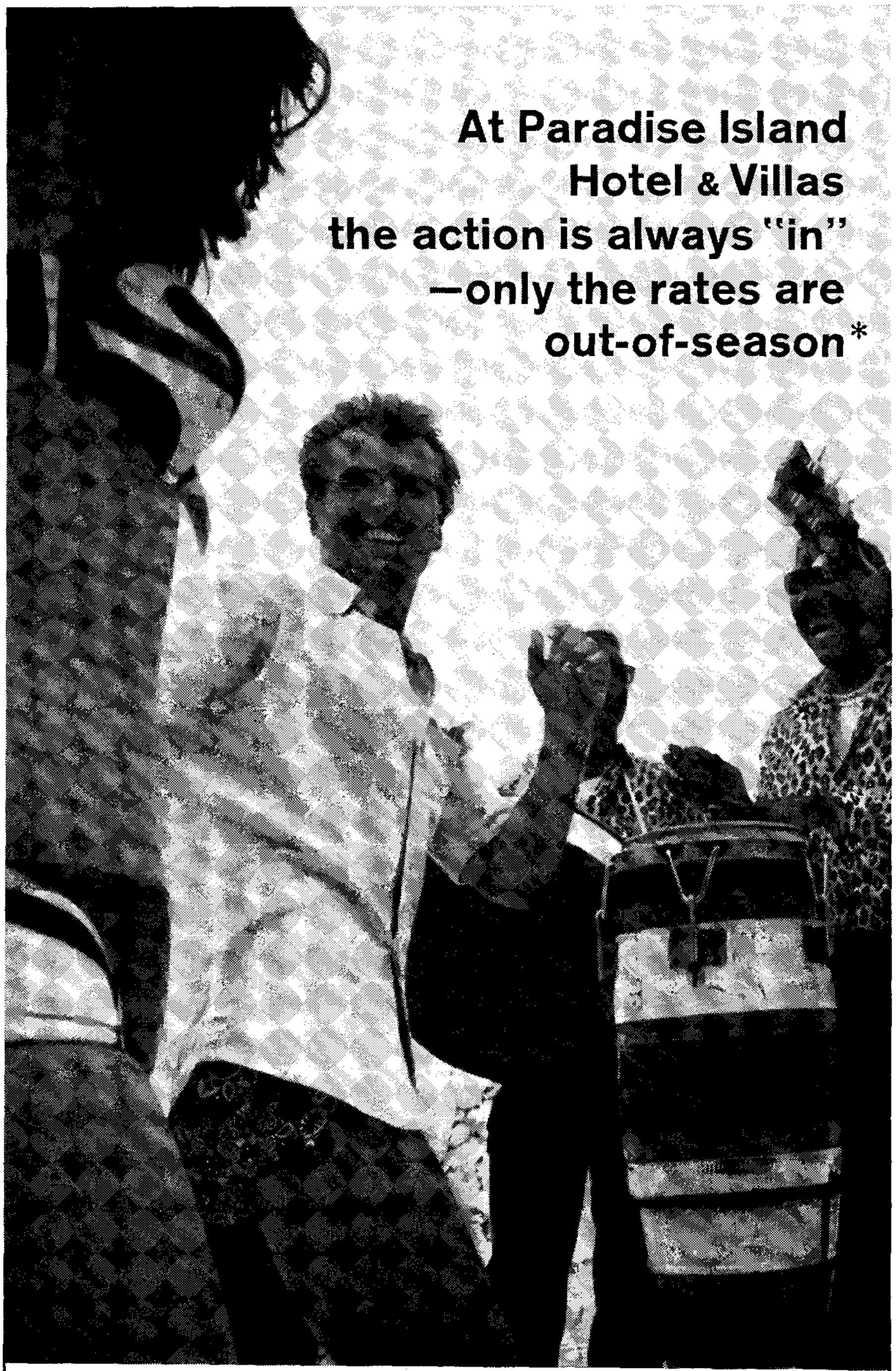
AGED, BLENDED, BOTTLED ONLY IN SCOTLAND. 86.8 PROOF. [illegible] THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING [illegible] ture dressed in a baggy black or gray suit, who would enter the restaurant nodding and bobbing to everyone he saw. His pockets bulged with small articles and crumpled pieces of paper, mostly receipts or bills of sale. This raven of a man, Otello, was a buyer of other people's failures. He would read the newspapers for announcements of bankruptcies, and would scurry off to present himself as a possible purchaser of whatever the victim had to sell. We never knew what he would show up with, but almost always it was some pathetic symbol of disaster—a wristwatch with a worn leather strap, a wedding ring, an antique brooch, a silver cigarette case. He would go from table to table, producing these objects from his pockets in the hope of a quick sale. He was tolerated, and sometimes Franco would ask him to have coffee at his table, but I noticed that Nando never spoke to him and that Otello was never asked to eat with anyone. A waiter would eventually appear with his order, and Otello would go off to dine by himself. When the others departed, he would still be there, a scrawny, solitary figure nibbling away at a salad or a small piece of meat. His digestion was bad.

By the middle of the afternoon, the tempo of life in the Campo de' Fiori, after the relative calm of the luncheon break, would be speeding up again. The shops, closed for three hours, would reopen, and traffic would pour through the piazza along the Via dei Baullari as the inhabitants of the quarter returned to their jobs. After four o'clock, the children, just released from school, would chase each other around the fountain, run shouting down the side streets, play games in the doorways and against the walls of the houses. Women would appear in the windows and on the terraces, pausing to observe and enjoy the surge of life below them. During this time of day, the voices in the piazza were exclusively those of the quarter; they sounded the harsh accents of the old city. Toward evening, long shadows would strike down across the piazza, and swallows would wheel and dart over the tops of the buildings. The noise of homeward-bound traffic dominated all other sounds. The children would gradually vanish from the scene, to be replaced by men just home from work and pausing, before rejoining their families, for a smoke, a chat, a last-minute errand in the shops. Outside La Carbonara, the waiters would be back at work, unstacking the outdoor tables and resetting them for the dinner hour. Around the statue of



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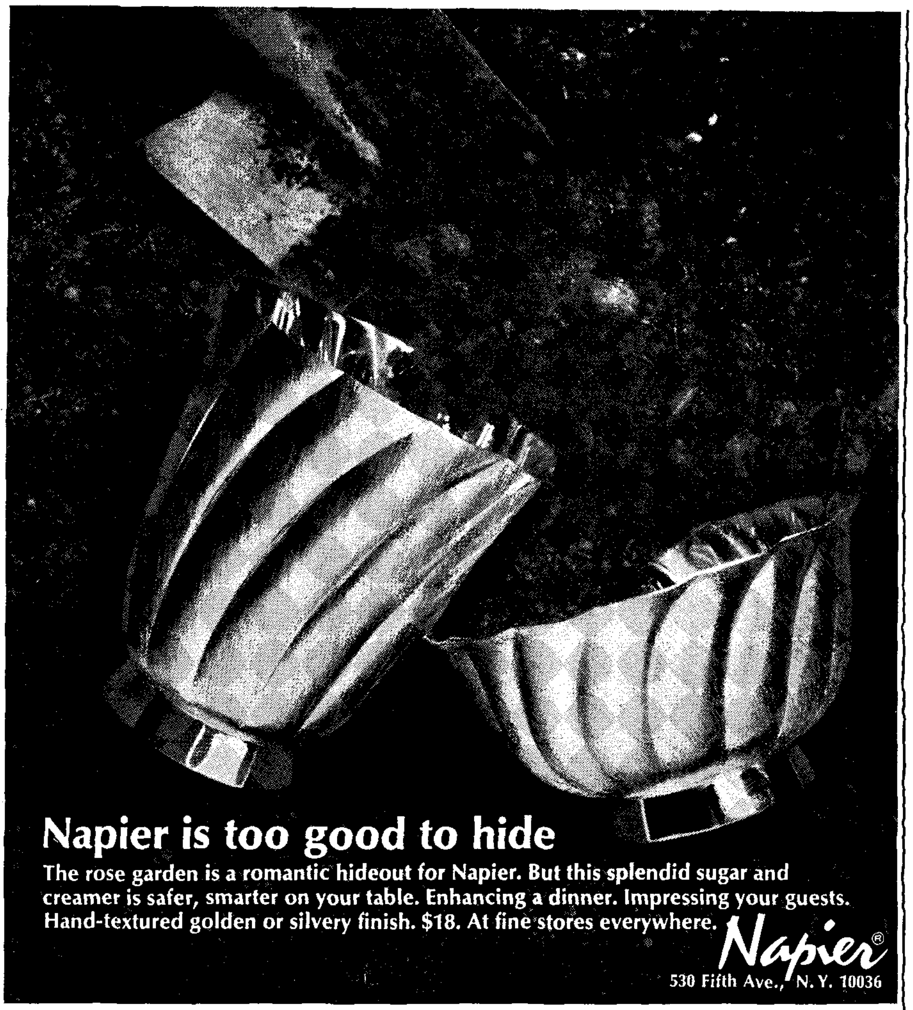

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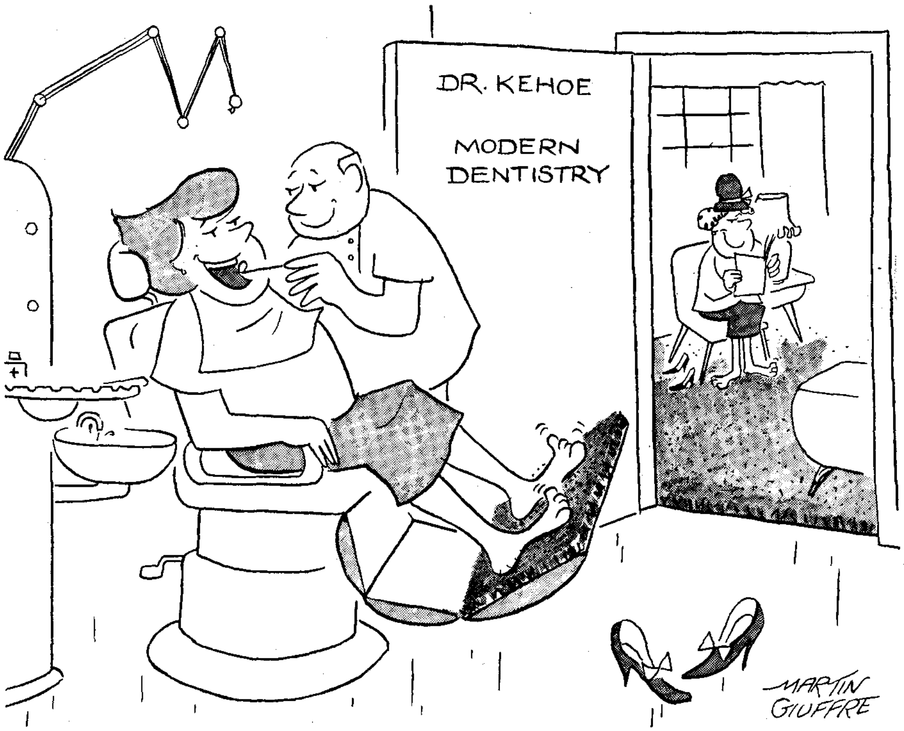

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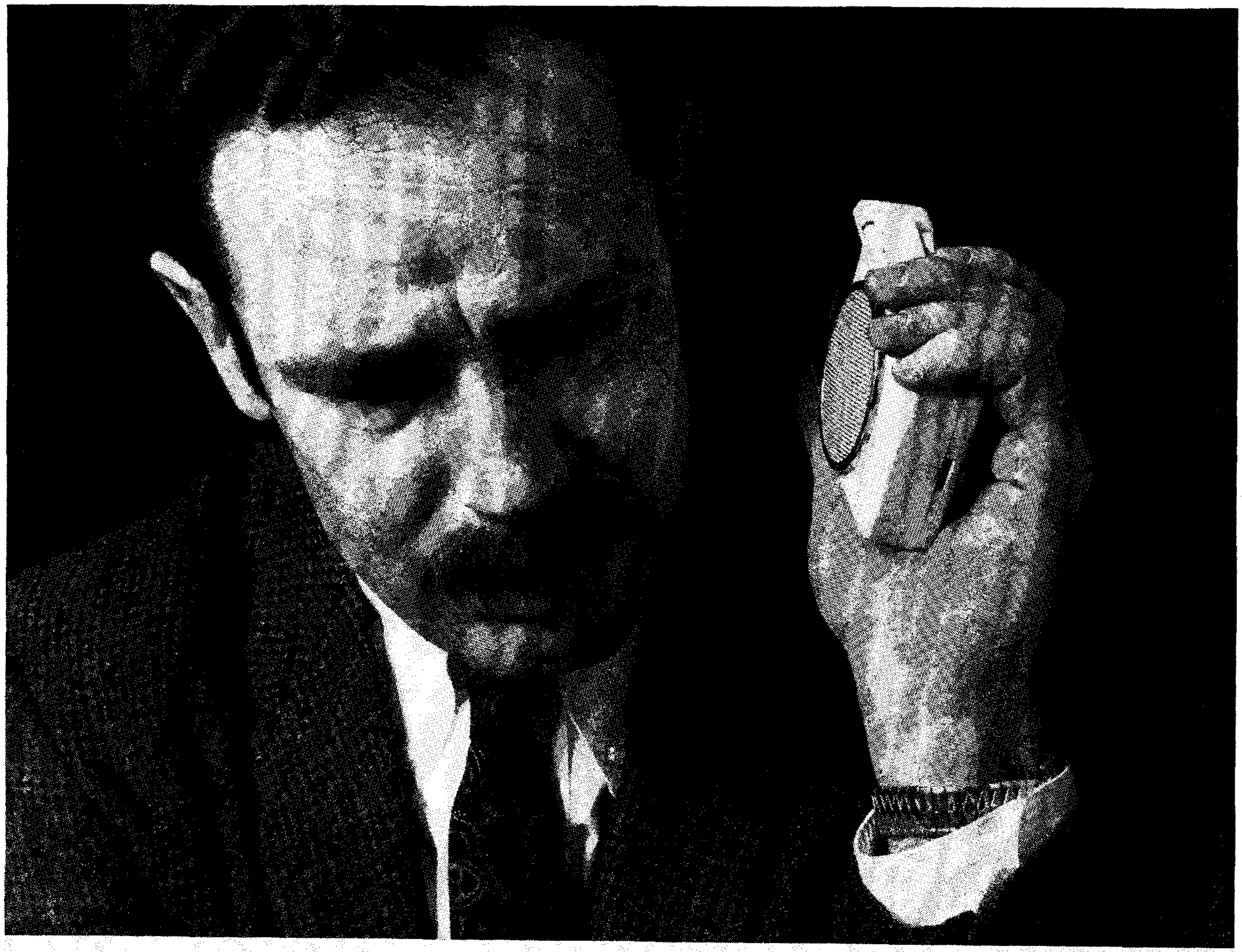
Bruno old men would gather, to sit smoking and observing in silence the end of the day.

The night never brought peace to the Campo. A noisy car or scooter would suddenly roar across it; a band of boisterous young men would gather at the corner of some street; radios and phonographs would send music out through open windows; a sound truck advertising the fortunes of a political party or the virtues of a laundry soap would circle the piazza, blaring exhortations; a mother would shout from a window at an errant husband or a tardy child. Even La Carbonara would contribute a voice or two. Once, I was awakened by the sound of a family dinner party that had degenerated into a violent quarrel, and on another occasion I watched from my window while a group of young German tourists arose from a table to go fishing in the fountain. A pretty girl in slacks, using the remains of an umbrella she had found somewhere, sat on the lip of the soup bowl and salvaged broken boxes, tin cans, and rotting heads of lettuce while her companions cheered her on, greeting the appearance of each new treasure with yelps and applause. Only after 2 A.M., with La Carbonara closed for the night, the coffee bars and shops tightly shuttered, the last carouser safely at home, perhaps just as a night policeman, on his bicycle, began a slow round of locked doors and barred windows—only then would there come that brief time of absolute silence.

ON Sundays, despite the absence of the market, the Campo remained a riot of color and sound. I would awaken to the ringing of bells as the churches summoned the faithful to Mass. Through my shutters I would hear the voices of children already at play. When I opened the shutters, I would see them scampering across the cobblestones after each other, wheeling and darting with the same abandon as the flocks of swallows over the rooftops. At the far end, the older boys usually organized a soccer game and played ferociously, watched by a crowd of loafers around the pedestal of Bruno's statue. Just beyond, against a corner of the Palazzo Righetti, a gang of men would be gambling with coins by flinging them against the wall and hoping to land them within a hand's length of each other. Savage arguments often broke out, but could not be heard over the tumult of the soccer game. The piazza on such mornings took on a carnival air.

On Sunday afternoons, however,



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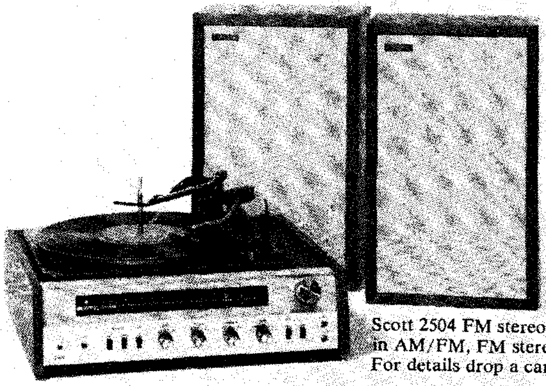

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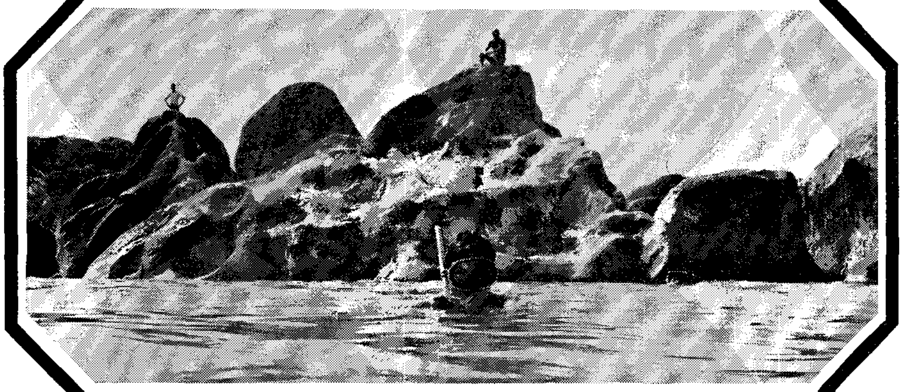

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public functions would intrude. During my stay, a municipal election campaign was just getting under way. I came home one afternoon to find that long, thin banners advertising the virtues of seven or eight political parties had been strung across the piazza or plastered to the walls of buildings. The following Sunday, around lunchtime, a small speaker's stand draped in red banners was erected behind Bruno's back. Sound trucks and tiny Fiats equipped with loudspeakers began touring the piazza and the surrounding streets, urging the people of the quarter to attend a Communist rally at five o'clock that afternoon. The din they made would certainly have cost them my vote, but no one around the piazza seemed to pay much attention.

Shortly after five o'clock, a cluster of loudspeakers above the stand began to blare out a medley of Communist songs, and a small crowd gathered. A thin, intense-looking young man in horn-rimmed glasses appeared on the platform and screamed into a microphone, "Rome is the paradise of speculators!" He proceeded to expound at length on the various problems of the city, all of which, he said, were the direct result of collusion between the corrupt Demo-Christian city government and the great, exploiting noble families, such as the Torlonia and the Borghese, whom he described as pillars of capital and Fascism. He spoke for an hour, his glasses periodically sliding down to the end of his nose, his hair falling forward over his eyes as he shook his head for emphasis each time he spat out one of the hated names. Less than two hundred people listened to what he had to say, and many of them wandered away long before he had finished. They were mostly the middle-aged and the old—shabbily dressed; there were almost no young people.

By seven o'clock, the Communists had gone, taking their platform, their loudspeakers, and their banners with them. The young men reappeared, and a few of them began kicking a ball lazily back and forth. I sat at Bruno's feet and watched a gang of small boys engaged in a wild game of tag at my end of the piazza. The light began to fade and the street lamps went on. Voices from the terraces and open windows sounded faint and peculiarly distant in the twilight. I was about to get up and go home when I became aware of something unusual going on near the corner of the Via dei Cappellari. People were pouring out of the street, pausing occasionally to look back. Two parallel

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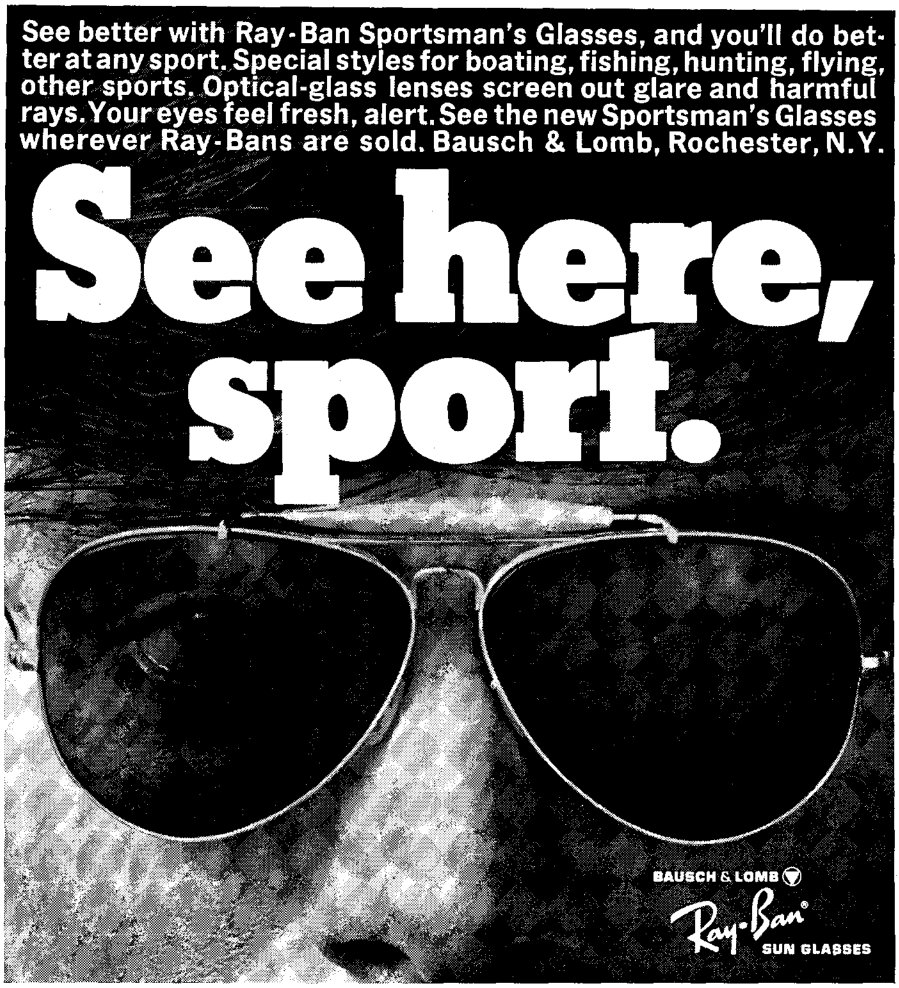
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rows of flickering lights came bobbing down the narrow alley, and a chorus of chanting voices soared out from beneath the lines of drying laundry. A double file of boys dressed in white surplices and holding lighted candles now appeared, and behind them walked a priest, leading the chanting. Six men supporting a painted statue of the Madonna followed, and after them came a small crowd, mainly of women with shawls or kerchiefs over their heads, each holding a candle and singing. The procession entered the Campo, but it quickly turned left and headed off toward the Piazza della Cancelleria. It was making a tour of the churches in the quarter on the occasion of some saint's day. Everyone in the piazza paused to watch it pass, but it made no more lasting an impression on the Campo than the Communist rally of a few hours before.

I decided to have an *espresso*, and I walked across the piazza toward the café. It was nearly dark now, but still too early for dinner. I threaded my way among the soccer players and through groups of men and women with babies and small children. Suddenly a group of young boys came bursting out of the Via dei Giubbonari, laughing and shouting and bumping heedlessly into everyone. One of them, a sturdy urchin of seven or eight with a round face and a mass of black curls, slammed head on into me. I grabbed his shoulder, and smiled at him as he looked up at me. "Ah, Massimo!" I heard a familiar voice say. "Massimo! What the hell are you doing? Don't you know better than to go around bumping into people? Ask the Signore's pardon! Massimo! *Cretino!*" I looked around, but in the growing darkness I couldn't identify the speaker. The boy shook off my hand and shot past me, zigzagging away across the crowded piazza. The terrible voice followed. "Ah, Massimo-o-o! Massimo-o-o!" it screamed. "Wait till I get you home! Wait till I get my hands on you! Massimo! You lousy little brat! *Mascalzone! Farabutto!* Ah, Massimo-o-o!"

I never did pick out the mother. She remained, like so many others, a disembodied solo voice within the music of the piazza. —WILLIAM MURRAY

•

The three men and a woman are members of a sportsmen's group called the "Seals," whose hobby is hiking and winter bathing. The steaming pot in foreground holds a Russian food called samovar. *—Photograph caption in the Manchester (N. H.) Union Leader.*

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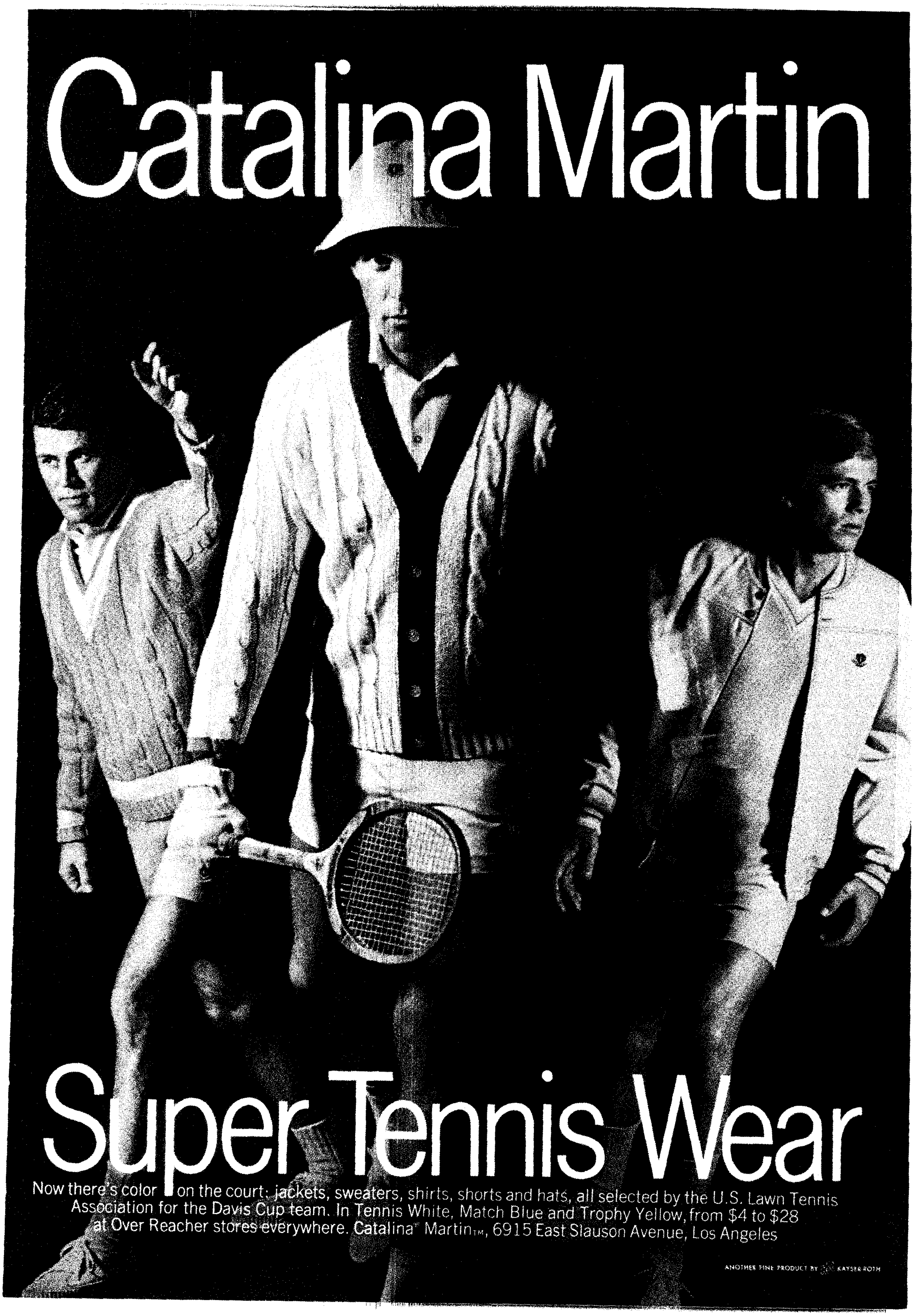

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THE THEATRE

FORMER NAVAL PERSON

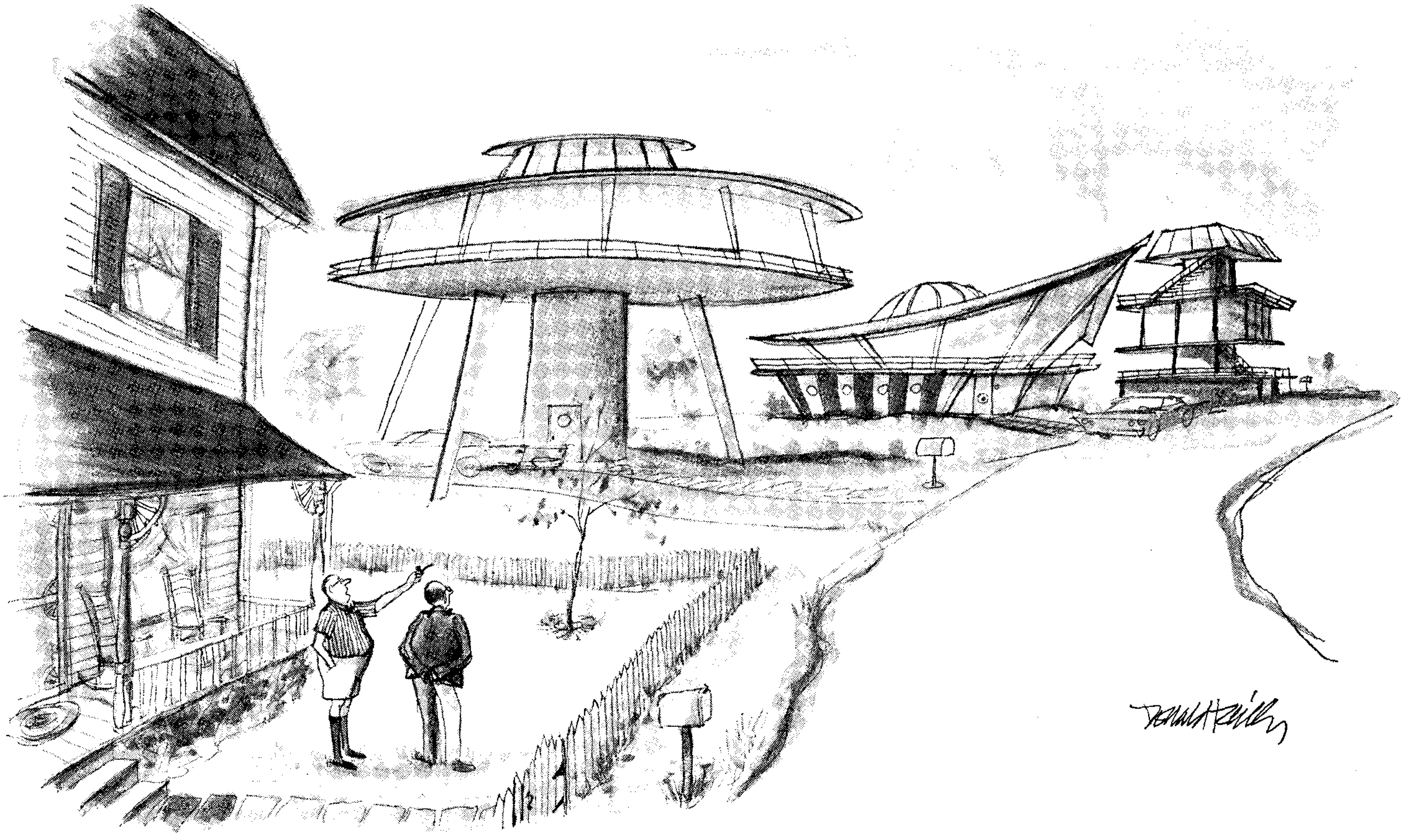
TO my disappointment, Rolf Hochhuth's "Soldiers" turns out to be much more interesting to read than to see played. As a book, it is an attractively crotchety mock-historical essay, didactic in tone and unreliable as to facts—a combination of attributes sure to provide a vigorous response from its readers. (Speaking for myself, I see that I have repeatedly scribbled in pencil on the margins of my copy of the book "Not so" and "No, no, Hochhuth, wrong again!") In order for "Soldiers" to be performed in a conventional theatre in the conventional two or three hours, its author has been obliged to make innumerable cuts in the text, and the play emerges from this painful operation at once meagre and verbose. One rejoices to pick a quarrel with the book, but one tends to let the play, now at the Billy Rose Theatre, pass almost unchallenged, as if the author, concealed behind a company of actors who are themselves concealed behind the identities of real persons—Churchill, Lord Cherwell, Alan Brooke, and the like—were no longer an accessible adversary.

From a dramatic rather than a literary point of view, "Soldiers" also suffers from being cast in the clumsy, old-fashioned form of a play within a play, and from being so unresourcefully put together that most of the events upon which the plot turns take place offstage and are announced, with a dulling regularity of breathlessness, by a single puppetlike bearer of good and evil tidings. Very Greek? No, just very inept, because Hochhuth is a polemicist first and an artist second, and he cares more for the opinions he expresses than for how and where they are expressed. Like G.B.S., though as yet with less wit and boyish zest (it being one of the marks of a first-rate talent to become younger as it grows older, and Hochhuth having the misfortune to be still in his thirties), he deprives his theatre audiences of some of his best writing. Shaw's prefaces are the model for Hochhuth's so-called stage directions, which are full of tart obiter dicta intended for readers and not playgoers, to say nothing of actors. "Jaspers emphasizes . . . Thomas Mann realized . . . Albert Einstein admired . . ." This sedulous ransacking of exceptional minds is all the more sorely missed when, in the play itself, one encounters such passages as this, spoken by Lord Cherwell:

> The Admiralty will be writing to Cunningham in Algiers, that, according to the agreement with the army, the actual landing grounds are only to be shelled and bombed in moderation so as not to indicate them to the Germans—on the other hand, they write, Sicily, and Syracuse in particular, are to be subjected to heavy attack.

To which Churchill responds, not very eloquently, "Fine. Syracuse. The first port we actually take. Good."

"Soldiers" is a tract, written out of moral indignation to gain specific moral ends, including a ban on the bombing of civilian populations in time of war. Preacher Hochhuth would perhaps argue that the degree to which the play fails on aesthetic grounds is an irrelevance—better a bad play that makes men think than a masterpiece that merely amuses them. What he cannot consider irrelevant is the ethical question that "Soldiers" raises in the very act of indicting the ethics of Churchill



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and Cherwell. Though he takes the precaution of having Churchill say twice over that "history is what eludes our grasp," Hochhuth must claim veracity for the facts upon which his play is based; otherwise, it becomes not an honorable appeal to virtue but a calumny. This being so, one is astonished to discover Hochhuth making countless small errors and several very big ones—errors that any schoolboy could correct and that Hochhuth has evidently chosen not to correct because it is upon them that he rests his "case" against Churchill and Cherwell as the supposed murderers of the Polish Prime Minister, General Sikorski. (They are shown conspiring to have Sikorski killed in a phony plane crash at Gibraltar.) In the Prologue to "Soldiers," Hochhuth has an actor state, "I looked for some reading about the General—and found nothing, nothing at all: in the masses of memoirs and biographies to come out of Whitehall the death of the Polish Prime Minister is simply never mentioned." Which is no less simply not so—for example, in the memoirs of Viscount Eden and Lord Alanbrooke, both men pay tribute to Sikorski and lament his untimely death. Later, Hochhuth has the actor ask:

> But—Professor—what is *your* explanation of the fact that Churchill, in the final version of the one-volume edition of his history of the Second World War, which is otherwise only very slightly condensed, why [*sic*] he should have removed *all* references to Sikorski?

It is true that there is no reference to Sikorski in the one-volume edition, but is that edition "only very slightly condensed"? Wrong again, Hochhuth! The original work runs to 4,987 pages, the condensed version to 1,065 pages. Moreover, if Churchill had been guiltily eager to suppress the very name of Sikorski, why did he permit the publication in his collected speeches of two separate—and, it is obvious, deeply felt—tributes to the General? On July 14, 1943, shortly after Sikorski's death, Churchill broadcast to the Polish forces a message that went, in part, "I mourn with you the tragic loss of your Prime Minister and Commander in Chief, General Sikorski. I knew him well. He was a statesman, a soldier, a comrade, an ally, and, above all, a Pole. He is gone; but if he were at my side I think he would wish me to say this—and I say it from my heart—soldiers must die, but by their death they nourish the nation which gave them birth." Hochhuth describes Churchill as having spoken "extraordinarily clumsily" on this occasion. Some clumsiness! It is plain from "Soldiers" that Hochhuth considers Churchill a great man, flawed by the necessities of power; it would appear that anyone who has Hochhuth for an admirer has no need of an enemy.

The star of "Soldiers" is, of course, John Colicos, as Churchill. Thanks to clever plastic makeup, he bears a remarkable resemblance to the Former Naval Person, and his imitation of the lisping Churchill *vox humana* is downright uncanny. It is a long and difficult role, and Mr. Colicos enjoys himself immensely in it. Tony Church plays the Bishop of Chichester more emotionally than Hochhuth could have intended—the strength of the Bishop's moral position is such that he can debate with "cool imperturbability" the recklessly rhetorical Churchill—and Joseph Shaw, Basil Langdon, and Eric House are adequate as, respectively, Lord Cherwell, Sir Alan Brooke, and General Sikorski. "Soldiers" was directed by Clifford Williams, and its settings—an irritating hodgepodge of interlocking hollow steel pipes, which we are expected to take for the Cathedral at Coventry, the deck of a ship, a bedroom, and a garden—are by Ralph Koltai, who has his nerve.

"HAIR" is, among other things, a *tour de force* of adroit press-agentry. The show, which bills itself as "The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical" and thus makes everything about it as clear as mud, had already opened once off-Broadway and again ugh-Broadway, at Cheetah, and its *echt*-Broadway opening, at the Biltmore, provided a first-night Happening that was nearly as vivid on one side of the footlights as on the other. (Not that there are footlights at musicals anymore; they have been replaced by a bristling palisade of mikes, which are so infernally sensitive that the sound of a wisp of a girl tiptoeing past them resembles the fall of a Douglas fir.) Most of the publicity about the third incarnation of "Hair" centered on the fact that a number of its players, both male and female, were going to strip absolutely starkers by the end of the first act. A host of Broadway intellectuals assembled to observe this important cultural breakthrough, and it went off as touted, in a dim light reminiscent of a medieval cloister. Nudity risked and survived, the show pulled itself together and became an exhilaratingly frantic jumble of dark, light, loud, soft, sweet, and sour. "Hair" is the best evidence so far for the McLuhan hypothesis that the medium is the message, one sits and gapes and listens and consents, and the fact is that one can't *not* consent to this merry mind-blowing exercise in holy gibberish. To be made to feel twice life-size and the next thing to immortal is no small boon; the barefoot, shaggy-headed troglodytes of "Hair" offer it as if out of an inexhaustible reservoir of youth and high spirits. Among the many songs scattered throughout the non-book are a delightful ballad called "Frank Mills" and another called "What a Piece of Work Is Man," which has lyrics of incomparable felicity by a young comer named Shakespeare. Of the five thousand members of the cast, I particularly admired James Rado, Gerome Ragni, Lynn Kellogg, and Sally Eaton. The one lunatic set is by Robin Wagner, and the costumes are by Nancy Potts. The chief hero of the occasion is Tom O'Horgan, the director, who spits in the face of Cornford's Law ("Never do anything for the first time, because it may set a precedent"). O'Horgan's Law is "Raise hell," and a joyous hell it is, well worth visiting, and even, if you have the strength, worth living in.

AS far as its material is concerned, "Leonard Sillman's New Faces of 1968" might almost as easily have made use of the new faces of 1938, but so attractive were most of the young people in the cast and so dazzling was Mr. Sillman's hopeful smile on opening night that I feel like a beast for seeming to say a single unkind word about the show. (After all, what was so bad about 1938, except that it was sort of rotten?) Theatre people must stop talking themselves into the conviction that this kind of entertainment is possible anymore; bits and pieces of it will do in night clubs and on TV, but the whole of it is sure to look fatally dated on a stage. New means and not new faces are what is wanted on Broadway; it is these that Mr. O'Horgan provides, as Mr. Sillman does not.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Mr. Lowell and Mr. Haigh

ROBERT LOWELL'S adaptation of Melville's "Benito Cereno" a couple of seasons ago was one of the best plays ever to be done Off Broadway. His "Endecott and the Red Cross," adapted from a pair of short stories by Hawthorne, and now almost at the end of its limited run at the American Place, is, I am sorry to report, a disappointment, lacking fire and

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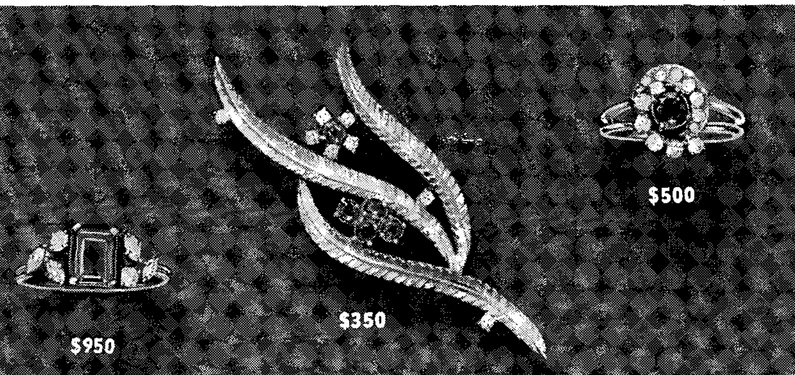

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dramatic urgency, and even clarity. That having been said, it can also be said that he as dramatist, and Kenneth Haigh as actor, have brought sporadically back to life an interesting fellow in the person of Governor John Endecott of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, a man who tries to behave in a civilized way in a situation where being civilized, or even temperate, becomes impossible. The action takes place during a May Day celebration sometime in the sixteen-thirties at the plantation of one Thomas Morton, near Wollaston, Massachusetts. Morton, who appears to be Heaven's own Master of the Revels and is opposed to everything the Puritan colonists stand for, has been supplying the local Indians with rum and guns, which they have put to use. As his guest on his plantation he has a popinjay of a Church of England clergyman who has been sent over as an emissary by King Charles. When Endecott arrives, presumably to censure Morton, the Indians have murdered a Puritan judge and the Governor has ordered the murder of their chief in retaliation. He is in an odd mood—vacillating, introspective, and unsure of his moral ground. He softens the punishments that a parson friend of his metes out to the drunken revellers and Indians, and may even be prepared to deal mercifully with Morton. Then he is confronted by the clerical emissary and learns that the King is preparing to send out an English governor and a tribunal, which will put an end to the autonomy of the colony and to the religious freedom of the colonists. Angrily, Endecott snaps to, hardens his lenient punishments, and finally smashes the English standard—the Red Cross—and its flagpole with an axe.

In writing of this difficult man having a difficult time, Mr. Lowell shows an understanding of the complexity and nobility of his nature, and he has also endowed him with humor. Mr. Haigh, an English actor, turns out to be an ideal choice for the part, quietly revealing first the private man—thoughtful, bitterly discouraged, and with a Yankee bite to his wit—and then the judicious public one, who seizes authority at a time of emergency and takes all decisions upon himself. Under John Hancock's direction, the performances of the supporting actors are mostly all right, if here and there a bit tame, and John Wulp's setting—a round, revolving platform, with a Maypole at the center, on the large open stage, and a semicircular back-

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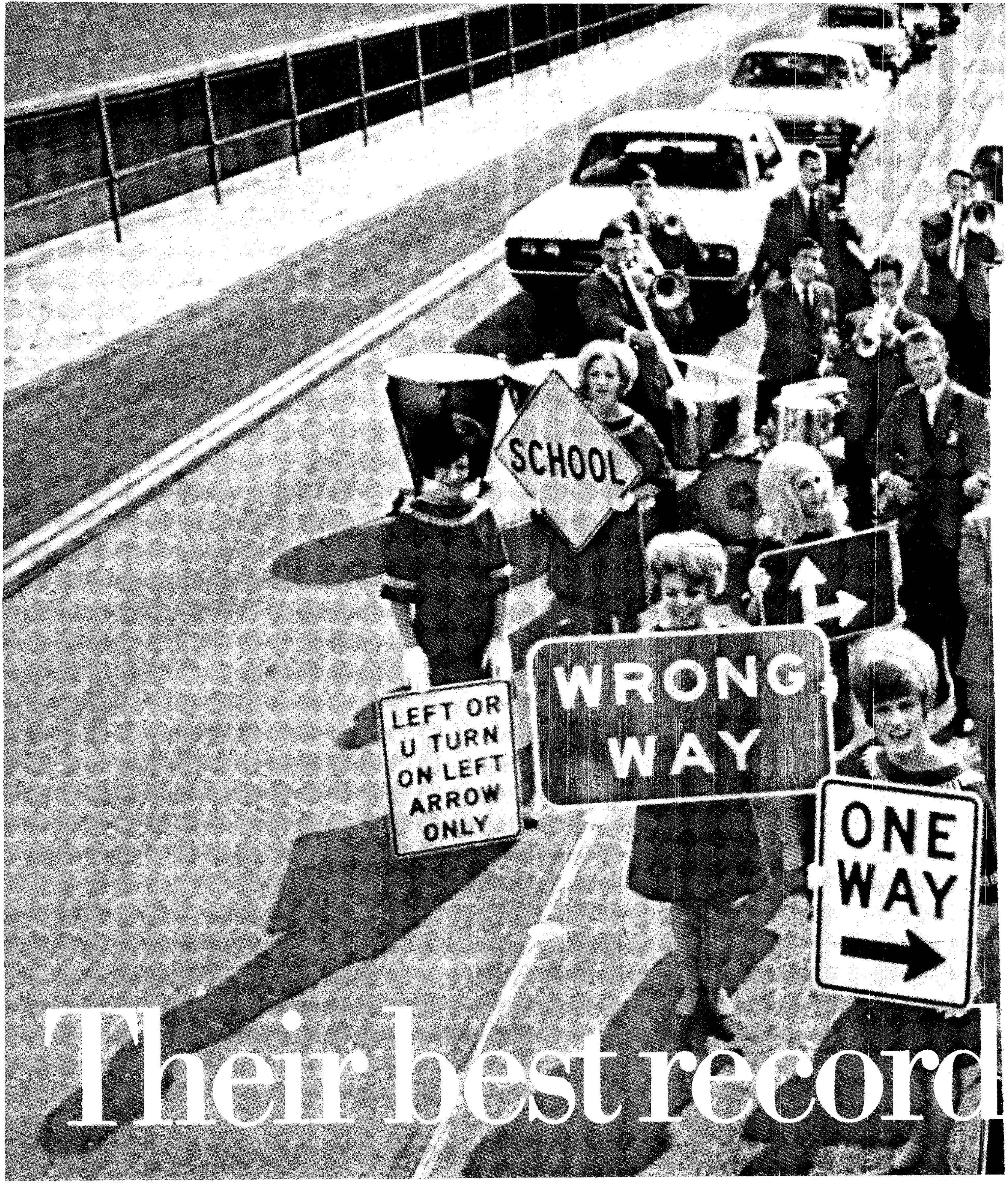

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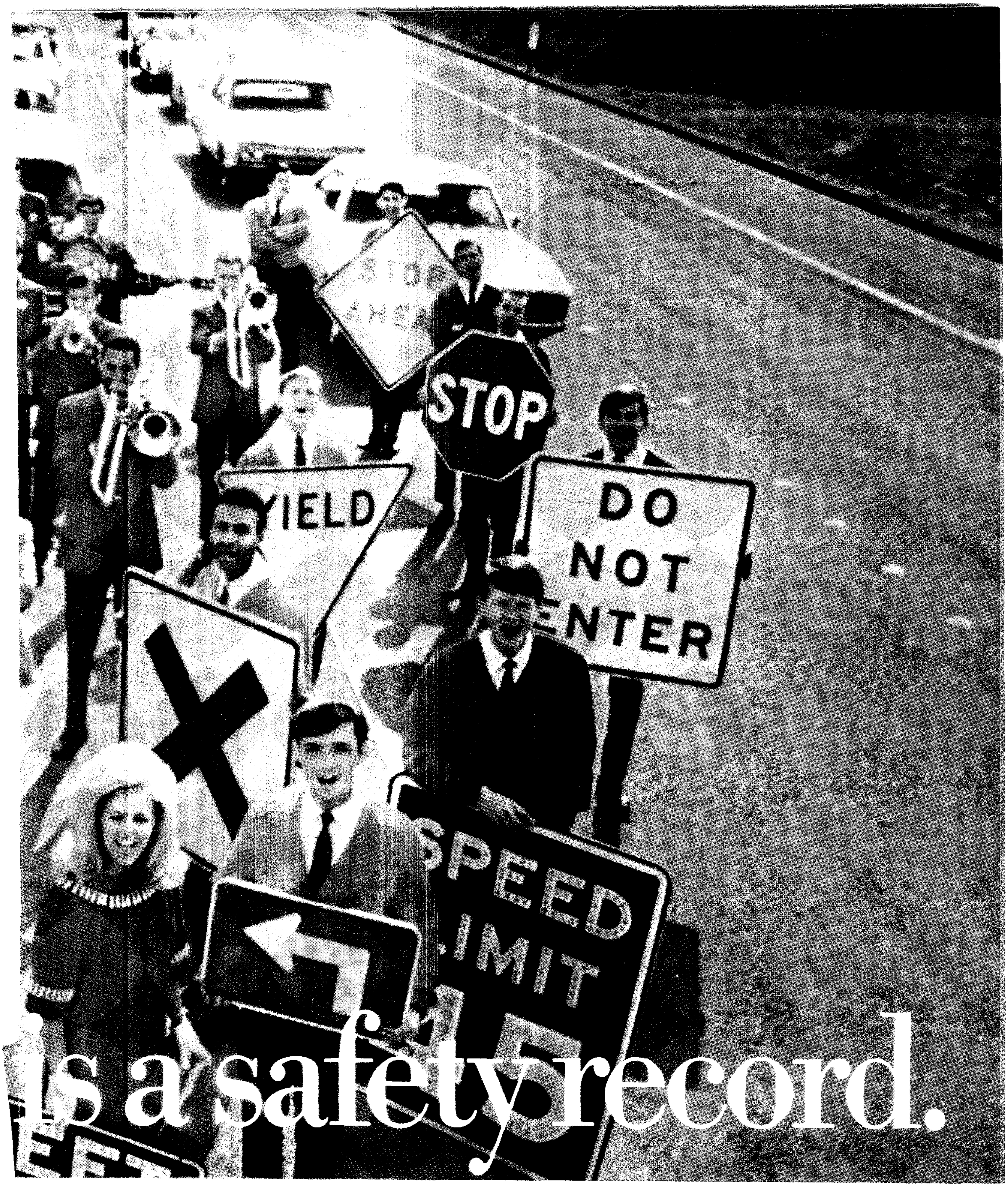
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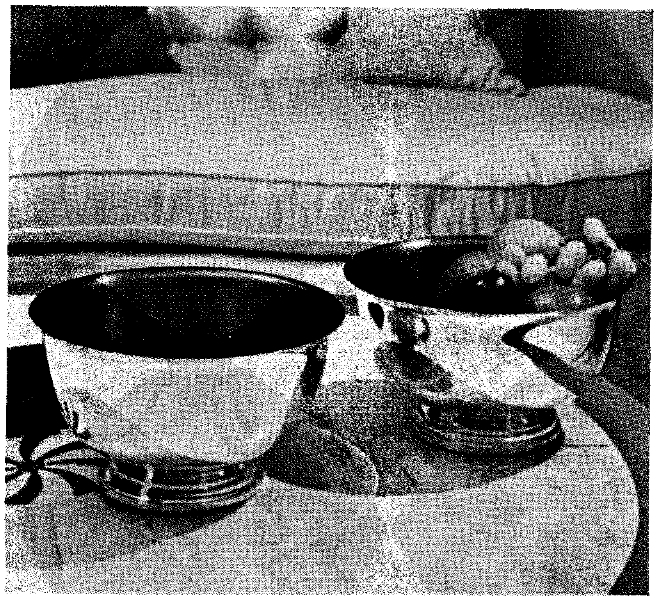

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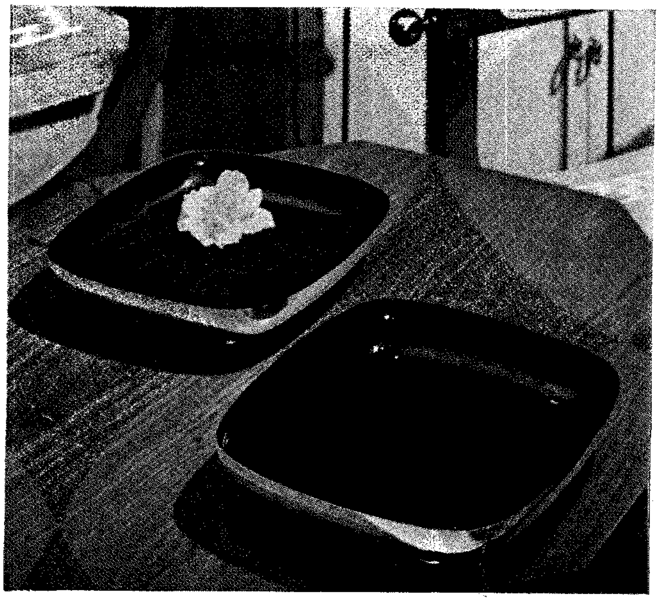

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drop of huge pictures of the surrounding forest—is stunning. But there are far too many words, so that the characters become blurred and one finds it difficult to keep track of the action or to rise to the occasions of what ought to be the sharpest, strongest moments of the play.

SAM SHEPARD's "Red Cross," the first of a pair of one-acters that opened last week at the Provincetown, is a disagreeable, and hateful, play. It is also as mysterious and haunting as his "Chicago" of a few seasons back. Preceded by earsplitting, abrasive rock music that goes on forever, and then by dead silence, "Red Cross" is about a man who is afflicted with body lice. The setting is a cabin in the woods where everything is dead white—walls, furniture, props, his T-shirt and shorts, the T-shirt and slacks of the girl he lives with and infects, and the uniform of the maid who comes to make up the beds. The lice, needless to say, are invisible and (let us hope) metaphorical, so that the question literally becomes: What is eating this infested fellow in this antiseptic setting—a fellow whom we see, at the end, with blood pouring down his face? Although various snap answers, sociological and political, may come to mind, they are not necessarily Mr. Shepard's. His metaphor is his secret. The grisly playfulness of "Red Cross," as performed under Jacques Levy's direction, is terribly disconcerting, which it is no doubt meant to be, and often annoying, which it is not. Sam Waterston does quite well in the leading role, and so does Florence Tarlow as the maid, especially in a scene where we see her spread-eagled on one of the beds taking a lesson in long-distance swimming under his varsity-voiced instruction. As for the play, it is horrid, it is occasionally (and surprisingly) moving, and it is absolutely unrecommendable.

John Guare, the author of "Muzeeka," the second of the plays, is a naturally comic writer whose indications of high spirits and an original turn of mind are all but muffled by Brechtian tricks and by the plastic pranks, the empty conventions, and the all-round hooey of "America Hurrah." The young hero, again played by Mr. Waterston—and very well this time—wants to be a composer and musician but accepts a job with a corporation that pipes canned music into various bars, grills, and restaurants; buys a house in Greenwich, Connecticut; and

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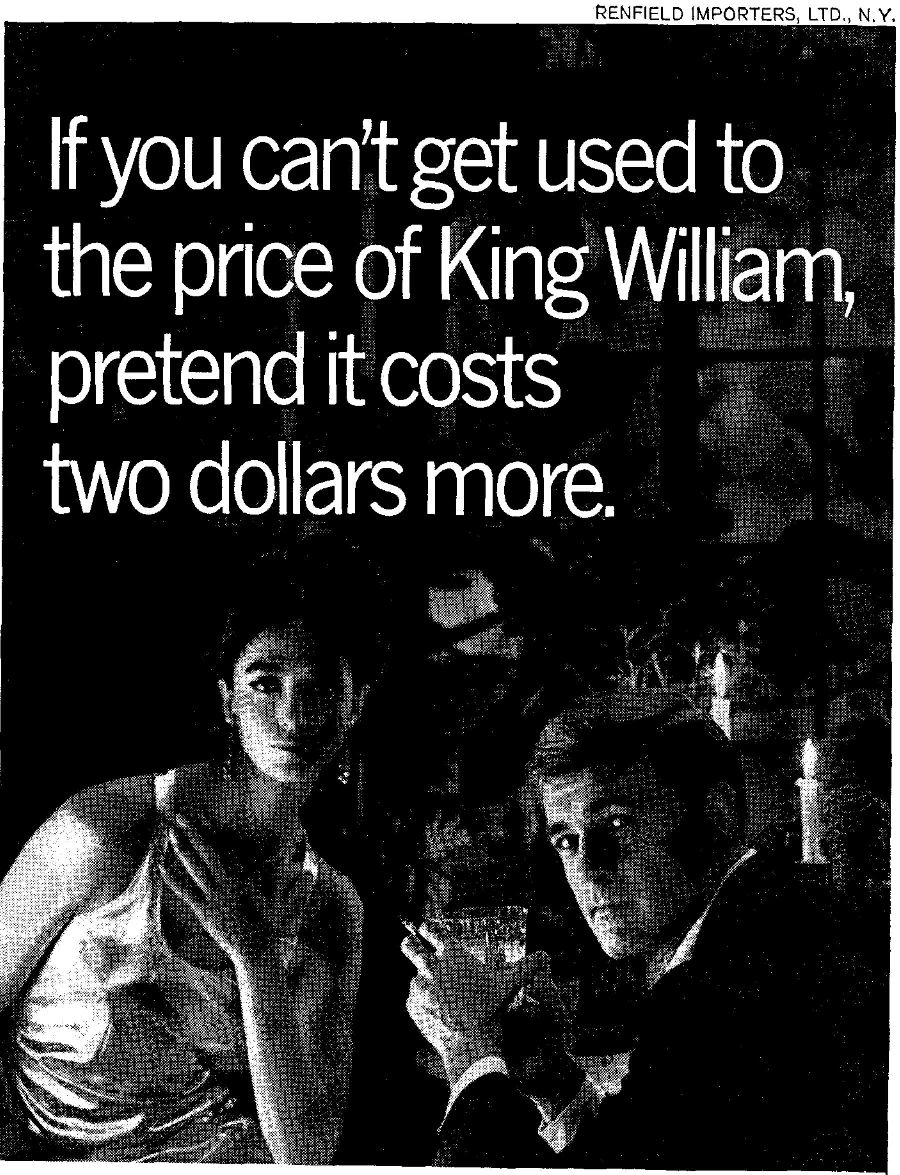
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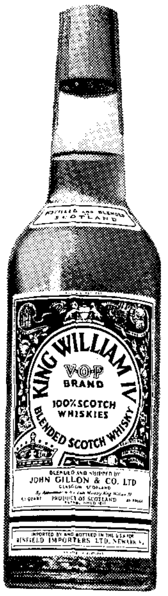

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ends up in Vietnam. He dreams and delightfully rhapsodizes about the happy, dancing civilization of the ancient Etruscans as it is represented in drawings on old urns and jars and vases—a civilization that he would like to see over here (who wouldn't?), and that he says "vanished without a trace" (disregarding all those old urns and jars and vases). There are funny ideas and funny scenes scattered through the play. A fellow-G.I. in Vietnam is seriously troubled because C.B.S. is planning to film tomorrow's battle although his outfit is already tied up with N.B.C., and the two soldiers put on their TV makeup before retiring so they can sleep a bit longer in the morning. Before that, there is a scene full of esoteric nonsense with the hero and a prostitute he visits on the night his wife is in the hospital having a baby. But Mr. Guare keeps insisting on the significance of things that he does nothing to *make* significant (just to say that a man lives in Greenwich may be enough for the audience on Macdougal Street, but it is not enough for me), and his generalizations about America have a weak, second-hand ring to them. The actors who support Mr. Waterston all seem right. Sandy Baron, as the G.I., is particularly amusing. We are told, by the way, that the character comes from California, but he speaks with a New York accent.

PERHAPS the most respectful, as well as the briefest, way to deal with Graham Greene's "Carving a Statue," which opened last Tuesday evening at the Gramercy Arts, is to assume that the performance on the stage comes nowhere near what Mr. Greene had in mind. And perhaps the most respectful, as well as the briefest, way to deal with that performance, which was directed by Margaret Webster and features Larry Gates, is to assume that the script is unplayable. If these statements sound contradictory, it is because they are meant to. As produced, "Carving a Statue"—about an old sculptor at work on a statue of God and about his heartless behavior to his own son—appears to be a pat, mechanical fable compounded of empty theological speculation and fake innocence in about equal proportions.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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THE RACE TRACK

A Derby for a Gray One

WITH the excitement of the moment stirring in one's veins, it is hard to say whether the main event at Churchill Downs last Saturday was a great horse race or just another Kentucky Derby. Anyway, it was a thriller from beginning to end, with an overlooked outsider named Kentucky Sherry setting a sizzling pace as far as the turn for home, and with Dancer's Image, a gray streak, storming out of the blue in the last quarter to win by a length and a half from Forward Pass, the favorite. Francie's Hat was third, a short neck behind. As a matter of fact, for Dancer's Image it was a carbon copy of his victories in the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie and the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct last month, but this is not to say that there was any lack of drama and suspense. Indeed, for days before the race there were more rumors than you could shake a mint julep at about whether or not he would start, because he had a filling (horsemen's name for a swelling) in his right front ankle. Lou Cavalaris, Jr., his trainer, cleared up the trouble, but I have a notion that Peter Fuller, who owns the gray runner, had butterflies in his stomach right up to post time.

I watched the parade to the saddling paddock from a perch on the roof of the grandstand, and I thought Forward Pass, who has grown into a big, handsome colt, was the pick of the lot for quality and conformation. Dancer's Image, who was led by a gaily costumed pony girl, looked fit. Francie's Hat was lively and well turned out. Proper Proof could have passed for a replica of Determine, the winner of the Derby in 1954. Iron Ruler and Verbatim plainly showed the wear and tear of a season's racing, and Captain's Gig, who is still on the small side, was very light in flesh. Jig Time wore a shadow roll as big as any I've ever seen.

The fourteen runners had been in the stall gate hardly a minute when the starter pressed the button. At the break, Kentucky Sherry, who was a star at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans last winter but had been relegated to the mutuel field in the Derby, zipped into the lead, followed by Captain's Gig, Forward Pass, and Gleaming Sword, and he stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅕, which is stepping right along. Three lengths behind, Don B. led Verbatim and the others. Dancer's Image was last, a dozen lengths behind the leaders, as he passed the stand the first time around. Kentucky Sherry increased his lead as he went the half mile in 0:45⅘ and six furlongs in 1:09⅘. Looking back, I could see Dancer's Image galloping smoothly. He began to move as Kentucky Sherry passed the mile in 1:36⅕, and then, as the leaders straightened out for home, he swept by Forward Pass and into the lead. I hadn't seen a horse come from last place to win a Derby since 1949, when Calumet Farm's Ponder did it. I daresay the strain of following Kentucky Sherry's pace was too much for this year's Calumet color-bearer, Forward Pass, since he appeared unable to stand off the gray colt's challenge. Kentucky Sherry held on well to finish fifth—certainly better than Captain's Gig, who came in eleventh, or Verbatim, who was thirteenth, or Gleaming Sword, who was last. Proper Proof, winner of the California Derby and the Derby Trial in Louisville earlier last week, was never in the picture.

This was the third gray horse to win the Derby. The first was Determine, in 1954, and then Determine's son Decidedly, in 1962. Incidentally, besides Dancer's Image, there were four horses of that color in the race this year—more than I can remember seeing in any other Derby. They were Iron Ruler, Jig Time, Proper Proof, and Gleaming Sword, who is almost as white as a circus horse. (His mama is named Snow White.) Dancer's Image, who was bred by Mr. Fuller, the head of a big Cadillac dealership in Boston, is by Native Dancer out of Noor's Image, a mare that Mr. Fuller claimed at Suffolk one day for $5,000. Her foal was originally named A.T.'s Image, after Mr. Fuller's father, who was at one time governor of Massachusetts. On second thought, the name was changed. Dancer's Image was once put in a yearling sale to get rid of him, because his ankles were so big and gummy, but again Mr. Fuller changed his mind, and it cost him $26,000 to buy the colt back. It is said that a few days before the Derby he refused a very fancy price for Dancer's Image from a group who wanted to syndicate him. Still speaking of seconds, it is the second time a son of Native Dancer has won the Derby; the other was Kauai

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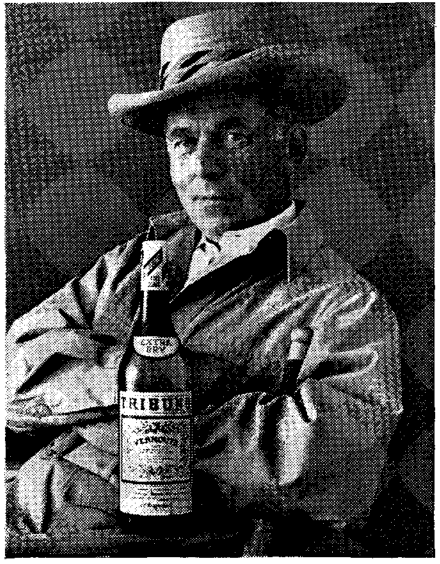

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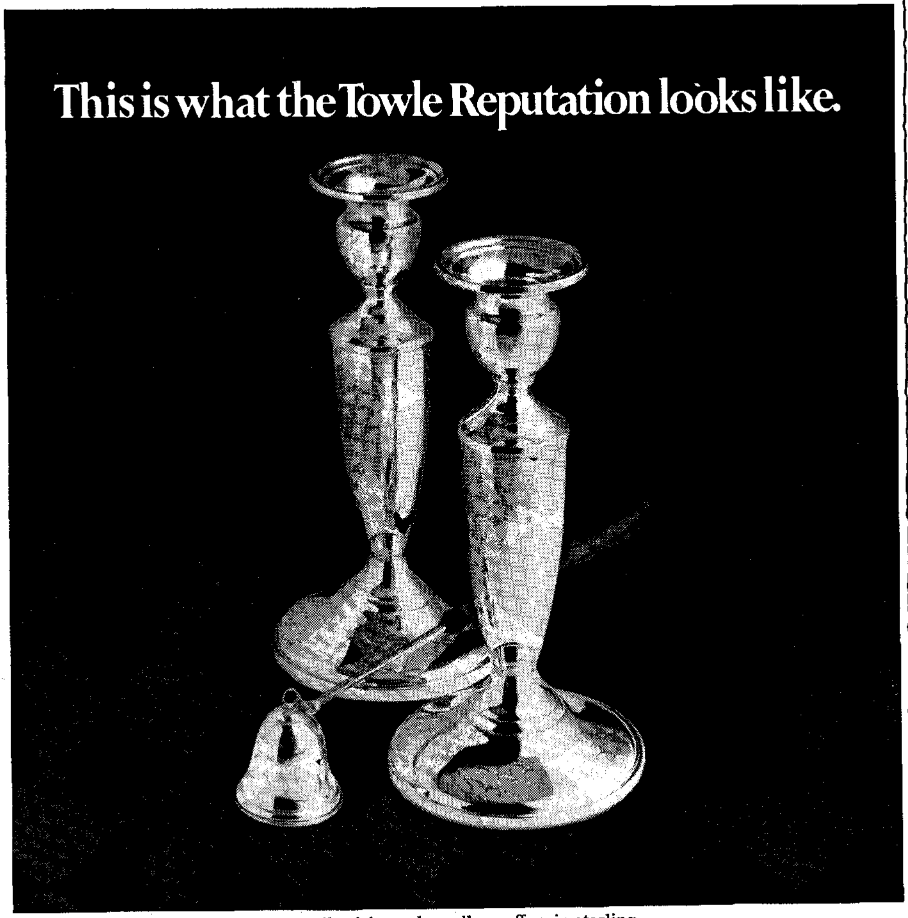

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TOWLE

King, in 1966. It's the second Derby for Ussery, too, who rode Proud Clarion last year. Aboard Dancer's Image, Ussery somehow lost his whip on the stretch turn. "I didn't need it anyhow," he said later. "This isn't a stick horse." Cavalaris told well-wishers that the victory put him "on top of the world." He also trained, as you will remember, Cool Reception, the good Canadian colt who broke a leg in the Belmont Stakes last year. Needless to say, if all goes well with Dancer's Image, his next appearance will be in the Preakness at Pimlico on May 18th. And after that the Belmont Stakes on June 1st.

THE weather couldn't have been better for Derby Day, and the crowd seemed well up to the traditional estimate of 100,000. There seemed to be less hoopla—no doubt because picnickers weren't allowed to take cases of beer into the infield, as they used to do. For the record, earlier in the afternoon Alert Princess led all the way in the Debutante Stakes, for two-year-old fillies. The day before, Dark Mirage was an easy winner of the Kentucky Oaks from Miss Ribot, Lady Tramp, and eleven other three-year-old fillies.

FROM all accounts, Dr. Fager had no more than a good gallop in the Roseben Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. Although he carried 130 pounds, and gave chunks of weight to his opposition, he did the seven furlongs in 1:21⅖, only a fifth of a second slower than the track record for the distance, which no doubt would have been broken if he hadn't been eased up in the last furlong.

And I'm pleased to report that Raymond Guest's Sir Ivor, an American-bred son of Sir Gaylord, beat Petingo, who was rated the best two-year-old in England last season, in the 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket last week. Vincent O'Brien, who trains Sir Ivor, said when he was here last autumn that he hoped he had an Epsom Derby winner in this one. He may be right. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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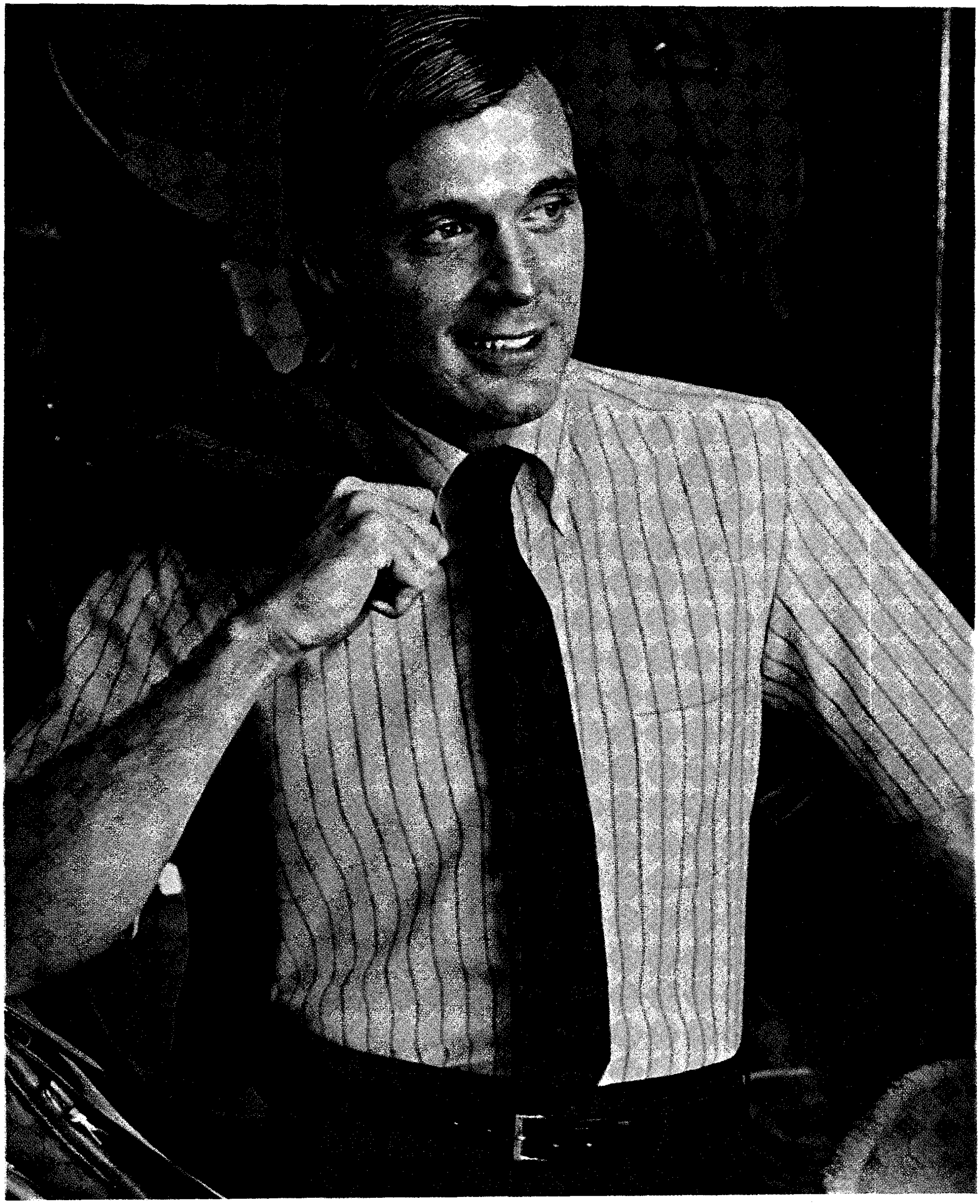

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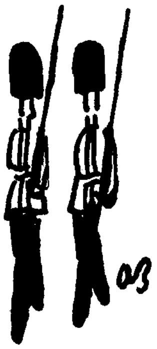
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 1

THE prevailing public apathy here toward politics in general, which is frequently commented upon as an item of democratic bad news, was changed in the last week into a surge of national emotion and controversy over one politician and his explosive speech. It seems ironic but probable that such matters as Britain's struggle for sterling and her belated efforts to enter Europe and her final, unmistakable stepping down from her long role as a great Far Eastern power were not debated by the country as a whole with the passionate feeling that is dividing opinion on the question of colored immigration. The catalyst for this discussion was the now famous speech on the subject delivered ten days ago in Birmingham—a city that has a sizable immigrant problem and so would furnish a receptive audience—by Mr. Enoch Powell, an intellectual right-wing Conservative of strong principles and a scholarly cast of mind. The dismaying shock to those who had admired him in the past was that the oratorical level of what the *Times* called "an evil speech" should have been so far from scholarly, having been more in the fire-and-brimstone melodramatic style of a Speakers' Corner free-for-all in Hyde Park. The main arguments he advanced—that immigration should be drastically restricted forthwith, and that those immigrants already here should be assisted with cash to return home—have been put forward by others, in Parliament and outside, without causing the tumult that immediately arose over the Birmingham speech. The Government has just stated that for some time now it has indeed been helping the limited number of disillusioned immigrants who wished to pick up and go. But it was the tone of the astonishing Powell outburst that came in for critical blasts from the serious national press, for its purple patches, its prophetic references to Britain's facing a future "foaming with much blood" like the Romans' River Tiber, and blazing with its own self-ignited "funeral pyre," to which Mr. Powell casually added one or two faggots in the way of alarming and incorrect statistics on the present growth of the colored population, and a nasty anecdote about black persecution of an old white woman in his own constituency of Wolverhampton. The victim was quickly sought by journalists but so far has reportedly failed to materialize.



The extraordinary harangue was made with maximum effect—and without Mr. Powell's consulting his Conservative colleagues, apparently—a few days before the second reading in the House of Commons of the Government's controversial race-relations bill. This seeks to put an end, by greatly stiffening existing legislation, to anti-black discrimination in jobs, housing, and other sections of British life. The Conservative Party is split on the wisdom of the proposed new laws, holding that some of them would be hard to enforce, and might even worsen feelings between blacks and whites, but Edward Heath courageously lost not a damaging moment in making clear where his leadership stands on racism. Mr. Powell was instantly sacked from his position as spokesman for defense matters in the so-called Shadow Cabinet. He thus returns to the back benches for the third time in his career, having resigned from the Treasury along with the then Chancellor Mr. (now Lord) Thorneycroft and Mr. Nigel Birch in 1958 in disapproval of the Macmillan Government's failure to cut its spending. He was back again in office, as Minister of Health—a big step up—in 1960, but walked out abruptly three years later, this time in protest against the Conservative Party's selection of Sir Alec Douglas-Home as its new leader. The ballot for Sir Alec's successor in 1965, which resulted in Mr. Heath's election, placed Enoch Powell a very poor third. His is a complex personality, which has appeal for those British who admire independence and a touch of eccentricity. His appearance—the big, dominant head; the sharp-boned, pale face, with a thin line of mustache looking as though drawn on in India ink; the light, intense eyes—suggests austerity, perhaps tightly clamped down on the emotionalism that the other day in Birmingham came uppermost. Most of his background has been intellectual. He was educated at a grammar school, was a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, when he was twenty-two, and was later a professor of Greek at Sydney University. In the war, he became a brigadier, and after it was over entered politics as one of Rab Butler's brainy young men. It

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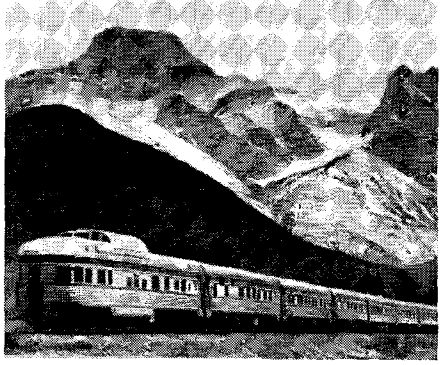

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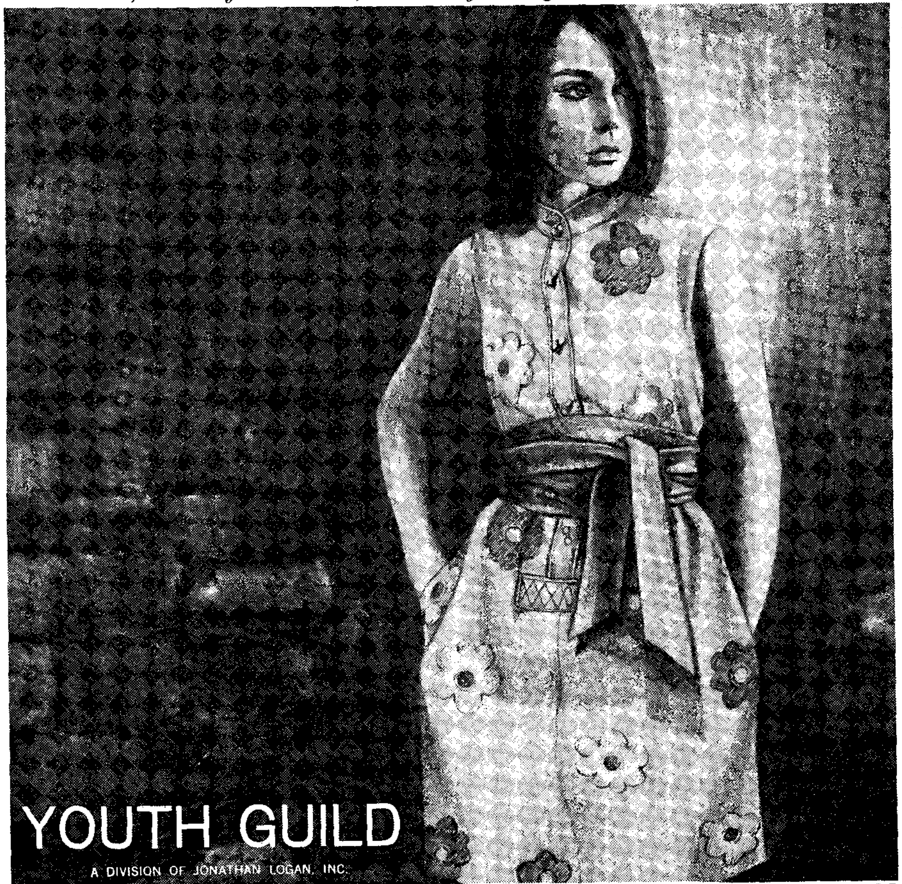
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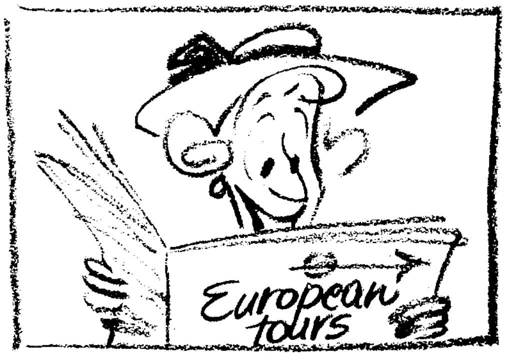
EMBROIDER THIS MESSAGE WE COULD, BUT THE DRESS SAYS ALL THAT NEEDS TO BE SAID. PARCHMENT, PINK, GREEN, ADOBE. SIZES 3-15 ABOUT $40. "BEGGAR-MAN" COTTON BLEND FABRIC BY CROWN FABRICS.

is now being said by some political commentators that he is making a deliberately ambitious challenge to Mr. Heath's leadership on the slippery chosen ground of the race issue, where he can count on much support from many seriously worried people living in the back streets of overcrowded cities with big immigrant populations. It is true that Mr. Heath's popularity has not grown but, rather, the reverse, as the opinion polls go on dourly recording, yet few Conservatives seem to think for a moment that Enoch Powell would be a serious rival.

What the press calls Powellism, as though it were already a rightist political pressure group for discontented small people, as Poujadism was in France in the fifties, is having the immediate effect of filling the mailbags of M.P.s and the newspaper correspondence columns with letters of violent approval or condemnation. Some papers have reported the first category to be far more numerous. Mr. Powell also attracted some pretty addling support, such as a surely embarrassing endorsement from Colin Jordan, the National Socialist leader, who was given an eighteen-month sentence under the present race-relations act for an inflammatory racist pamphlet that set forth, as he pointed out in fraternal fashion, much the same views as the Birmingham speech. It was fantastic, and even comic, that many working-class voters who had perhaps hardly heard of Enoch Powell were suddenly resentful that he had been dismissed from his party post for (as they felt) voicing out loud some of the fears and grumbles undoubtedly rumbling in the neighborhood pubs. A thousand dockers took the opportunity of the fine spring weather last Tuesday, when the Commons was debating the race-relations bill, to leave their jobs and march off on a jolly beano to Westminster in ludicrous, unprecedented labor support for a high Tory politician who dresses like everybody's idea of a citified, homburg-hatted, umbrella-carrying Tory boss; who has always advocated laissez-faire capitalism without controls or planning; and who has frequently denounced nationalization and argued for large cuts in the social services. To see trades unionists turning out for him was as astonishing as if a conference of Conservative matrons had suddenly demonstrated at No. 10 in sympathy with Mr. Wilson's troubles.

When visitors and journalists arrived for the debate, they found the dockers jammed behind a good-tempered police

Europe. From cover to cover.



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cordon outside the House of Commons in a solid, also good-tempered, lump, visibly enjoying the outing and the crowd of photographers, and varying cheers for passing miniskirts with Biblical-sounding moans for "Enoch! Enoch!" Less edifying sounds, unfamiliar on the calm Westminster air, were the boos and coarse shouts of "Go home!" when a group of African visitors and an elderly, very dignified Sikh, walking as serenely as though he were alone in the best of all possible integrated worlds, crossed the pavement and entered the House.

What took place inside was quieter and infinitely more heartening. Both sides of the House were at their best, calm and carefully moderate, as though in a conscious effort to lift the subject from its low Birmingham level. There was an admirable speech from the Home Secretary, Mr. James Callaghan, who appealed "on this historic day" (it was St. George's Day) for all-party unity, which he did not get. The Conservatives followed their intention of forcing the House to vote at the end of the evening, though twenty-five of them who thought they ought to back the Government on this vital bill abstained from voting for their party's rather vague amendment. There was also a towering Parliamentary performance from Quintin Hogg, the principal Opposition front-bench speaker. Made without a note, its style, its glittering wit, and, above all, its magnanimity recalled to many of us the great days of Churchillian oratory and it held the House spellbound in an all-party unity of listening. In it he delivered a civilly couched but devastating rebuke to his friend Enoch Powell who sat in his new place on the back benches and did not speak at all in the debate. While not withdrawing the Conservative criticisms of the lega loopholes and the possible dangers o the bill as it now stands, he spelled ou firmly his party's principles toward the new British citizens who are already here, which was that "we should forge the color of their skins and treat then equally with everybody else." He added, "We are trying to create a Britain of which all her inmates may be proud The evils and sicknesses of a divided society are such that it will bring a curse on us if we do not take this, the only road to safety." It was a great speech which may have a mixed reception from the Conservative rank and file in spite of Quintin Hogg's popularity, a it most certainly was not to the liking of a section of temporarily mesmerized listeners on his own and on the Labou benches. It should be added that recent opinion polls show that the number of Britons who favor the race-relations bill exceeds the number of those who do not by a small, wise head—probably set on young shoulders, since, according to social workers and others, the young people who have grown up with the problem are more tolerantly ready to help solve it than their elders often appear to be.

THE best London theatre at the moment is being provided by the Royal Court's season of D. H. Lawrence—a repertory of three little-known early plays hewn out of his childhood and adolescent memories of the mining village of Eastwood, on the border of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. "Real England—the hard pith of England" he called it, remembering how the collieries and the ugly back-to-back cottages still seemed close in his youth to the old green countryside of Shakespeare and Milton. These pieces have a simple directness and nobility that are heightened by the Shakespearean-sounding phrases and the "thee"s and "thou"s of the Derbyshire dialect. They are not tidily constructed dramas with definite beginnings and ends. They are more like enormously vivid, authentic glimpses through a window into a small, poor kitchen parlor (the background for all three), where the women eternally cook and launder for husbands who wash off the pit grime and escape to the pub from their nagging, and the worn, stoic old women watch jealously over their sons and the women strangers who have come into their homes. "Whoever stands on Walker Street, Eastwood," Lawrence wrote to an inquiring correspondent toward the end of his life, "will see the whole landscape of 'Sons and Lovers' before him." All three plays, particularly "A Collier's Friday Night," which he wrote when he was twenty-one, are like directions how to get there. In this one, the son is Lawrence himself, back from college, reading French poetry to a local early prototype of Miriam in the novel. In "The Daughter in Law," there is the old Laurentian mother-son pattern again, and a new young wife from outside with haughty, refined ideas about love and beautiful things beyond Eastwood's scandalized comprehension. Their marriage abruptly steadies when she discovers that a neighbor's daughter is pregnant by her man, who openly laments that he did not marry the other, weaker, kinder lass in the first place. The daughter-in-law is beauti-

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fully played by Judy Parfitt, a red-haired actress with great gifts for suggesting hidden reserves of strength and pride. She is even better in the title role of "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," which is almost Greek in its simplicity. Mrs. Holroyd's collier husband is a drunken bully, and a quiet, decent young electrician wants her to bring the children and run off with him. After a row, Holroyd stays late down in the pit and is walled up by a fall of the roof. His mates bring the body home, and the wife and the mother, joined in grief, set about the business of washing it and making it decent for burial. That is all. We are not told if Mrs. Holroyd ever goes off with the young man or not, for the darkness surrounding these intense flashes of experience closes down again. The whole company is fine, with Michael Coles and Victor Henry outstanding among the men, and Anne Dyson superb as the mother in all three plays. In a generally rather unsatisfying theatrical season, they seemed the real stuff of life—strong and nourishing. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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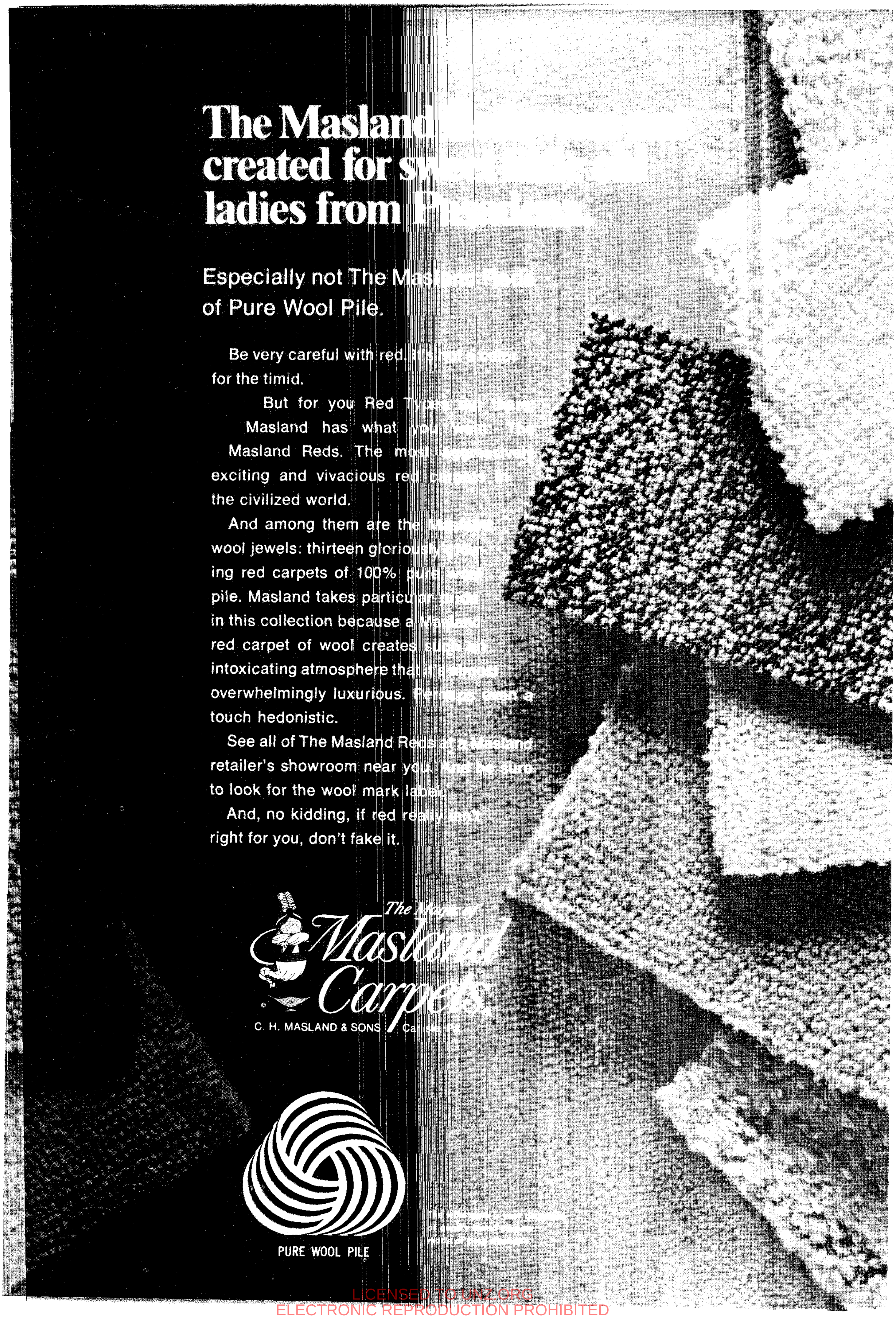
CORRECTION

An article in the Sunday Dominion-Post concerning Alice Scott Leslie and the Mental Health association dinner last Saturday was partially incorrect, necessitating the following correction:

The proper spelling of one person's name is Eleanor DeLamater instead of "Dyelanater" as it appeared. Miss DeLamater was not present at the Junior Women's Club Banquet. She was public information officer for the West Virginia Department of Mental Health, not the "Department of Public Health." Miss DeLamater did not give a talk to the Junior Women, but to the Monongalia County Mental Health Association dinner at Mont Chateau May 5 honoring Miss Leslie.

Alice Scott Leslie is executive director of the West Virginia Association for Mental Health and not of the "Kanawha County Mental Health Association." Miss Leslie's remarks concerning West Virginia's progress in mental health were made to the mental health group at Mont Chateau Friday evening, and not to the Junior Women on Saturday night at their banquet. Miss Lslie did attend the Junior Women's state convention banquet Saturday and expressed gratitude to the West Virginia Junior Women's Club for their generous contributions and spendid services on behalf of "Stamping out Mental Illness in West Virginia." Miss Leslie accepted, on behalf of the West Virginia Association of Mental Health, Inc., a mail box marked "Help Stamp out Mental Illness" and containing 2,000 five cent postage stamps.—*Morgantown* (*W. Va.*) *Post.*

You better count 'em.



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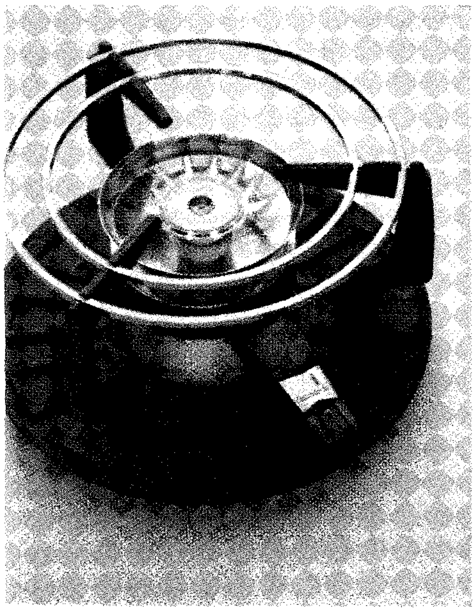

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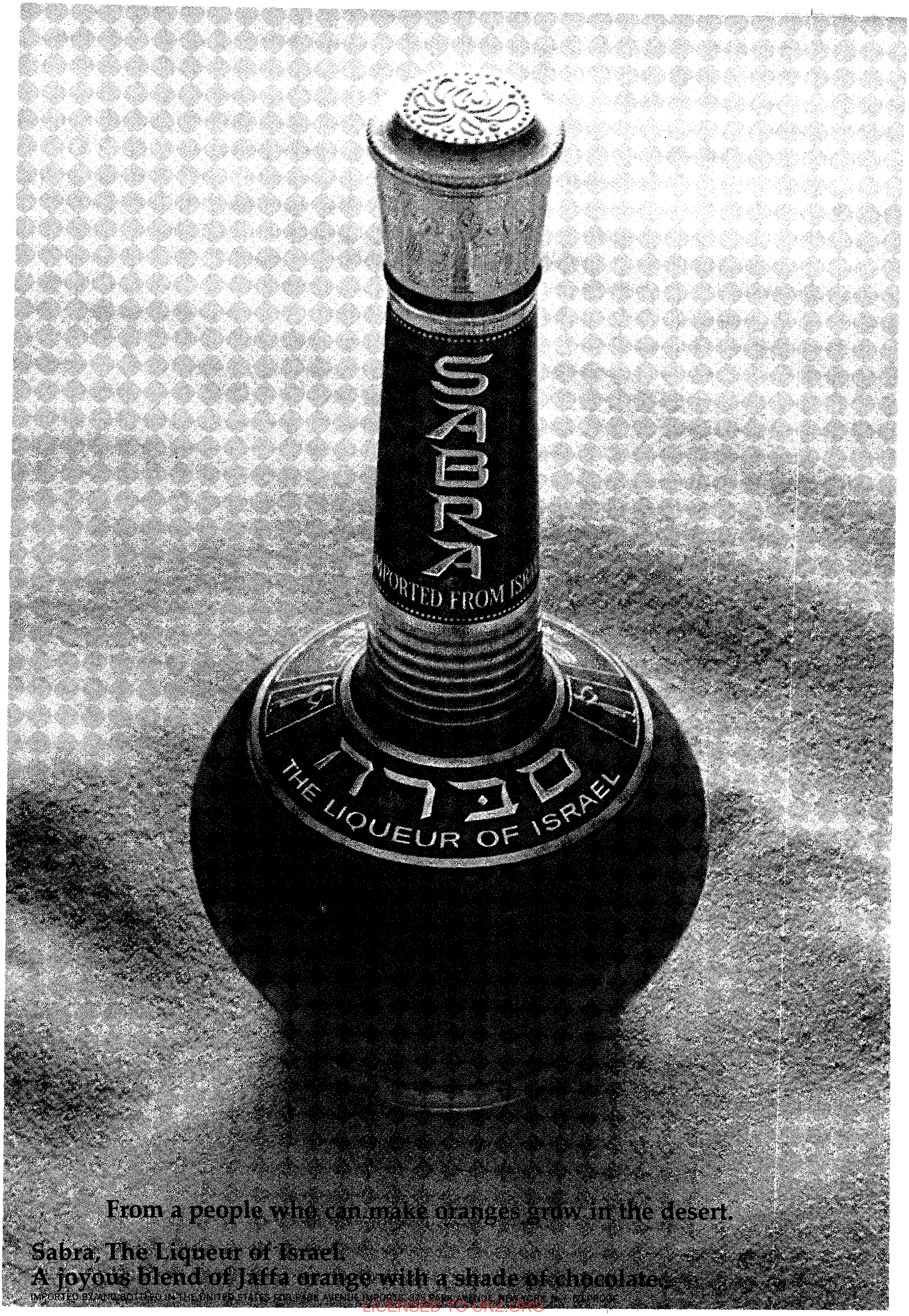
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U.S. JOURNAL: KANSAS CITY

I GOT NOTHING AGAINST THE COLORED

Kansas City, Missouri

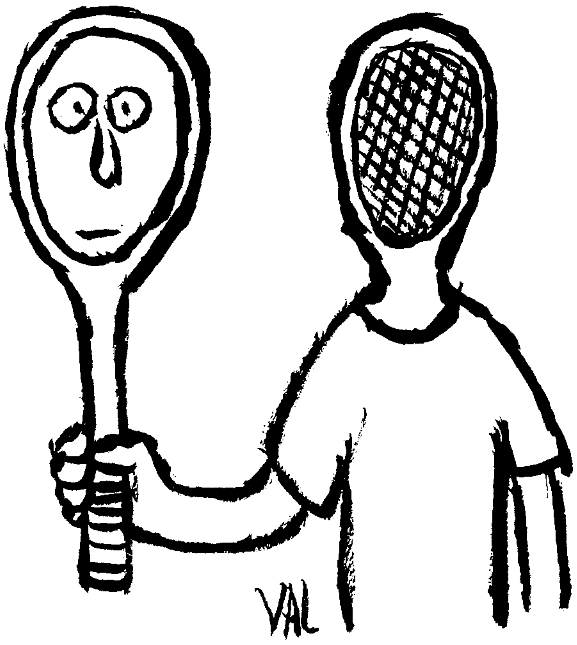
THE last time I was in the City Council chambers here, I was the city auditor. Not the real city auditor, of course. It was High School Day in City Hall. The mayor was a Negro girl from Lincoln High School named Melba Zachery. Since the Supreme Court had not yet declared racial segregation in public education un-Constitutional, we had separate schools for whites and Negroes—but more or less from habit rather than from loyalty to some sacred belief in the segregation of the races. The symbols and rhetoric were strictly democratic: "Everyone is created equal, and a Negro has as much right to be elected Mayor of High School Day in City Hall as anyone else." Our Human Science teacher told us one day that colored people smelled different from white people, but he was careful to say that they didn't smell better or worse, just different. Perhaps because there were no speeches defending the Kansas City Way of Life or warning of the holocaust that integration would bring, it probably never occurred to us that there were places where a Negro mayor and a white city auditor could attend the same high school. At least, it never occurred to me; it must have occurred to Melba Zachery. I did know that the "White Only" signs I had seen during a trip to New Orleans were contrary to the principles of racial tolerance taught in Kansas City. There were, of course, no segregation signs in Kansas City, although it was taken for granted that Negroes could not enter white restaurants or movie theatres.

I returned to the City Council chambers this spring for a hearing on some fair-housing ordinances. On racial issues, Kansas City and the federal government have been in step almost precisely, as if a city that calls itself the Heart of America had been designed by some social scientist to reflect national attitudes on race. When the Supreme Court said to desegregate the schools, Kansas City desegregated the schools. In 1964, a few months before Congress passed a law prohibiting racial discrimination in places like restaurants and hotels, Kansas City voters upheld, by a narrow margin, an ordinance prohibiting racial discrimination in places like restaurants and hotels. Last summer, a fair-housing ordinance was passed unanimously by the City Council, and when fourteen thousand citizens petitioned to have it tested by referendum a vote was scheduled for April 30th. In the month before the referendum, Martin Luther King was assassinated, Kansas City experienced two nights of disorder that resulted in six Negroes being shot to death, and Congress, keeping its usual legislative pace with Kansas City, passed a fair-housing law. The hearing I attended in the City Council chambers was on a package of ordinances that would repeal the original ordinance (and thus cancel the referendum), replace it with an ordinance conforming to the federal law, and, on the ground that the disturbances had created a state of emergency, pass the new ordinance under an emergency proviso that would make it not subject to referendum. A fair-housing referendum, in the words of one city official, "just amounts to asking people whether they like Negroes." Those who were backing fair housing were certain that three weeks after National Guardsmen had been patrolling the streets would not be a good time to ask.

The people who had been campaigning against what they called the "forced housing ordinance" came to the hearing to argue that the new package was a maneuver to avoid placing the issue before the people. The Reverend Robert Hatch, of the First Bible Presbyterian Church, stated that "there are no human rights above property rights," and quoted some critical words George Wallace had to say about the federal fair-housing law. Jim E. Kernodle, a recreation-park operator and the president of the local Citizens Council, said that he had made a diligent study of Communism, that he was personally acquainted with Herbert Philbrick, and that anybody who didn't see the entire situation for what it really was should read "Masters of Deceit," by J. Edgar Hoover. Julian M. Sanders—chairman of an organization called Citizens for Free America, Not White, Not Black, Not Red, But Freedom and Justice for All—said that he also had made a study of Communism and its role in racial strife. He had come up with the same conclusions as Kernodle.

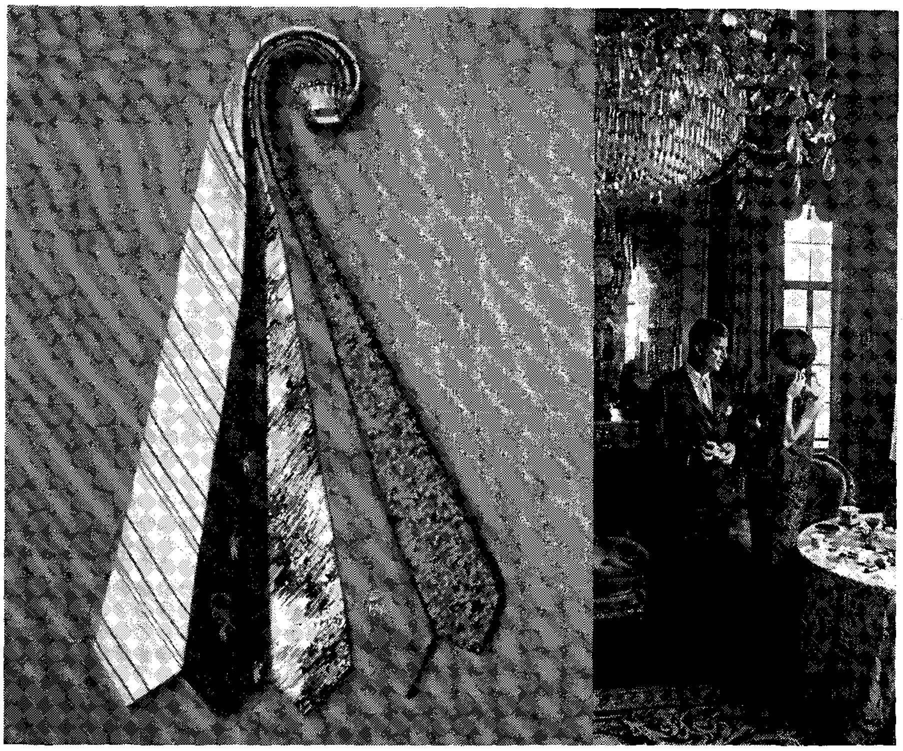
Could a movement that attracted no spokesman more influential than Jim E. Kernodle have ever hoped to win a citywide referendum? On the other side, Mayor Ilus W. Davis had enlisted a widely respected business executive to head a well-financed campaign called Citizens for Fair Housing, and resolutions of support had been passed by church groups, the Chamber of Commerce, and even the real-estate board. In 1964, though, a similarly impressive group of citizens had campaigned to sustain the public-accommodations ordinance—opposed publicly only by the tavern owners and the same relentless opponents of the Comintern who later fought fair housing—and the ordinance won only because an eighteen-thousand-vote margin in the Negro wards barely exceeded what was lost in white neighborhoods. Throughout the country, fair-housing laws have been defeated by referendum nine out of the twelve times they have been challenged—and many students of local politics expected the tenth defeat in Kansas City. "It's like the public-accommodations referendum," I was told by a local reporter. "You couldn't find the opposition with a microscope. It's just that two-thirds of the white people in Kansas City hate Negroes."

Civic leaders had considered a referendum victory for fair housing important mainly as a symbol that the city renounced discrimination. Housing is not the most serious problem among Negroes in Kansas City, and a fair-housing ordinance was not expected to change housing patterns significantly anyway. In fact, the symbolic nature of the fair-housing ordinance was to be



the main argument in persuading people to vote for it. An opinion survey commissioned by the Citizens for Fair Housing in March (before the assassination and before the disorders) suggested that the two points fair-housing backers should emphasize were that "it is the moral obligation of the city to establish fair housing practices" and that "the right of the individual property owner to dispose of his property as he sees fit is not affected by the ordinance"—a compelling combination by which the citizen could be asked to make a moral gesture and be guaranteed at the same time that it would be only a gesture. The principal piece of campaign literature prepared by the Citizens for Fair Housing said on the cover, "They can't tell ME who I have to sell my house to!"—followed by "Right. And nobody's trying to." (The original ordinance covered sales of individual houses only in requiring that the real-estate agent report all offers to the owner; then, in the words of a sample speech prepared for delivery by fair-housing proponents to homeowners, "if *you* want to discriminate, you can.") A few weeks before the referendum was to take place, Citizens for Fair Housing followed the survey's moral strategy by covering billboards with the slogan "Be Fair April 30—Be Proud May 1." The survey had predicted that fair housing would pass on April 30th. Then, on May 1st, racial tolerance having been affirmed once more, Melba Zachery could go back to her neighborhood and I could go back to mine.

MOST white people in Kansas City would not use Hatch's phrase about there being no human rights above property rights, but nobody has ever tried to convince them that someone's right to equal treatment could actually supersede their right to dispose of their own property as they see fit. Certainly most of them would deny that they hate Negroes, although they probably know someone who does—someone who comes from a more Southern part of Missouri, or just happens to be that way. During the elections for High School Day, we knew, of course, that there were schools a Negro candidate could never carry, but the people who attended them are still likely to preface their remarks on the race issue by saying, "Don't get me wrong—I got nothing against the colored." I heard the phrase again when I went to a neighborhood meeting on fair housing in an area north of the Missouri River



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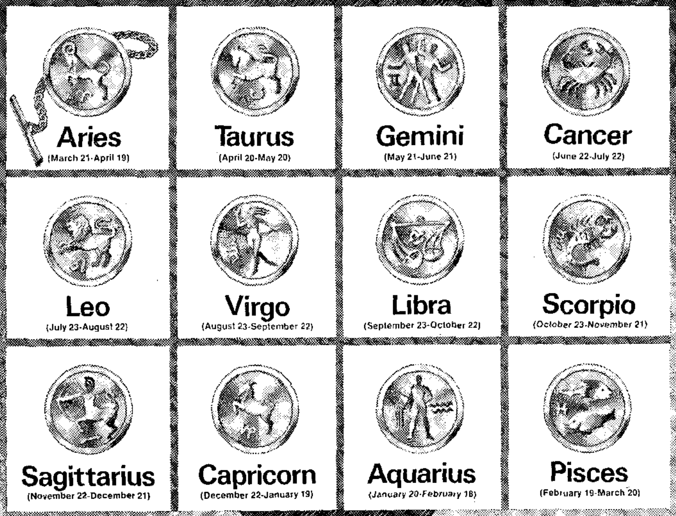

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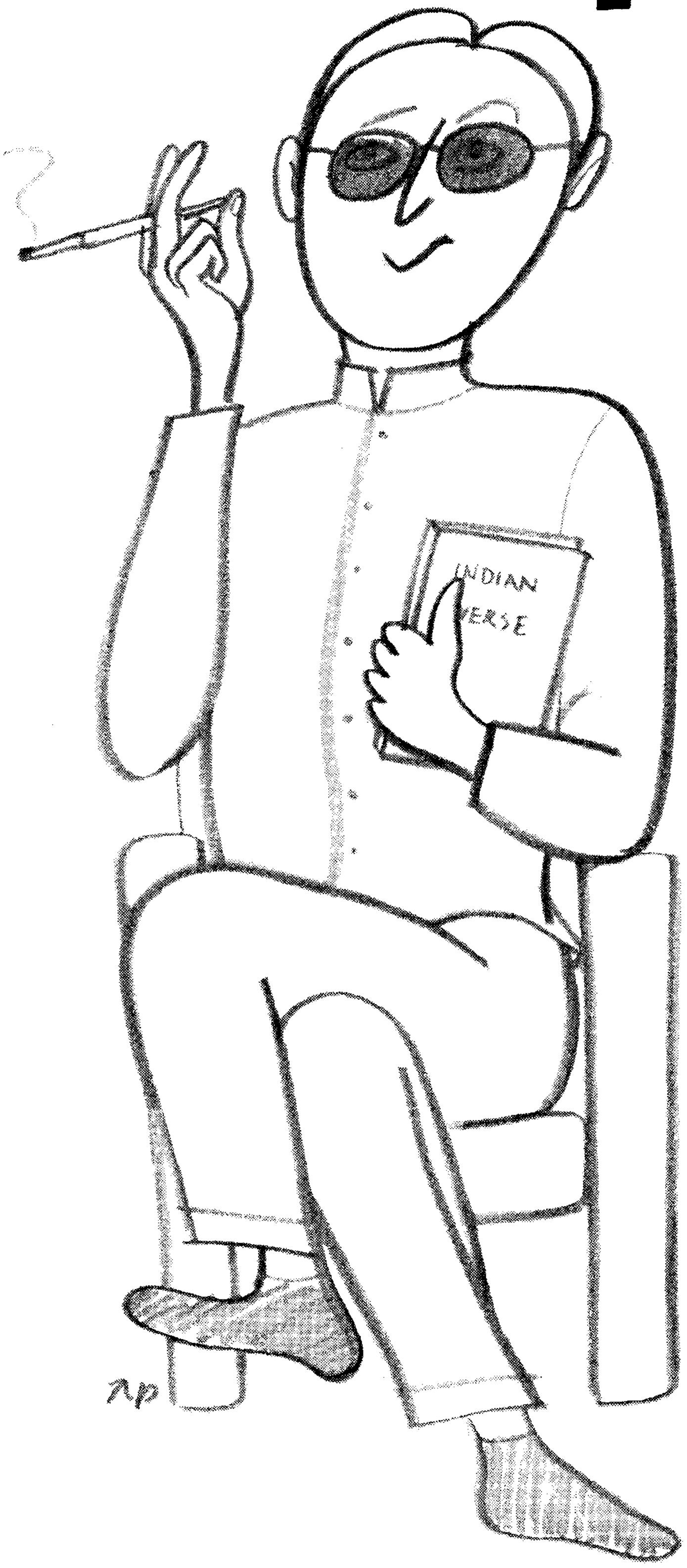

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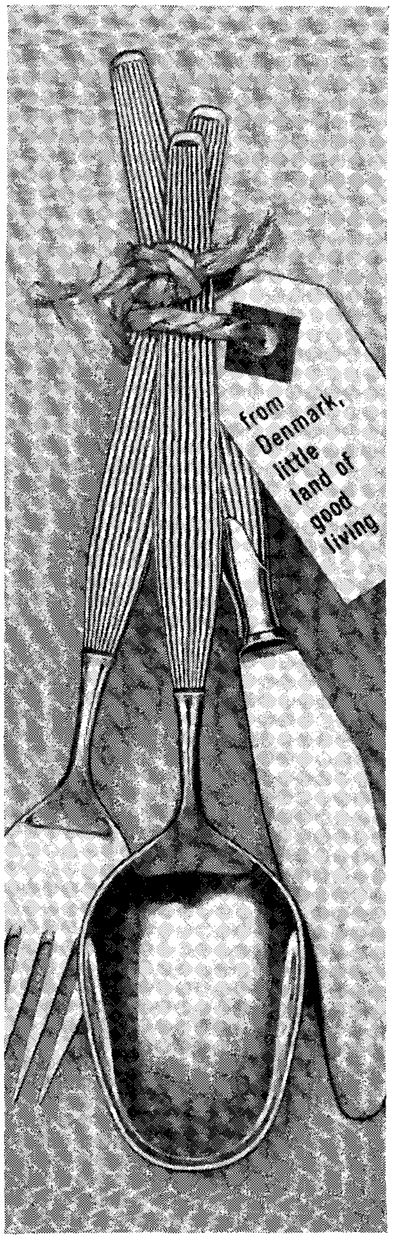
that has been annexed by Kansas City in the last decade or so. There are no Negroes north of the river. The meeting had drawn a hundred or so people to the school gymnasium of a subdivision called Gracemor-Randolph Corners, an area of new houses that cost between fourteen and twenty thousand dollars. I arrived just in time to hear Jim Kernodle say that anybody who hadn't read "Masters of Deceit" ought to go out and buy a copy and read it. During the question period, even the questioners who acknowledged having something against the colored showed signs of having been exposed to the Kansas City teaching that everyone has rights in a democracy. "I moved out here so I wouldn't have to live next door to colored," one man said. "It's my right as to whether or not I want to live next door to a colored person as much as it is their right as to where they want to live. But when they come next door to me, they're going to force me to move because I'm going to exercise my right that I don't want to live next door to them. And it's going to be unfair to force me into the move because of my convictions." The crowd had little confidence that the fair-housing ordinance would mollify the Negroes. "The more you give 'em, the more they want," one woman said. Most of the questions were concerned with how to avoid the ordinance's provisions or with why Mrs. Sarah Snow—the councilwoman for the area, and one of the speakers—had voted for it. The loudest applause of the evening came after one man said, "It's a government of the people, by the people, and for the people—by *representation* in Congress, the county government, the city government, or any government. I would like to ask Mrs. Snow, Senator Symington, or you name him, 'By what authority do they have the right to vote for any law that the great majority of the people are against?' " The chairman asked how many in the audience favored the fair-housing ordinance. One man raised his hand.

ON the day after the hearing, the City Council unanimously passed the new ordinances. There were still signs of the strife that had been cited under the emergency proviso. In the county courthouse, across the street, some of those who had been arrested during the disorders were being given preliminary hearings that would lower their bail. The sheriff had purchased some bowling shirts for use as jail uniforms, and a Negro teen-ager who was on the stand saying "No, I didn't have no knife at all" was wearing a shirt that seemed to identify him as a member of the Keystone Bakery team named Belczyk; one of his companions was wearing a shirt that said "Young's Pontiac, Amanda, Ohio," and another one appeared to be representing Ron Pilkington's Shell Service. They had been picked up during the disorders, charged with possession of deadly weapons, and held on fifty-thousand-dollar bond ever since.

Earlier in the morning, the Urban Employment Council of the Chamber of Commerce had met for breakfast at the Muehlebach Hotel, mainly to talk about a job center that, by coincidence, had been moving into an office in the Negro neighborhood about the time the trouble started. More than five hundred jobs for the hard-core unemployed had been pledged by Kansas City businesses. But one committee member reported that the pledges were difficult to translate into specific and immediate openings; the man who ran the job center got up to say that personnel people didn't seem to realize that they could not apply their usual standards to the people he sent them; and the roles of such groups as the National Alliance of Businessmen, the Youth Opportunity Centers, the Neighborhood Youth Corps, and the Training Corporation of America were so difficult to distinguish that the chairman of the meeting, a Negro businessman, appointed a committee to construct a flow chart. The man at the breakfast who seemed to know most about hiring Negroes turned out to be from a company that had been pressured to employ more Negroes or risk losing its government contracts.

That afternoon, on Twelfth Street, in the Negro neighborhood, a white grocer who had been the target of demonstrations by Negroes complaining about his business practices stood in front of what had been the window of his store, supervising the replacement of a piece of plywood that said "Soul Brother" on it—written by Negroes as a joke or by the grocer on the thin chance that it might persuade the looters to pass him by on the second night of disorder. In fact, most stores had been passed by. Both looting and burning were selective, or at least specific, and in terms of property damage it had been a small disorder as disorders go these days. "It's a quiet pro-



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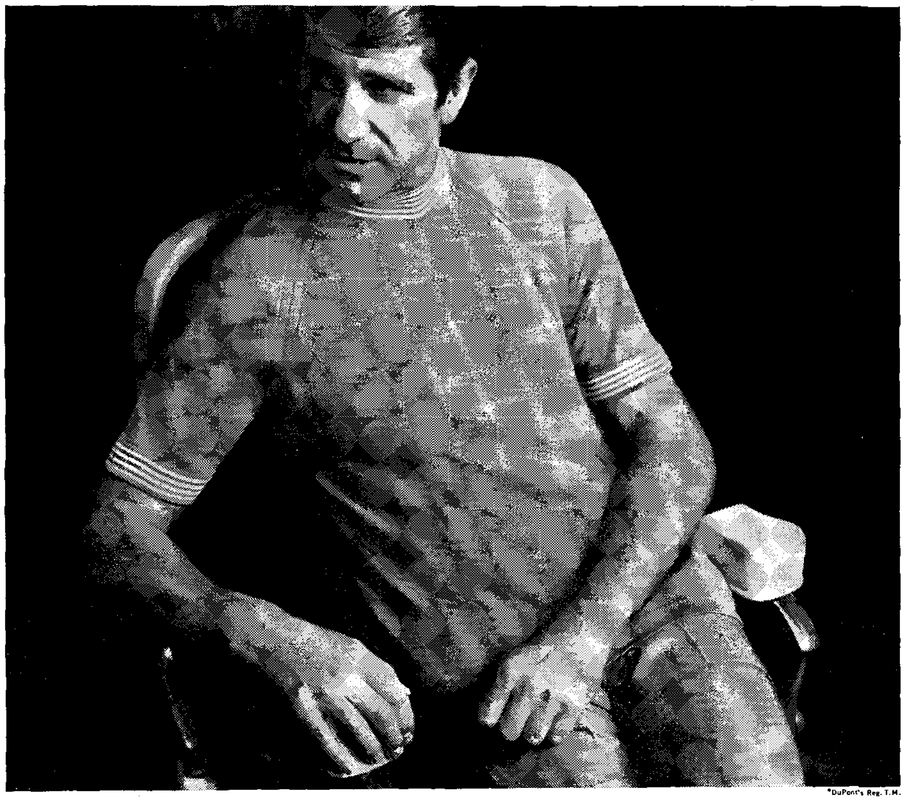

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vincial town, and it had a quiet provincial riot," somebody told a friend of mine. Although it is possible that four of the six people killed by the police were killed in error, the criticism of the police that was still going on two weeks later was concerned not with their use of overwhelming force to put down the disorder but with strong indications that they might have set it off in the first place, by unwise use of tear gas—tear-gassing a gang of Negro students who had marched to City Hall to protest the schools' not being closed on the day of Martin Luther King's funeral; throwing tear gas through the windows of a church basement where Negro students had been invited by a priest to remain cool by having a dance instead of a demonstration; using tear gas inside Lincoln High School. I heard a social scientist argue that the tear-gassing would not have happened if the students had been white, because the police would have seen human beings who could be talked to rather than a sea of threatening black faces, but most white people in Kansas City would probably say that if the police did overreact to abuse and tension it was a matter of simple human error. They tend to think that the sniping and looting that followed was an exploitation of the situation by a small criminal element, rather than a spontaneous outburst against white authority. A group of ministers called for an investigation of the police actions, but most of the talk I heard on the subject was critical of those who would try to make the police the scapegoats after they had risked their lives to restore peace. The Mayor's mail was running three or four to one in support of the police.

THE sermon at the Country Club Christian Church on the Sunday after the ordinances were passed was entitled "Where Do We Go from Here?" Kansas City people don't see anything funny about a church being called Country Club Christian. The attractive residential area in the southwest section of town was named the Country Club District so long ago that the phrase has lost its connotation—although the original developer did his best to give the district some country-club atmosphere by trying to keep out Jews. Some of the grade schools in the Country Club District have Negro students—they are brought in by bus from overcrowded schools in other parts of town—and it is said that real-estate people prefer to show houses there on weekends, when the prospect stands no

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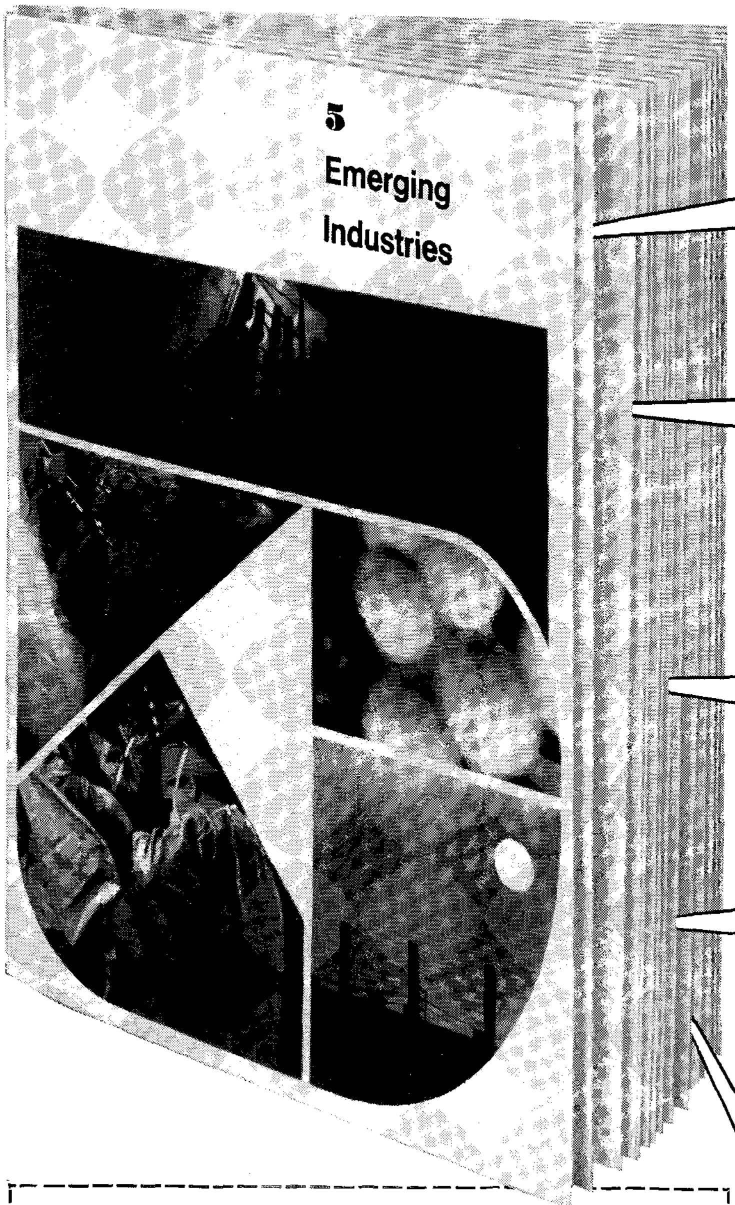

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chance of being frightened into the suburbs over the Kansas state line by a Negro school-crossing guard. But Melba Zachery had an easy time carrying Southwest, the high school a few blocks away from the Country Club Christian Church, and it was taken for granted that the greatest white support for the public-accommodations ordinance came from well-off and well-educated people in the southwest area—although, as it turned out, about forty-nine per cent of them voted against it.

The Country Club Christian Church includes the "Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders" in a small book display off its lobby, but there are probably not very many members of the congregation who agree with the report's most publicized finding—that white racism was the principal cause of the disorders. In the Country Club District, racism means "White Only" signs and voting against Melba Zachery because of her race. It's also unlikely that many members would support the Commission's recommendations for immense spending in the Negro ghettos. Much of the Negro neighborhood in Kansas City doesn't look like a ghetto anyway, and the same house that is pointed out by Negroes as an example of how much more a Negro has to pay for a decent place to live stands as a symbol to white people of how a hard-working Negro can succeed in America as well as anyone else. They have been taught, after all, that everyone has equal opportunity in a democracy.

The pastor of the Country Club Christian Church, the Reverend Lawrence W. Bash, told his congregation that they could not afford to look upon recent events merely as a nuisance that had inconvenienced them with a curfew. Bash said that although he could offer no program, he knew that violence was not the answer to the nation's perilous condition. He criticized a young Kansas City minister for quoting a churchman who had said, "Where we have law and order and injustice we have less than nothing—chaos is an improvement." Bash called for a reconciliation, a binding together of the human family. He said that in a nation where white men were involved in assassination and there were armed insurrections in the cities the only hope was to strengthen and expand the ranks of those in the middle, in brotherhood. Bash closed with a prayer, asking God to give the congregation strength for the task ahead—although, he acknowledged, "we are not at all sure where our task lies."

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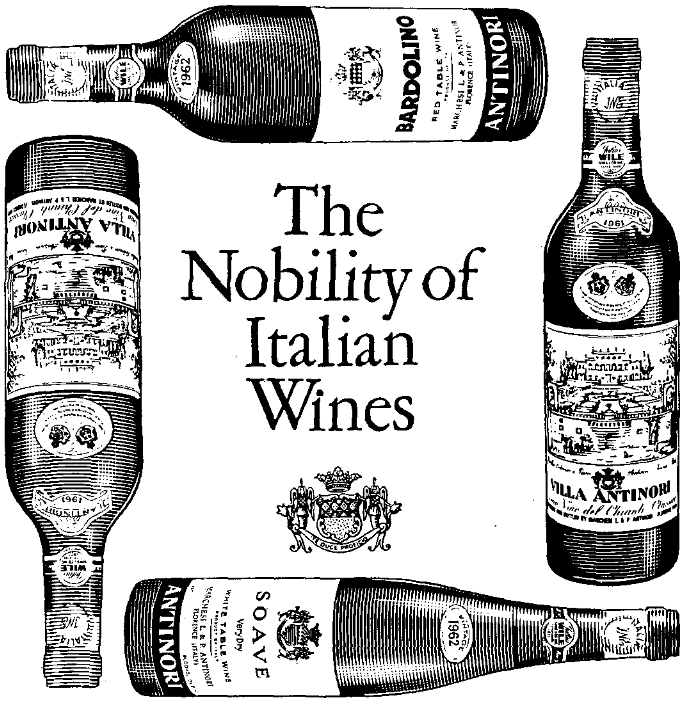

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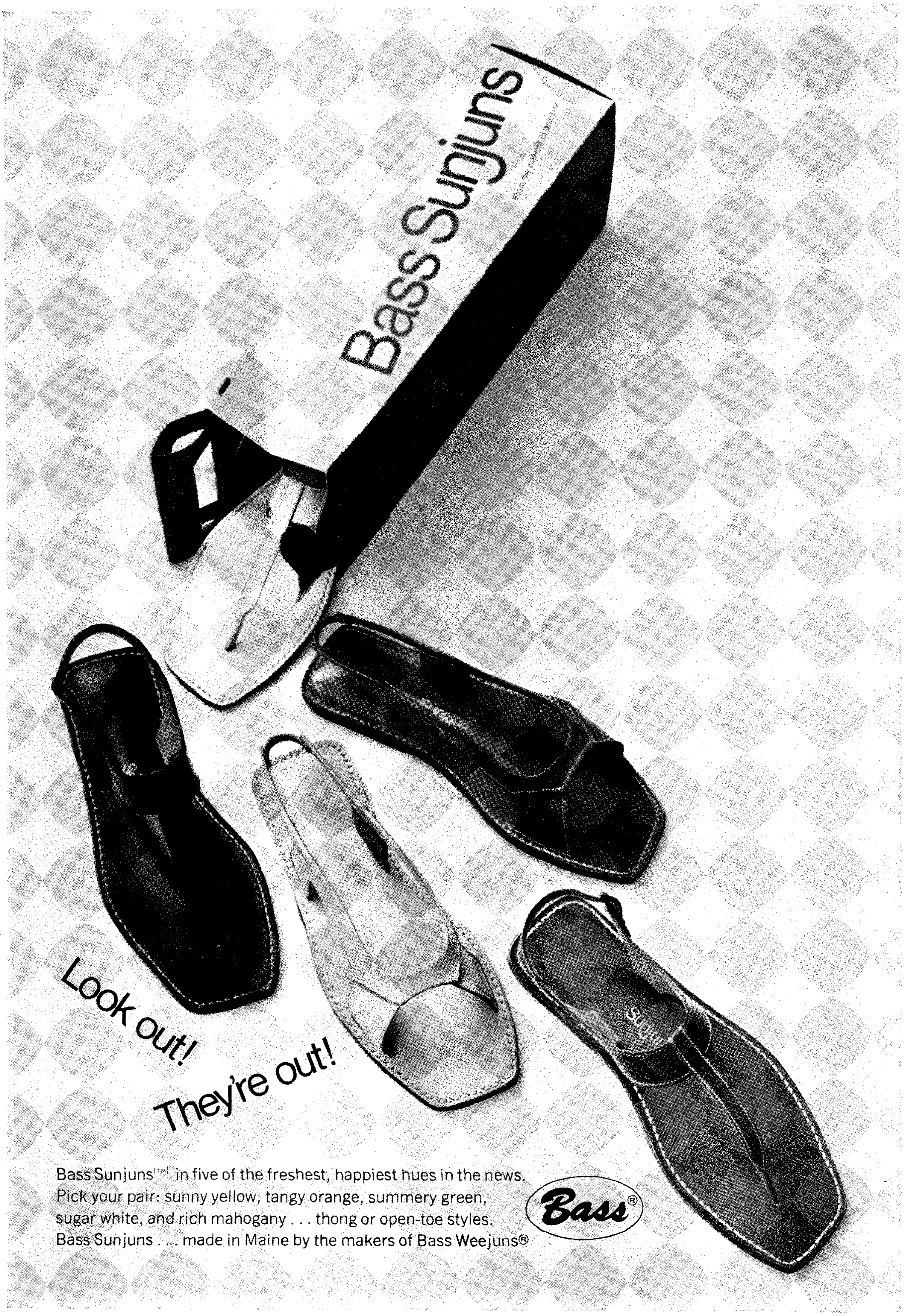
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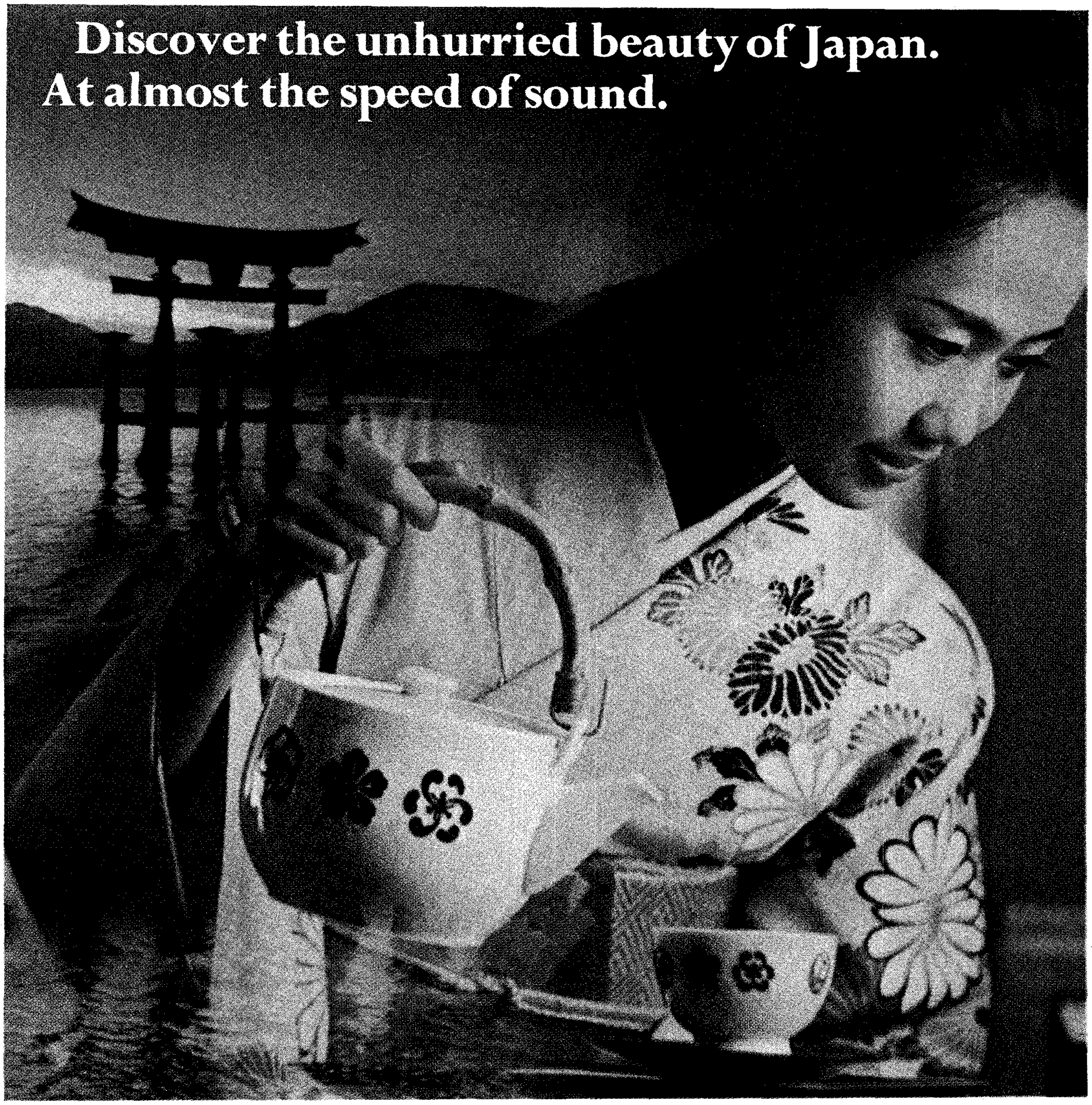
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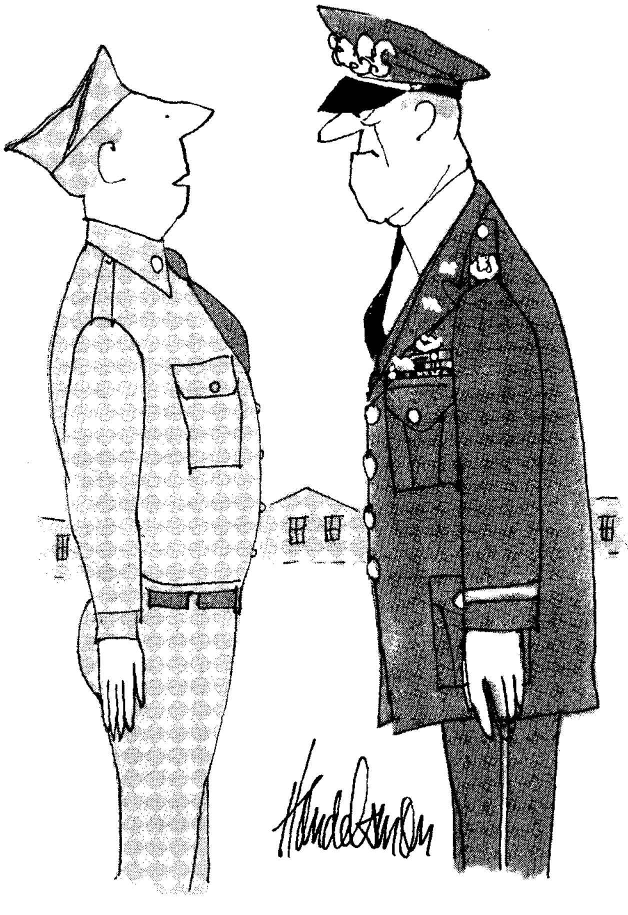
ONE of the most appealing things about the thirty-first annual National Invitation Tournament, held in March at the new Madison Square Garden, was that the event—a ten-day competition between the basketball teams of sixteen major colleges and universities—determined absolutely nothing, except the winner of the thirty-first annual National Invitation Tournament. In the entire Lewis Carroll world of sports competition, filled with arbitrary sovereigns proclaiming that everything must mean exactly what they say it means, nothing could be more arbitrary than the N.I.T., which once fulfilled some of the functions of a national championship but long ago dwindled to a handsomely packaged match-up between some of the nation's second-best teams. The teams are picked, according to no discernible rationale, by a permanent committee made up of the athletic directors of five local colleges—Manhattan, St. John's, Fordham, N.Y.U., and Wagner—plus two rotating members from nearby Eastern colleges (the University of Rhode Island and Gettysburg College were represented this year). By the time the N.I.T. gets under way in New York each spring, all the various national ratings systems have had their say. All the regional and conference titles have already been decided, and the real "national championship" is being determined, often thousands of miles away, in the elaborate elimination tournament sponsored by the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

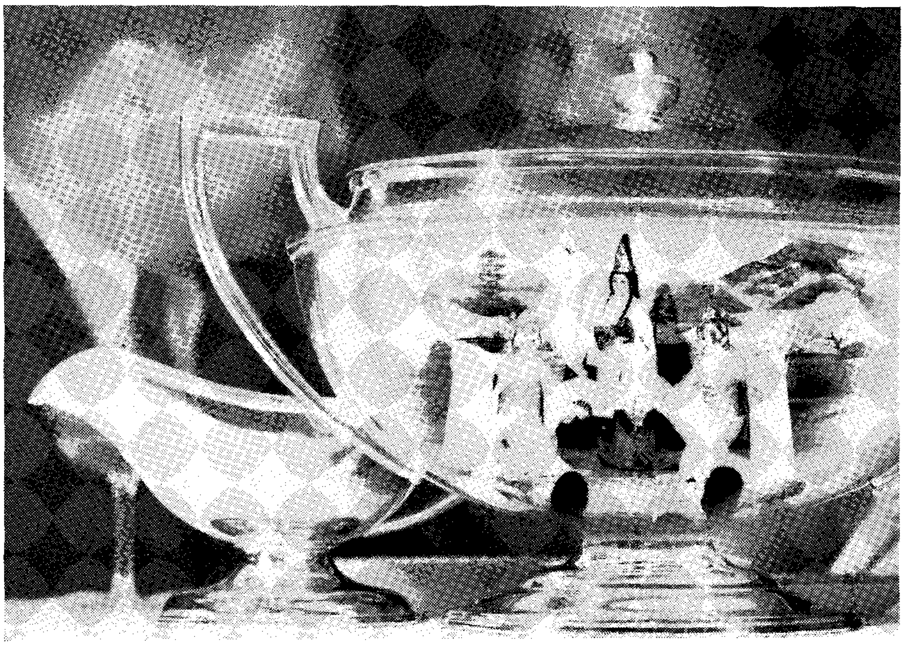
The futility of presenting a post-season tournament that is, in effect, a Super Consolation Bowl, or a Zinc Medal Olympics, for runners-up from all over the country seems self-evident—until one remembers the youthful excitement of participating in the totally arbitrary "round robins" and "ladders" and "neighborhood championships" dreamed up by the smart kid on the block who owned the ball. The N.I.T. of the present can be looked on as an adult version of those unauthorized, meaningless tournaments of childhood, with the shiny new Madison Square Garden, rather than a new ball, providing its only rationale. It is apparently rationale enough, for the eight doubleheaders in the recent tournament drew a total of 138,250 spectators, some of whom paid as much as twenty-five dollars to see a single game, and the undergraduates of one metropolitan-area college were seized with an almost medieval frenzy at the prospect of having the name of their school inscribed on the official Edward A. Kelleher Memorial loving cup as the 1968 N.I.T. champion.

If part of the appeal of organized sports—in a world where no one is ever quite sure of the rules—is their essential arbitrariness, then basketball should be the most popular sport of all, since it is indisputably the most arbitrary, having sprung full-blown from the brow of a young instructor at the Y.M.C.A. Training School in Springfield, Massachusetts, seventy-six years ago. What American boy has not heard the story of how James Naismith and his superior, Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, became concerned over the lack of a competitive indoor sport to fill the long, cold gap between the close of the football season each fall and the beginning of the baseball season each spring? And how Naismith set out in the winter of 1891 to invent a game that would be as popular as "Rugby or association football" without the "reputed roughness" of either? Naismith himself stressed, in later years, that his contribution to man's physical well-being was no mere hand-me-down from "Greek culture," like so many other sports, but "a modern, synthetic product." Only after subjecting the problem to a careful analysis, and weighing and discarding a number of alternative ideas, did he feel ready to sit down at the typewriter and pound out the basic rules that govern the sport to this day. Perhaps Naismith's two greatest inspirations were the rule forbidding a player to run with the ball, thereby making tackling unnecessary, and the stipulation that the goal be suspended *above* the playing field, with the opening parallel, rather than perpendicular, to the ground, thereby insuring that the ball "should be thrown with care rather than with force." At this point, the game lacked only a name, and Naismith's next step was apparently taken without awareness of its historic import. "On asking the janitor for a box about eighteen inches in width," Naismith later wrote, "he informed me that he had a couple of large peach baskets. These were fastened to the gallery, and from these the name 'basketball' was derived." The gallery in the Springfield gymnasium happened to be ten feet high, and the baskets in basketball have remained at that height ever since.

The game was an immediate success, and by 1894 Naismith and Gulick were collaborating on a pamphlet, "How to Play Basketball," for the comprehensive Spalding's Athletic Library series. Although the rules at this time were still quite permissive ("If a great number of men wish to play at once, two balls may be used at the same time, and thus the fun is augmented, though some of the science may be lost"), the authors felt obliged to add a few comments on the direction they hoped the new pastime would take. "Some teams are throwing for goal



"In civilian life, sir? I wasn't anything, sir."



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all the time," Naismith and Gulick complained in their rule book. "They think, apparently, that out of so many chances some will be made." The pamphlet also warned (with something less than clairvoyance) that on defense "prevention is better than cure, for when a ball is thrown up so as to alight in the basket, there is no goalkeeper who can keep it from entering." Fifty years later, a special "goaltending" rule had to be enacted by the intercollegiate authorities to keep the new breed of seven-footers from batting away balls that were about to alight in the basket.

By 1904, Naismith had moved west to become the first varsity-basketball coach at the University of Kansas, and the game had already outgrown the genteel Y.M.C.A. atmosphere in which it had been nurtured. Excessive roughness, owing to lax officiating, was giving basketball a bad name in some quarters; professionalism was rampant (particularly in the Philadelphia area), and Dr. Gulick was admonishing the readers of that year's Spalding basketball guide that "when men commence to make money out of sport, it degenerates with most tremendous speed . . . for, on the average, men of serious purposes in life do not care to go into that kind of thing." Gulick, who, like Naismith, believed that games were intended "to develop the individual for the business of life," was even more upset by the new philosophy of victory-at-all-costs that seemed to be prevalent now among amateur sportsmen: "I remember with great clearness the disgust with which I ever afterward remembered a young lady of my acquaintance who, in an old-fashioned croquet game, covered her croquet ball with her skirt and then moved it six or eight inches, thus getting it into position for the wicket. It seemed to me like a violation of moral law."

But basketball was now becoming a national, and even an international, phenomenon, and it was clear that any further regulation of the game would have to come from the institutions of higher learning that had so warmly welcomed it to their athletic repertoire. Addressing the eighth annual convention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association in 1914, Naismith exhorted the school officials to their duty with a rhetoric worthy of St. Paul addressing the early Church Fathers: "That college men have an important part in the development of basketball is seen in such instances as that of Goodhue, who introduced it into Syria; Exner, who organized it in one of the districts of China; Alford and Overfield, who

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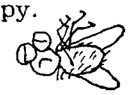

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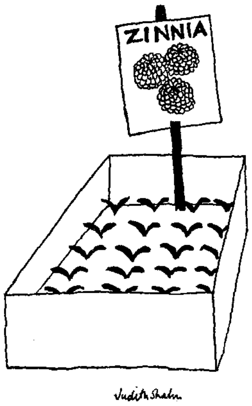
made it popular in Alaska; Gray, who gave it an added impetus in India; the engineers in the Canal Zone . . ." A proud man, Naismith felt that his most significant achievement was the creation of a game for the true athlete—"tall, agile, graceful, expert"—rather than for some atypical physical sort, whether "the massive muscular man on the one hand or the cadaverous greyhound type on the other." According to Naismith's own statistics, the 1914 varsity-basketball team at the University of Kansas averaged five feet nine inches in height and a hundred and forty-nine pounds in weight. For the 1968 Kansas varsity, which accepted an invitation to the thirty-first annual N.I.T. and quickly established itself as one of the teams to beat, the average player height was six feet six inches, the average weight a hundred and ninety-nine pounds.

DOWN through the years, more than one N.I.T. championship has been determined by the unpredictable effects of Gardenitis, a brain-numbing, finger-buttering ailment that sometimes strikes highly touted basketball teams from the hinterland on their first exposure to big-city crowds and big-city distractions. The new, bigger Garden, which occupies a site from Thirty-first to Thirty-third Streets between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, will no doubt claim its own list of victims. Yet the fifty-three-million-dollar building itself, like so much modern architecture, manages to seem almost self-effacing. From both inside and outside, it looks smaller than it really is. (In addition to the main arena, which seats 19,500 for basketball, the building contains a 3,600-seat subsidiary amphitheatre, a 486-seat movie theatre, a 48-lane bowling alley, 50,000 square feet of exhibition space, numerous shops, bars, and restaurants, an art gallery, and a Hall of Fame, devoted exclusively to people who did famous things in one or more of the four structures that since 1879 have borne the name of Madison Square Garden.) Shaped like a drum, and devoid of exterior decoration except for four projecting escalator towers in bronze-tinted glass, the new Garden has only one really distinctive architectural feature—a cable-suspension roof—and most people hardly notice that. The roof of the drum actually rests on a web of steel cables, which radiate from a 104-ton steel ring directly above the playing floor and are anchored to a circle of steel columns running down the outer walls of the building. Although the Garden encloses a space of nearly three acres without a single view-obstructing pillar, its architecture is so unobtrusive that any sense of visual excitement—of the enormous load being carried, and of the elegant simplicity of the engineering solution—is lost. But at least the design allows the spectators a clear view, which is more than one could say for the arena as it was originally planned. When the Garden was officially opened for business, on February 11th, it was discovered that from certain seats parts of the playing area—especially for hockey games—were obscured by heavy metal safety railings on top of the concrete walls between sections and alongside access stairways. Thousands of feet of railing had to be removed—a task that was made more difficult by the fact that the Garden is almost continually in use for some event or other; four weeks later, while the N.I.T. entrants took turns practicing on the hardwood floor, the bluish-white sparks of acetylene torches used to cut through the railings could still be seen here and there in the dark uppermost reaches of the empty arena.



Most of the out-of-town teams arrived a day or two before their first game and checked into one of the cheerless commercial hotels that abound in the area to serve travellers arriving at Pennsylvania Railroad Station, which is now, in effect, the new Garden's basement. For many of the players from the more distant schools, the tournament was a social as well as an athletic event, an extra vacation from classes (with the missed classwork to be made up later), and a free sightseeing trip (often a first trip) to New York. Local alumni threw parties for the current campus heroes—win or lose—and in one hotel the fraternity-house spirit was re-created so convincingly that both the fire and police departments had to be called in to restore order.

For a select minority—the one or two top athletes on each team—the N.I.T. was also a business opportunity, not unlike the annual spring showings in the nearby garment district. With talent scouts from the two competing

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professional leagues, the National Basketball Association and the American Basketball Association, looking on, this was a chance to stake a claim to some of the big money that would eventually be handed out to the seniors most likely to succeed, athletically, in 1968. The Most Valuable Player in the 1967 N.I.T., Walt Frazier, of Southern Illinois University, had been signed by the New York Knickerbockers, of the National Basketball Association, to a three-year, hundred-thousand-dollar contract. Another standout in the 1967 N.I.T. was George Stone, a skinny six-foot-seven-inch junior at Marshall University, in Huntington, West Virginia, who scored forty-six points in one game and had the big-city crowd oohing and ahing over his high-arc jump shots from twenty and twenty-five feet out. Just before the start of the 1967-68 season, Stone was told that he was nearsighted; his coach found him holding a newspaper too close to his face and sent him to an eye doctor, who prescribed contact lenses, which Stone refused to wear. Even without them, he managed to average 23.4 points a game for the season, and he and Marshall were invited back to New York this year, for another chance at the N.I.T. title.

Stone, a native of Covington, Kentucky, is twenty-two years old, the youngest of a family of four boys and one girl, and the first member of the family ever to attend college. Like most of the athletes competing in the tournament, he was recruited by his present coach while still in high school, and his basketball scholarship provides what is known as "full financial aid." Like the great majority of outstanding players in the tournament—including the leading scorers on eleven of the sixteen teams this year—Stone is a Negro. Although a number of prominent Negro athletes have recently expressed resentment over their status as "black gladiators" at predominantly white schools, Stone agreed with Bob Redd, the Marshall team captain, that "the whole situation in Huntington is superb." For both, the proposed black boycott of American Olympic teams this summer is "essentially a personal thing," and Stone made it clear, at a practice session before the tournament began, that he personally would do nothing to jeopardize his future in a professional sport that black athletes—by virtue of demonstrably superior skills—have come to dominate in recent years.

One of the men whose eye Stone hoped to catch during the tournament was Arnold (Red) Auerbach, the long-

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time coach and now general manager of the Boston Celtics, the frequent N.B.A. champions. Auerbach's reputation is that of a pugnacious, win-at-all-costs perfectionist, and, with a sporty fedora pushed down over the bald spot on his head and an enormous cigar clamped between his teeth, he certainly looks the part. Most scouts do their scouting during ball games, but Auerbach prefers to drop in on practice sessions, at which he can confer with the coaches (many of whom are old friends, or at least old antagonists, from earlier basketball wars) and get a look at the players while they are "relaxed and free-lancing." "The first thing you look for in a prospect," Auerbach explained one afternoon at the Garden, "is a 'pro body.' Is he solid? Does anybody push him around on the court? Can he move with the ball? Does he hit the open man? Does he know what he's doing out there? You're not looking for one of the big stars—everyone knows who *they* are. It used to be easy to get a little edge here and there in this game, but not today—everyone's smart today. What you're really looking for is a sleeper, a second- or third-round choice who can help you fill a spot."

IN a valiant attempt to focus public attention on the finer points of his game, James Naismith wrote, fifty-four years ago, "Audiences must expect to appreciate an exhibition of muscular activity, grace of movement, and immediate response to varying conditions, rather than to see their team defeat the other." But audiences will be audiences, and to succeed at the box office a basketball tournament—like any other prolonged public performance—must hold out the prospect of an ultimate showdown between two easily recognizable forces, such as the Favorites, a phalanx of bullies who appear too strong for everyone else, and a Team of Destiny, the gallant underdogs capable on a given night of upsetting the bullies.

According to most observers, there were four Favorites in this year's N.I.T.—the Blue Devils of Duke University (Durham, North Carolina), the Braves of Bradley University (Peoria, Illinois), the Jayhawks of the University of Kansas (Lawrence, Kansas), and the Flyers of the University of Dayton (Dayton, Ohio)—all perennial basketball powers, all noted for size, sheer physical strength, and a deliberate, no-nonsense attitude toward the game. Ranged against them in the public imagination

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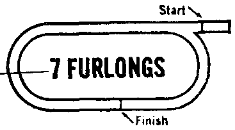

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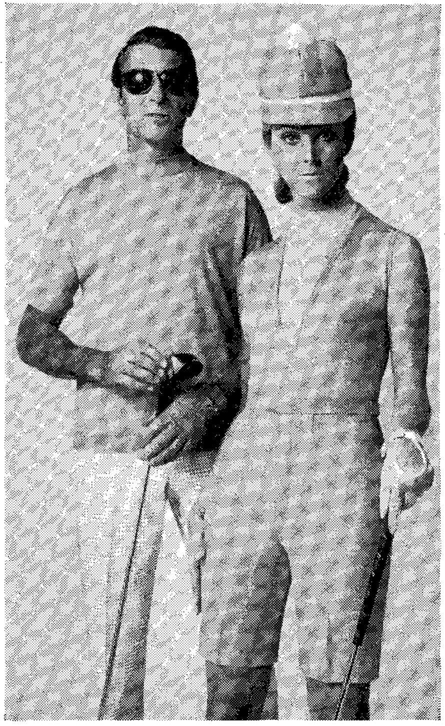

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was not one Team of Destiny but two—the Peacocks of St. Peter's College (Jersey City) and the Blackbirds of Long Island University (Brooklyn). The fact that St. Peter's and L.I.U. had better won-lost records than any of the other teams in the tournament made no difference; both were considered "little schools" that played presumably "minor-league" schedules. And both had pasts to live down.

St. Peter's had been invited to three previous N.I.T.s and had not advanced beyond the first round in any of them; only last year St. Peter's had been humiliated by Southern Illinois (the 1967 Team of Destiny and the eventual champion), 103–58. L.I.U., once a major power, had never quite got over its deep involvement in the point-shaving scandals of 1951; the school had dropped basketball completely for a while, and no team representing the Brooklyn campus had appeared in Madison Square Garden for seventeen years. Since those dark days of the early fifties, it had become almost fashionable to underrate metropolitan-area basketball. The city's schoolyards and high-school gyms were still recognized as breeding grounds for outstanding basketball players, but it was taken for granted that the best ones—like Lew Alcindor, who went to Power Memorial Academy, in Manhattan, and now plays for U.C.L.A.—left town upon graduation to seek better scholarships and more prestige elsewhere.

St. Peter's got its chance to prove otherwise in the first game of the opening-night doubleheader, against the Thundering Herd of Marshall University. Marshall's coach, Ellis Tuck Johnson, is a big, easygoing man with a barrel chest and a simple basketball philosophy that (the carping words of Naismith and Gulick notwithstanding) has proved remarkably successful down through the years. "We like to shoot," Johnson explained before the opening game. "Our offense is based on getting inside an arc about twenty-two feet from the basket. Any time we get in that area, I tell them not to worry about passing—shoot first, and pass only if you have to. We figure anything in that area is a percentage shot." Don Kennedy, who is now in his eighteenth year as head coach at St. Peter's, believes just as strongly in a running game. When its fast break is working well, a team like St. Peter's can wear down an opponent with its speed and then take over completely in a few minutes with a demoralizing string of lay-ups (the lay-up, of course, is the best percentage shot of all). The two kinds of rapid-fire offense share one flaw: when things start going wrong, they usually go wrong fast.

The first half of the game was all Marshall's. Making good on twenty-four of forty-eight field-goal attempts (which is more shots than some college teams take in an entire game), and controlling both the offensive and the defensive backboards, George Stone and his teammates built up a half-time lead of 51–38. But when the teams took the floor for the second half, an astounding transformation seemed to have occurred: the Thundering Herd began tripping over its own feet and throwing the ball away, and St. Peter's, led by a six-foot-five-inch junior forward named Elnardo Webster, exploded for twenty points in five minutes, to take the lead, 58–57. Shocked back into action, Marshall started shooting again, and the remaining fifteen minutes of the half were devoted to a breathless exchange of field goals and fouls, hot streaks and cold streaks, while the crowd of 17,600 built up a continuous roar that proved, just in case anyone was worried, that there was absolutely nothing wrong with the new Garden's acoustics. In the last three minutes, St. Peter's took the lead three times in a row, only to have Marshall tie and re-tie and re-re-tie the score, the last time with forty-seven seconds left to play.

In basketball, as in most sports, time is elastic. When one team is firmly in control of the game, forty-seven seconds can tick away with the metronomic precision of a smartly dribbled ball on a hard surface. But those seconds can seem to stretch indefinitely when both teams keep losing possession of the ball and then scrambling to regain it and then throwing it away again in their desperate efforts to break a deadlock. The score was still 83–83, and there were still five seconds on the clock, when Jim Davidson, a six-foot-three-inch backcourt man, who had already scored twenty-three points for Marshall, took a hurried jump shot from behind the foul line. The shot went wide, and the rebound fell to George Stone, who put the ball up again

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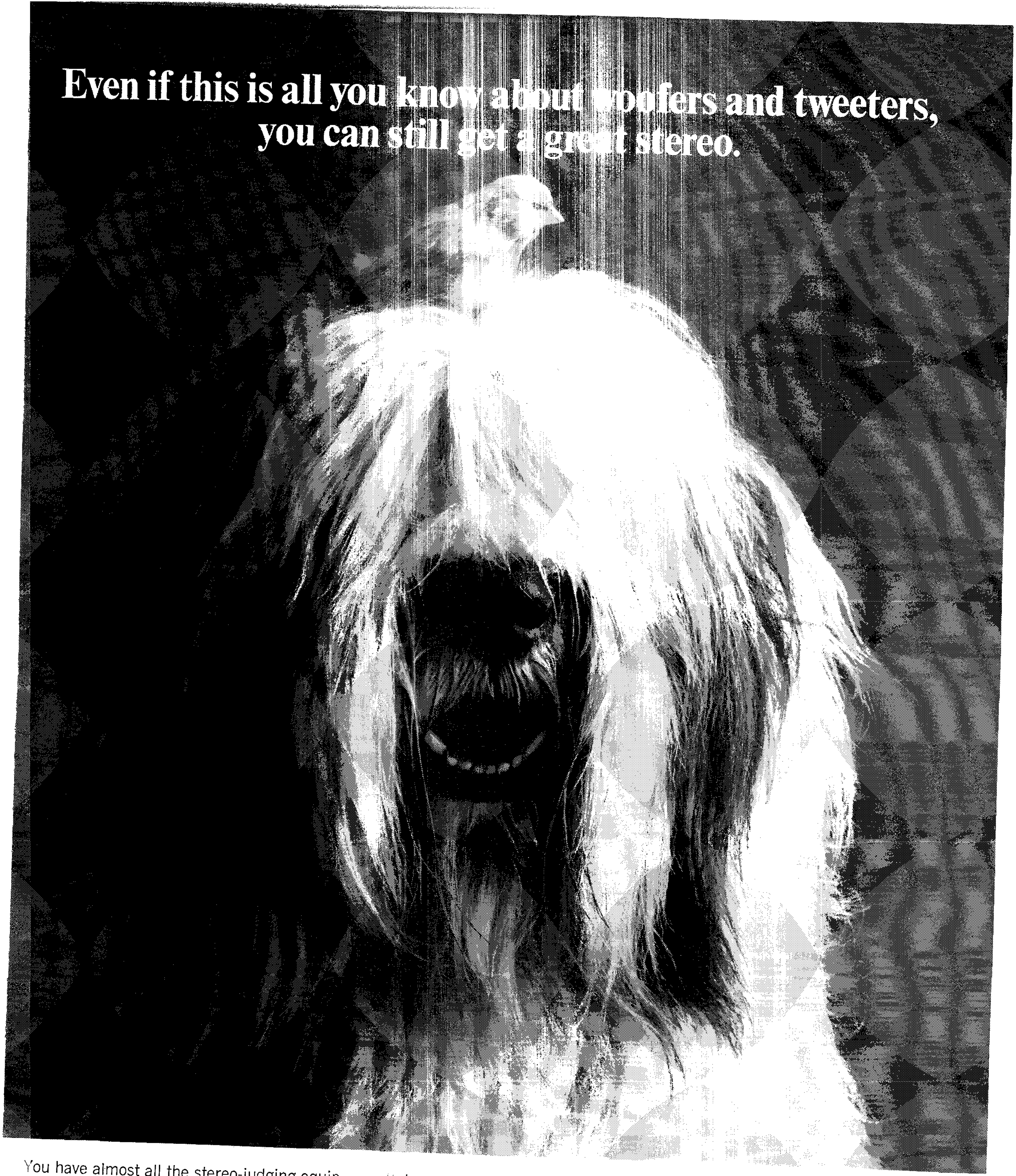

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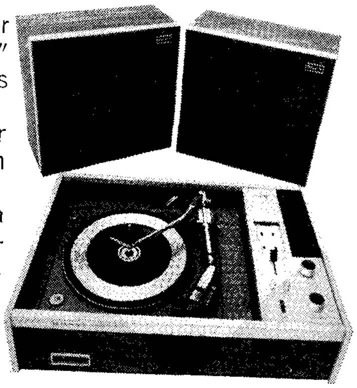

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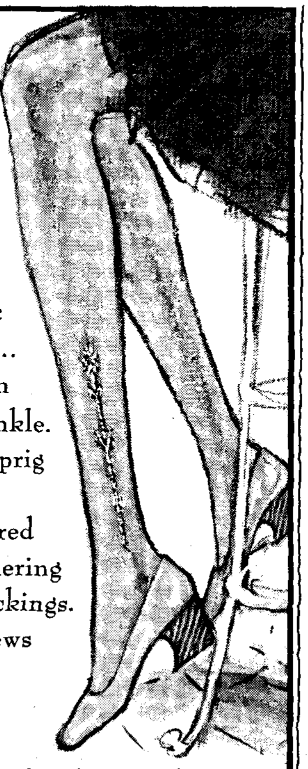

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just as the final buzzer sounded. The ball ricocheted off the front rim, sending the game into overtime and the Garden into pandemonium.

There is no such thing as a tie game in basketball; if the score is tied at the end of the regular forty minutes of play, the official college rules call for "one or more" five-minute overtime periods—as many as are necessary to determine the winner. The first overtime on this occasion was like an instant replay of the last five minutes of regulation time. Webster scored three baskets for St. Peter's, Marshall matched them, and, with the score tied at 89–89, the last fifty-one seconds were given over to a wild scramble up and down the court with both teams fighting to control the ball long enough to take the final shot. After a spectacular series of steals and countersteals, each accompanied by shrieks and groans from the crowd, Davidson got off a long, desperate one-hander from the right side. While the crowd held its breath, the ball hit the front rim, bounced high in the air, and missed the basket on the way down. The game went into a second overtime period. Now the strain began to tell on Marshall's starting five, who had played virtually the entire game without a substitution. They seemed unable to move the ball against St. Peter's full-court press; the unstoppable Webster scored three quick baskets, and St. Peter's pulled away to a victory, 102–93.

In the tumult of the victors' dressing room a few minutes later, a group of reporters asked Coach Kennedy exactly what he had said to his players at half time that had inspired them to change their fortunes so drastically. The magic words turned out to be "triangle-and-two"—a combination of zone and man-to-man defense that enabled St. Peter's to concentrate its rebounding strength under the backboards while freeing two men to harass Marshall's ball handler and keep the ball away from George Stone.

For Elnardo Webster, the game was a delicious personal triumph. He had scored fifty-one points—twenty more than Stone and just two shy of George Mikan's single-game N.I.T. record, set in 1945, when Mikan was playing for De Paul against Rhode Island. Asked to explain the contrast between the team's victory that night and its dismal performance in last year's tournament, Webster answered truthfully, "It's a different team this year. I'm here; that's the difference." Webster, who had been a schoolboy star at Jersey City's Lincoln High, graduated in 1965 and went away for two years to

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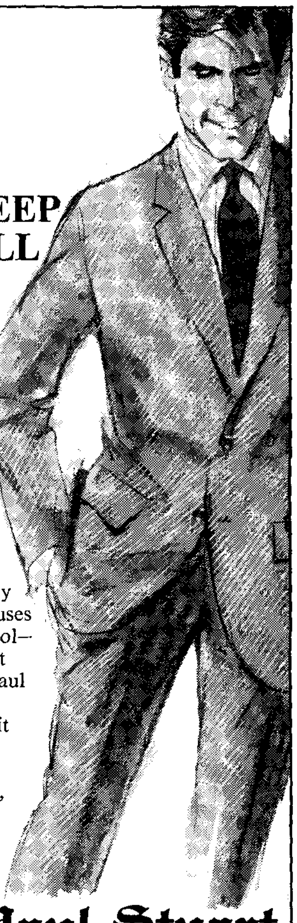

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play basketball at Wharton Junior College, near Houston. Then, last fall, he came home to finish out his undergraduate career; his family lives in Jersey City, five blocks from the St. Peter's campus.

The second game of the opening-night doubleheader, which no one expected to be anything but an anticlimax, ended up as something closer to comic relief. Oklahoma City University, a run-and-shoot team, had an off night and was simply no match for the Blue Devils of Duke, who appeared to be every bit as big and strong as reports had indicated. The score at half time was Duke 49, Oklahoma City 28. Instead of hustling his team to the locker room for the traditional pep talk or tongue-lashing, or for a few strategic adjustments, the Oklahoma City coach, Abe Lemons, told five of his reserves to put on white warmup shirts and ordered the starting team to stay on the court and scrimmage against them. The spectators, most of whom were still shaking their heads over the first game, looked on in disbelief. The extra practice may have helped, but not much, because Oklahoma City, playing mostly against Duke's second and third string, still lost the game by sixteen points, 97–81. The peak of the action came with two minutes to go, when a uniformed guard tried to restrain a drunken spectator who was shouting obscene advice at the Duke bench; the spectator's friends came to his assistance, and a brawl erupted a few feet from the playing floor. Someone landed a clean punch, and the guard went sprawling backward over the scorer's table and onto the court, tangling himself in wires and blacking out the official clock and the scoreboard and prompting a roar of renewed interest from the crowd. Coach Lemons, who is known to his colleagues as "the Will Rogers of college basketball," met the press in the corridor outside his team's dressing room immediately after the game. Someone asked him how it felt to come to the N.I.T. and lose like that. "I feel like that rat in the trap," he said. "I don't want the cheese—I just want out." He defended his radical use of a half-time scrimmage to "loosen up" his team. "Just because coaches have been taking teams to the locker room for a hundred years doesn't mean it's right," he said. "Hell, we came to play. I don't think they charge you extra for using the court. If they do, they can send us a bill. At least we got more playing time than Duke. Their first string hardly played at all."

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victories, Duke and St. Peter's were scheduled to play the first game of the tournament's quarter-final round, four nights later. It promised to be a classic confrontation between two often incompatible basketball virtues, strength and speed. Duke's starting players had an average height advantage of two inches, and they were beefier by a good ten pounds a man, but the question was whether they could stand the pace set by St. Peter's. The odds-makers said yes, and installed Duke as a 10½-point favorite. Then St. Peter's broke from the starting buzzer like a five-man relay team and—to the delight of a capacity crowd of 19,500—raced to a shockingly easy victory, 100–71. The game was essentially over in the first five minutes. Of the forty field goals that St. Peter's scored, more than half came on driving lay-ups off the fast break—a remarkable tribute to the Peacocks' skill in executing one of basketball's most exciting and difficult maneuvers. The man directing many of the fast breaks—after Elnardo Webster or the captain, Pete O'Dea, had cleared the ball off the defensive boards—was Harry Laurie, an unflappable twenty-three-year-old senior from Jersey City. Like Webster, Laurie had starred at Lincoln High School, had gone away to a "basketball college" (Loyola of Chicago), and then had come home to a school where, as he explained after the game that night, "you can play basketball and get a good education, too." From his impassive demeanor on the court, it was hard to imagine that Laurie had once been, by his own admission, a "wild kid," who was thrown off his high-school team by the coach for insubordination. "When I got out of high school, I was eighteen, and all I could think about was basketball," he said. "After I got to Loyola, I began to change. For the first few months, I was real lonely—I remember I couldn't wait for Christmas—but I had a lot of time to think and I realized that life wasn't just one big ball game." In the middle of his sophomore year, Laurie dropped out of Loyola and applied for a transfer to St. Peter's, even though it meant starting his sophomore year over again the following fall and sitting out one entire basketball season. He is now married—to a former cheerleader at Lincoln High School—and is the father of a two-and-a-half-year-old son. His major is sociology, and he plans to continue his studies in graduate school and then "get involved in social work in Jersey City."

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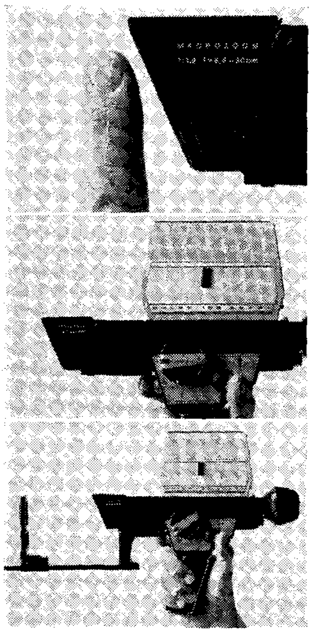

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Laurie and Webster rode home on the Port Authority Trans-Hudson subway line that runs between Penn Station in Manhattan and Jersey City's Journal Square. On the night their team upset Duke, they were recognized and given a heroes' welcome by a crowd of several hundred St. Peter's rooters who were holding an impromptu celebration in a pizza parlor in the Journal Square PATH terminal. In answer to shouts of "Speech! Speech!" from the fans, Webster stood up on a counter and shouted back, "*You* really helped us make this all possible! Stay behind us! Keep it up! We're going to win this tournament. We're going all the way." That night, two dozen St. Peter's undergraduates slept in a corridor outside the auditorium in Dinneen Hall, the school's student center, to make sure that they would be at the head of the line the next morning, when the school would begin distributing twelve hundred and fifty student-discount tickets for the Peacocks' semifinal match, with the University of Kansas. By 8 A.M., there were a thousand students in line—a fourth of the school's total. The job of distributing the tickets fell to Father Edmund G. Ryan, dean of faculty and executive vice-president of the college. "We're on a trimester system and this is registration week, which means I'm less busy just now than most of my colleagues," Father Ryan said, explaining how he happened to get the ticket duty. "It's really our great good fortune that we have no classes during the tournament; I don't think anyone could teach in this confusion."

St. Peter's, which was founded in 1872 by the Society of Jesus, is in a run-down residential area of Jersey City known as the Heights. There is no dormitory on campus ("We're the only completely day-hop school in any major tournament," Coach Kennedy kept telling reporters proudly), and the St. Peter's gymnasium is so small that the basketball team plays its home games in the Jersey City Armory. To accommodate the many home-town fans who were unable to buy tickets for the semifinals at the Garden, the college authorities arranged to present a closed-circuit telecast at the Stanley Theatre, in Journal Square. The theatre, which seats forty-four hundred, was sold out by game time. Outside the Garden, ticket holders had to shove their way through a throng of the less fortunate, who kept up a plaintive cry: "Any tickets to sell? Any tickets to sell?" Seven-and-a-half-dollar seats were changing hands for as much as twenty-five dollars.

The Kansas coach, a methodical man named Ted Owens, explained to a press conference the day before his team played St. Peter's that there were essentially three ways to stop or slow down a fast break: cut off the all-important first pass from the rebounder to the outlet man, or keep the outlet man from moving the ball quickly down court, or "fly all five of your men back under the basket as fast as you can." Owens neglected to say which one of these tactics he planned to use, and by the time the St. Peter's fans found out, Kansas was on its way to a well-earned 58–46 victory. The key to the game was Owens' tall, strong front line, which included the six-foot-ten Dave Nash, six-foot-eight Greg Douglas, six-foot-six Rodger Bohnenstiehl, and six-foot-five Bruce Sloan. By a judicious use of substitutions, Owens was able to have three fresh big men in the game at all times. Kansas out-rebounded St. Peter's, as had been expected, but, even more important, when St. Peter's did get a rebound one of the Kansans usually tied up the man with the ball long enough to allow the rest of the Kansas team to regroup on defense at the other end of the court. With its fast break blunted, St. Peter's was forced into a more deliberate, disciplined style of play—a style at which Kansas happens to excel, on both offense and defense. Elnardo Webster and Pete O'Dea, physically overmatched, shot three for seventeen and two for fifteen from the floor. The crowd was appropriately subdued as it filed toward the exits. The most subdued, presumably, were the loyal fans from across the Hudson who had paid twenty-five dollars to see the game.

FOR most L.I.U. fans, it was satisfaction enough that their team had been invited to the tournament. Hardly anyone had expected the Blackbirds to defeat their favored first-round opponents, Bradley University. During the regular season, Long Island University plays its home games in a gymnasium that has been carved out of the stage and part of the orchestra of the old

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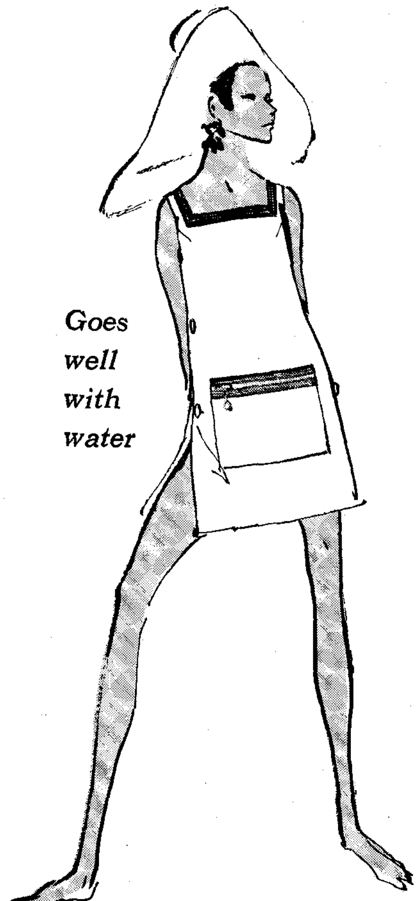

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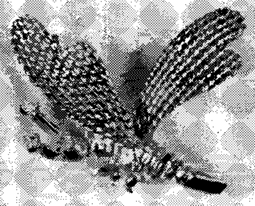

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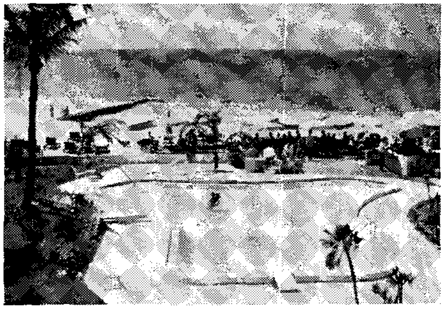
Brooklyn Paramount, a one-time movie-and-vaudeville palace that is still decorated with gilded cupids and half-draped goddesses; the building was taken over by the university in 1962 and renamed Founders Hall. The ornate marble lobby has been converted into a student lounge and cafeteria; the office of the basketball coach is where Rudy Vallée's dressing room used to be.

Roy Rubin, the coach of the Blackbirds, is known as a student of the game. He believes that television has had an enormous impact on the calibre of high-school and college basketball, and that coaching methods now have to be more sophisticated than they once were. "Years ago, you started by teaching a boy how to shoot. Nowadays, they come to you with unbelievable moves and fakes they picked up watching the great ones on TV," he said before the Bradley game. In 1966, Rubin published a book called "Attacking Basketball's Pressure Defenses." With the aid of action photographs and little Klee-like diagrams filled with "X"s, "O"s, and directional arrows, he explained in detail the various methods of combatting such standard defensive alignments as the man-to-man press, the 1-2-2 zone press, the 2-1-2, the 2-2-1, the 2-3, the 3-2, the 1-3-1, the 1-1-3, the 1-1-2-1, and the 1-2-1-1, as well as the more complicated formations, like the box-and-one, the diamond-and-one, and the triangle-and-two. Rubin's book emphasized the role of the coach as an indispensable "sixth man" on today's basketball team: "Where in the old days the ball-handling expert could size up the defense, bring the offense to a halt, and shout, 'Zone! Zone! You play there, and you play there, etc.,' nobody in the game today has the time or genius to decide what type of press the defense is using. The coach can be of tremendous help by immediately analyzing the defense and passing on the information to his players while the game is in progress."

The relationship between all those little diagrams on paper and what happens on the floor during a game may not be readily apparent to the average fan, but one clear sign of a well-coached team is the ability to keep playing its best basketball no matter what the score. Though L.I.U. fell behind Bradley on the opening tap and trailed by four, five, or six points through the first half and most of the second, the team never lost its composure and never let the game slip out of reach. Then the Blackbirds, led by Luther Green, a six-foot-six-and-a-half-inch forward,

Florida



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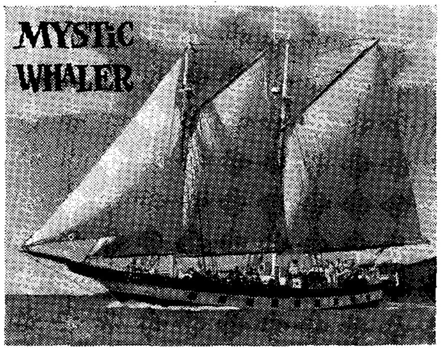

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and Larry Newbold, their six-foot-two-inch captain and playmaker, opened a drive against Bradley's 3-2 zone defense; they had been behind, 62–54; within minutes they went ahead, 69–65. Bradley tied the score three times, at 73–73, 75–75, and 77–77, before a ten-foot jumper by Green, with twenty seconds showing on the clock, put L.I.U. ahead for good. The final score was 80–77.

A few minutes later, in the dressing room, an ecstatic Rubin was embracing players and reporters indiscriminately and telling everyone that his biggest problem during the game had been the noise of the crowd, which made it difficult for him to shout instructions to his team. He said that the secret of the team's success was having "two great players, and three boys who do everything I tell them." He was asked what he thought about L.I.U.'s next opponent, Notre Dame, which had beaten Army in another first-round game. A smile of pure bliss crossed his face. "L.I.U. . . . Notre Dame," he said dreamily, as if he had never heard anything so beautiful. "L.I.U.-Notre Dame. L.I.U.-Notre Dame. It's just too much!"

Rubin had three full days to get used to the idea. Then his team went out and lost to Notre Dame, 62–60, and it took no post-game analysis from the coach to explain why. L.I.U.—whose field-goal percentage in the Bradley game had been 61.3, a 1968 tournament high—shot a dismal 37.5 per cent against Notre Dame's tenacious man-to-man defense. With everyone else hopelessly ineffectual, the L.I.U. offense in the second half consisted entirely of Larry Newbold working one-on-one against his man—à la Oscar Robertson, of the Cincinnati Royals—while the rest of the team cleared the right side of the court for him. Newbold, who as a teen-ager at the Harlem Y.M.C.A. had tried to model himself on Robertson, was brilliant; he took thirteen shots in the second half, made ten, and kept the Blackbirds' hopes alive until the final minute. But he could not do the whole job alone, especially since Notre Dame started double- and even triple-teaming him as soon as he crossed the midcourt line. In the end, the only thing the coach could yell from the bench was encouragement.

Two days later, Notre Dame lost to the University of Dayton by two points, 76–74, and Dayton and Kansas, which had been among the Favorites from the start, began preparing for the championship game. There would

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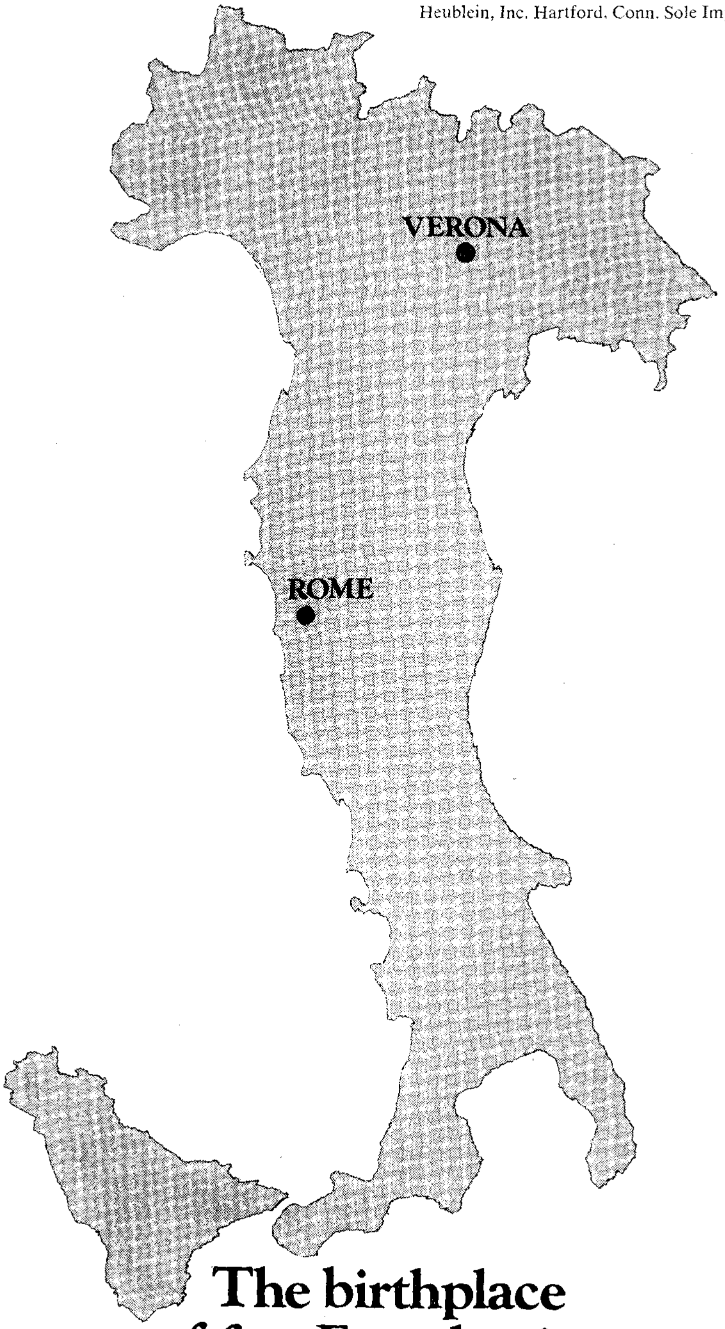

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be no more surprises. By now, each team had played three games. (Kansas had defeated Temple and Villanova as well as St. Peter's, and Dayton had eliminated West Virginia and Fordham before Notre Dame.) The rival coaches had had ample opportunity to scout each other. Both teams favored a careful, controlled offense, based on a limited number of set patterns in which each man on the court had a specific, assigned role at all times. Kansas depended on its height to control play under the basket, and on the backcourt leadership and playmaking abilities of Jo Jo White, one of the finest ball handlers in collegiate basketball. Dayton had a six-foot-ten-inch center, Dan Obrovac, to match Kansas's Dave Nash on rebounds, but Dayton's best player was Don May, a six-foot-four-inch forward with the build of a football halfback, who led his team in both points and rebounds. The entire Dayton offense had been designed by the coach, Don Donoher, to take maximum advantage of May's specialty, an incredibly accurate left-handed jump shot from the baseline.

The city of Dayton is proud of its reputation as one of the most fanatic basketball towns in the country, and though it is six hundred and twenty-five miles from New York, more than three hundred loyal fans—prominent business and professional men as well as students and parents—came East to cheer the team on in the final. Rudy Waterman, a senior from New York City, did not expect to hear anyone cheering for him. He had been a starter earlier in the year, when the Flyers were losing nine of their first sixteen games, but he had seen very little action during the second half of the season, when the team went on a winning streak that brought its record to seventeen victories and nine losses and earned Dayton its eleventh N.I.T. appearance in eighteen years. During his team's first three tournament victories, Waterman had sat on the bench. In fact, he had sat on the end of the bench, next to Glinder Torain, the only other Negro on the squad. When the other reserves jumped to their feet to yell encouragement to the starting five, Waterman and Torain kept their seats. When both the starters and the reserves huddled around Coach Donoher during time-outs, Waterman and Torain remained outside the circle. There seemed to be two separate teams on the bench—one white and one black—with a small but always perceptible gap between them. A few weeks earlier, Waterman had publicly

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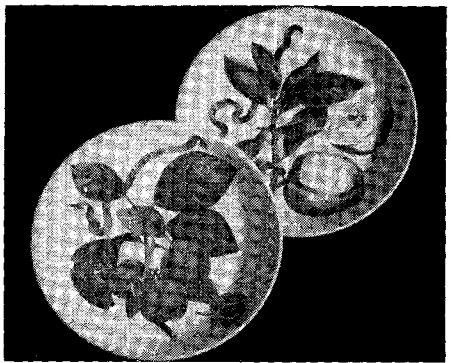

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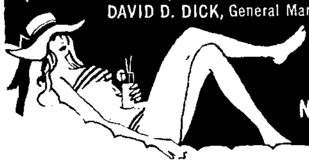

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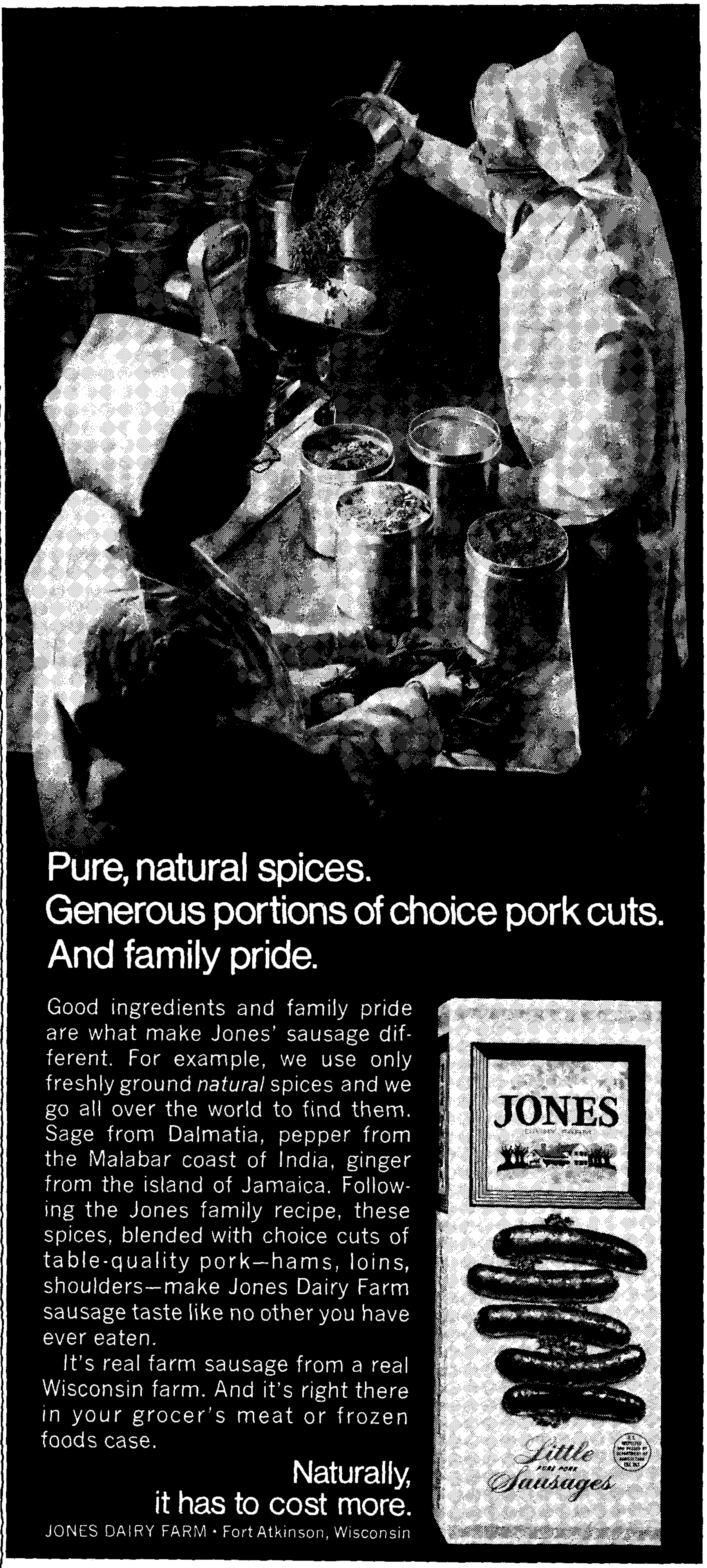
accused the University of Dayton Athletic Department, and the basketball team in particular, of racial discrimination. As Waterman explained it, he had made the charges at a panel discussion on discrimination during Black and White Crisis Week, a symposium sponsored by the Dayton student government. Although he had not intended to speak, he said, "one of the black sisters on the panel got into a bind, and I felt it was my duty to untie her." He added, "I spoke up about a past experience of mine, concerning some other people on the team. I suppose I said a little more than I should have."

Waterman's remarks had created a sensation in the local papers. In addition to having a reputation as a zealous basketball town, Dayton has long been known as a classic example of the Northern city with a Southern outlook. Its university has about a hundred and twenty-five Negroes in a full-time student body of more than seven thousand, and until 1964, when Donoher took over the coaching job, Dayton had had only a few Negro basketball players. Donoher, a soft-spoken man from Toledo, who had personally recruited Waterman and Torain, refused to discuss the racial issue that had arisen, except to offer the general comment "Whenever a player is benched, he usually assumes it's some kind of personal thing." After he charged the team with racial discrimination, some of Waterman's teammates accused him of prejudice in reverse, and it was said that he had been "gotten to" over the summer by one of the black militants. Waterman denied this vehemently. "Nobody got to me," he said in an interview before the final game at the Garden. "Rudy just got hold of himself. When I came to Dayton, I was green. I didn't know anything about the school's reputation, and I didn't check on the situation in town. To me, it was just 'college,' you know? But when you're away from home, you have a lot of time to think. I started to think." He said that despite the bitterness engendered by his open break with the team, he had decided to finish out the year at Dayton. "All this year, I was visualizing myself graduating. So why blow up altogether now? Hardly any black student can get a good education at a predominantly white school, but I have enjoyed a great many courses, and some of my professors are beautiful people, and the prestige of a college degree can be useful to me in getting my ideas across. My main objective is to help my people." Waterman is a strong supporter of the black boycott of the 1968



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summer Olympics. "They complain about violence," he said. "Well, this is a non-violent way of getting our point across about this supposedly free, democratic society—making the racial situation here internationally known." For the end of his own college basketball career, Waterman expressed neither relief nor regret. "It's been good for a free education, anyway," he said. "And I do still love the game."

THE Garden had been sold out long in advance for the final, but on the afternoon of the Kansas-Dayton game the sidewalks in front of the main entrance had turned into a buyers' market. Sad-faced young men, whose allegiance clearly belonged to either St. Peter's or L.I.U., stood in a light drizzle with their collars turned up, waving pairs of tickets under the noses of passersby and waiting for any decent offer. Seven-and-a-half-dollar seats were going for as low as four dollars. The odds-makers had proclaimed Kansas a one-point favorite, but it was impossible to think of Dayton—a team that had won its last thirteen games against major competition—as an underdog. As if to make up for the lack of local fervor, the delegations from both schools were equipped with pep bands and squads of cartwheeling cheerleaders in miniskirts. An indefatigable Kansas student staggered around the floor in an elaborate Jayhawk costume (yellow beak and boots, red-and-blue velvet body) that weighed fifty pounds. And the Dayton Flyerettes, a twenty-nine-girl precision dance troupe, were on hand to entertain at half time.

The game seemed to divide itself neatly down the middle. Kansas dominated play in the first half, working the ball in to its big men on offense and clogging up the keyhole with its zone defense to deny May his favorite cross-court move toward the ball. May had only five points in the first twenty minutes, but Bobby Joe Hooper, the team captain, who was playing with a fractured left hand, kept Dayton in the game with accurate shooting from the outside, and when the Kansans missed seven of eight shots from the foul line their hard-won lead slipped away. The score at half time was 25–25.

May's performance in the second half may not have been quite perfect—he sank six of seven shots from the floor and five of six free throws, and he outleaped taller men on both teams to pull down seven rebounds—but it was enough to break the game open and assure his selection as the

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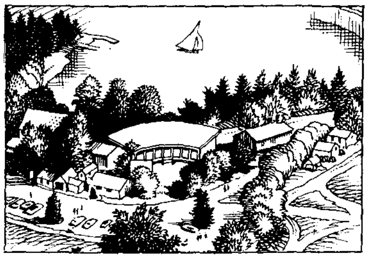

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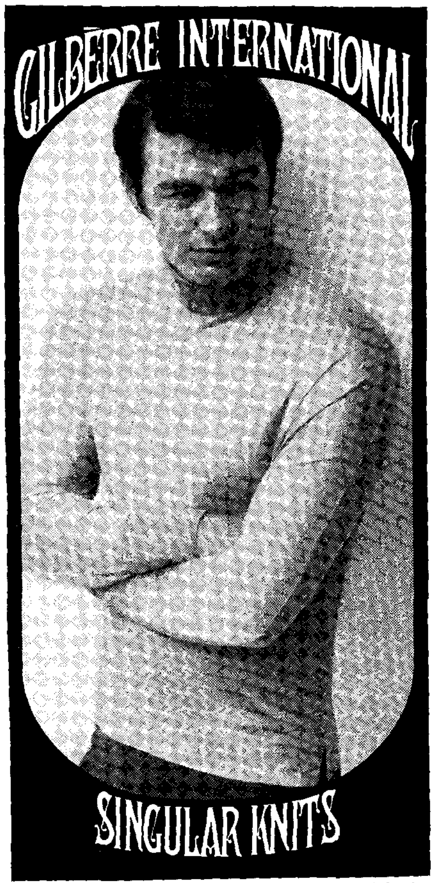

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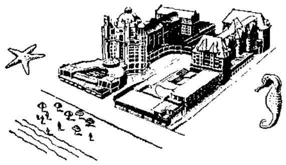

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tournament's Most Valuable Player. By positioning himself a few steps closer to the baseline than he had in the first half, he was able to work free for the fraction of a second that he needed to get off his turnaround jump shot. And, with three baskets on three shots in less than two minutes, he forced Kansas to abandon its original game plan and play more aggressive basketball. Because Dayton was playing an even more controlled game than usual, the Kansans had to foul to get the ball, and that turned out to be a mistake; the Flyers made twenty out of twenty-two free throws, including ten in a row for their last ten points, and won the game, 61–48.

With the game clearly in hand in the closing minutes, Coach Donoher began emptying his bench, and everyone on the thirteen-man squad got a chance to play for at least a few seconds in the final game of the 1968 N.I.T. except Mike Blevins, a sophomore who had hardly played at all during the regular season, and Rudy Waterman, who bent down and tightened the lace on his right sneaker just as the final buzzer sounded. Hundreds of Dayton fans, ignoring the warnings of the public-address announcer, swarmed out of the stands onto the court while the Garden's security guards looked on helplessly. Coach Donoher stood, dazed, in the center of the crush, his eyes filled with tears. Sonia Donoher, his wife, and Bobby Joe Hooper's mother wept in each other's arms. May, Hooper, and Obrovac were lifted high in the air on a mass of shoulders and carried around the arena, to the inevitable chant of "We're Number One! We're Number One!" What they meant, of course, was "We're Number One in the thirty-first annual National Invitation Tournament," but who wants to chant a thing like that?

—GERALD JONAS

•

Curious piece of statistics: there are five stage Redgraves, so when Vanessa broke a toe, it was exactly one per cent of Redgrave toes. When you reckon it got about twenty per cent of available front page space, it's damned lucky none of them broke their necks.—*Punch.*

And high time *Punch* hired a mathematician.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Adv. in TV Guide*]

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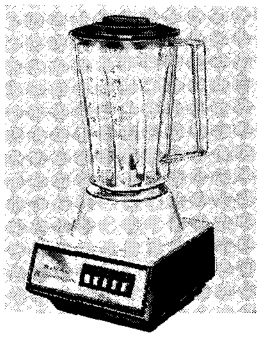

MUSICAL EVENTS

Is Music Dead?

ROGER SESSIONS has for some time now occupied the position of elder statesman of the academic establishment in American musical composition. From his throne in Princeton, he reigns over the fashions taught at countless university music departments, where tyro composers learn to compose more or less like him. His own pupils are ubiquitous. Just how much all this has to do with the American musical public is a debatable point. I have never heard any concertgoer express an anguished hunger that nothing but one of Mr. Sessions' symphonies could satisfy. His realm is the college composition classes of America, and these have somehow become divorced from the needs of people who go to hear music. Composition in America at the present time is largely done by professors for professors and students, and, as one of Mr. Sessions' more prominent pupils recently remarked, "Who needs the audience?" I have never admired Mr. Sessions' music, but I do admire his tenacity of purpose. Nobody has been more influential in promoting the fifty-year-old serial technique in composition. Of course, the avant-garde is way out there ahead of Mr. Sessions. He is the stalwart conservative of modernism. But if you want to hear music pretty much as Schoenberg began composing it half a century ago, Mr. Sessions is your man. He is not mine, however, and the first performance of his Eighth Symphony, by the New York Philharmonic, under William Steinberg, in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night, failed to change my lack of allegiance. True, there were some effects of orchestral color and a good deal of banging on percussion instruments during the first part of the piece which made one feel that Mr. Sessions was aiming at something dramatic, but these soon disappeared, giving way to the customary bleak grayness of unrelieved tone rows. While listening to the symphony, I did some thinking, and came to the conclusion that there are two possible diagnoses for the kind of music Mr. Sessions composes. Either it is a passing disease from which we shall one day recover or music is dead and Mr. Sessions is one of its most enthusiastic pallbearers.

Mr. Steinberg, having conducted the symphony meticulously, then presented Van Cliburn as soloist in Chopin's First Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. Though Mr. Cliburn still has some of the attributes of a first-rate Romantic pianist, his performance the other night was a bit glib, with a good deal of harsh tone and no profound understanding of the Chopin style. Technically, he remains a brilliant artist, but he hasn't got the more refined nuances of his work within his grasp. The evening closed with that dear old period piece Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," which I don't remember hearing in a concert hall in twenty years. It is amusing to reflect that most people once considered this piece an example of barbaric music, fresh from the steppes of Central Asia. It doesn't sound that way any longer, and hearing it again was a cozy experience, somewhat like visiting a maiden aunt who has settled down after an adventurous youth.

LAST Friday night, Eugene Ormandy brought the Philadelphia Orchestra to Carnegie Hall with an interesting program. It started off with Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture, and continued with Francis Poulenc's "Gloria," for soprano, chorus, and orchestra, which entailed the services of the Rutgers University Choir and the soprano soloist Martina Arroyo. This composition, which is not often performed, shows Poulenc very much under the influence of Stravinsky and Prokofieff—something that is not characteristic of the bulk of his work. It is quite striking in its way, and full of restrained and dignified religious fervor. The chorus, trained by F. Austin Walter, sang well, as usual, and Miss Arroyo managed the difficult solo part with beautiful vocal quality, displaying again the extraordinary richness and spectacular range of voice that she has shown many times in the past. The concert concluded with a suave performance of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony—that gentlest of all the Bruckner symphonic works. Mr. Ormandy conducted it with the ease of long experience and with an unusual feeling for its formal relationships. The orchestra could not have played better.

MR. BALANCHINE is a man of many styles, and it was a pleasure, on Tuesday evening of last week, at the State Theatre, to see his revival of one of his early works—"Slaughter

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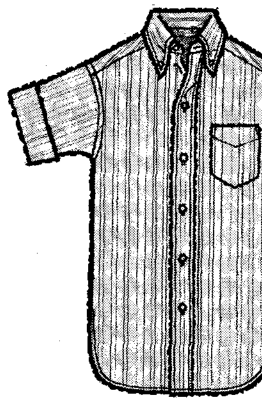

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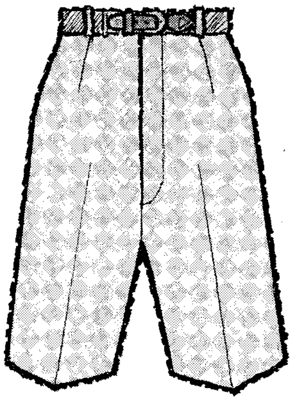

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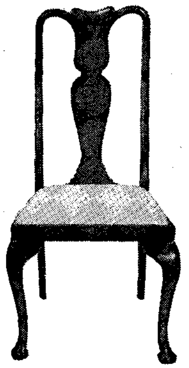

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on Tenth Avenue," an episode that once formed part of the Richard Rodgers musical show "On Your Toes," which was composed more than thirty years ago. "Slaughter" represents Mr. Balanchine in a more robust and slightly less exacting style than the one we have become accustomed to. It is done in a theatrical vein recalling Agnes de Mille's musical-show numbers, and its effect is dependent more on drama than on choreography in the strict sense of the term. The scenery—a plush-lined barroom with a strip-tease stage at one side—is by Jo Mielziner, and the costumes are by Irene Sharaff, both collaborators in the original production. The cast, led by Arthur Mitchell as the Hoofer and Suzanne Farrell as the Strip Tease Girl, danced agreeably enough, but to those who remember "On Your Toes" it was evident that Mr. Mitchell, well trained as he is, is no match for Ray Bolger—a genius who rose from an entirely different tradition. Nor was Miss Farrell anything like Tamara Geva, though her high kicks were charming. Mr. Rodgers has never been very good at extended instrumental episodes, and the music, despite the workmanship of the talented arranger Hershy Kay, seemed a little thin.

The company started the evening off with John Taras's "Haydn Concerto," an unpretentious formal affair that has never quickened my heartbeat, though the dancing of Kay Mazzo, Patricia McBride, John Prinz, and Earle Sieveling was as bright as anyone could have desired. This was followed by Mr. Balanchine's "Glinkaiana," with Violette Verdy, Allegra Kent, Paul Mejia, and John Clifford. Miss Verdy was especially scintillating in the polka, and Miss Kent and Mr. Clifford did well by the moonlight "Valse Fantasie" scene. But for me the peak of the evening was reached in the Balanchine "Pas de Deux," a circusy number in which Miss McBride and Jacques d'Amboise performed wondrous feats of athleticism. Miss McBride spun like a top, and I have never seen Mr. d'Amboise dance more brilliantly. His leaps were breathtaking.

Later in the week—on Thursday night, after the Philharmonic concert, to be exact—I dropped in at the State Theatre again, to see a staged version of Igor Stravinsky's "Requiem Canticles" "arranged" (that was the word in the program) by Mr. Balanchine as a memorial to the late Martin Luther King, Jr. I have already commented on the music, and shall not do so

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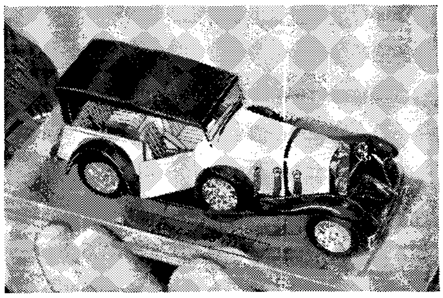

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again. Mr. Balanchine's "arrangement" consisted of a sort of Elysian Fields scene in which Mr. Mitchell appeared as a single Negro figure with a large company of dancers in white shifts walking around him in various patterns. Miss Farrell appeared as a swift-moving soloist, also dressed in white. There were reminiscences of Martha Graham. The whole thing was a dignified tribute.

ON Wednesday night of last week, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House to see the Royal Ballet's new production of "Sylvia," choreographed by Sir Frederick Ashton. It was a pocket-sized version of the original three-act ballet, containing most of its prominent episodes. Léo Delibes's music for "Sylvia" has for so long been a commonplace in the repertoires of dinner-music orchestras that it is difficult to hear it again with a fresh ear. It is skillfully written, but it no longer makes a very striking effect. Mr. Ashton has drawn on the conventions of French Empire ballet, and the piece has a satirical look, because of the antiquated choreography literally reproduced. Svetlana Beriosova danced the title role with excellent style, bringing down the house with her "Pizzicato Polka," and Donald MacLeary pranced heroically as her lover, Aminta. Alexander Grant was very funny as the more or less stationary statue of Eros, and Ann Howard and Keith Martin performed engagingly as a couple of goats.

But I would give all the pantomimic and narrative aspects of ballet for its athletic ones, and in the pas de deux from "Le Corsaire," which followed, I was on the edge of my seat. Here was Margot Fonteyn at her most sylphlike, going through incredible feats of motion, while Rudolf Nureyev unleashed all his catlike energy in leaps and turns in the air that were equally incredible. Next came Mr. Ashton's "Symphonic Variations," an abstract, Balanchine-like affair. I thought the César Franck music ill-suited to dancing, and the work as a whole left me interested but unexcited. Owing to the collapse backstage of Graham Usher, his place was taken by Gary Sherwood, who seemed to fit in perfectly. The evening ended with Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand," which I have already commented on several times.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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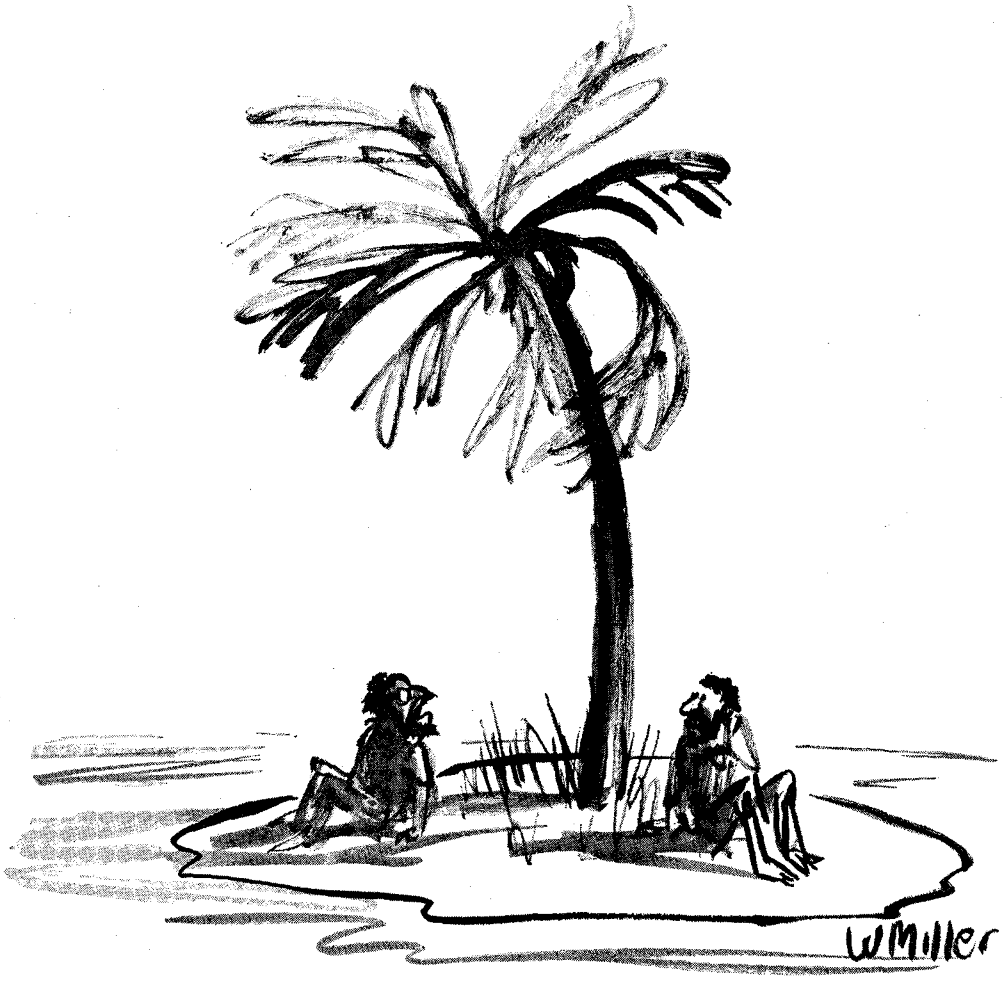
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 5

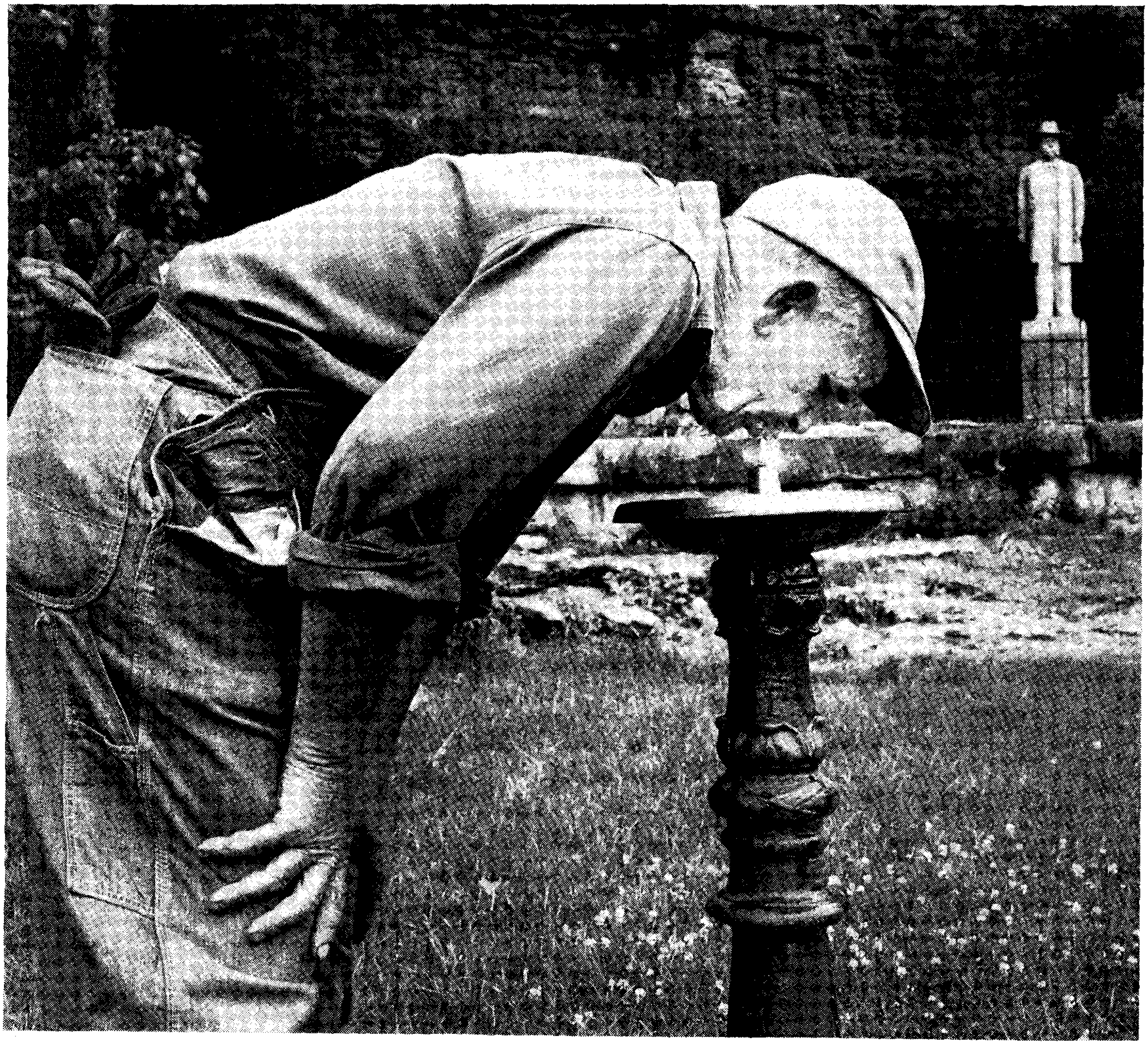
IT is taken for granted by many people here that the talks in Paris will go on for a very long time, perhaps for years, and that combat in South Vietnam will continue—and very likely be intensified—in the course of negotiations. Much evidence from the past can be marshalled in support of this discouraging view. As a rule, peace settlements merely ratify and institutionalize the military status quo. The military situation in Vietnam today can hardly be described, much less institutionalized. In theory, a cease-fire could be arranged, but a cease-fire could as easily hold up negotiations as advance them. In any case, neither side, as far as is currently known, is so exhausted militarily as to require an immediate or early truce. We may be as guilty as our adversaries of using negotiations for purposes of propaganda, but the Communist powers in Asia have developed a doctrine that calls for talking and fighting at the same time and that makes negotiation an extension of war by other means. They practice a diplomacy of attrition; like Marxists in general, they believe that time is the most trustworthy of their allies, and, unlike some European Marxists, they have all the patience needed to put their belief to the test. Many, if not most, diplomats here assume that the proceedings in Paris will more or less follow the pattern of the negotiations with North Korea undertaken seventeen years ago. These achieved a precarious armistice after two years but continue to this day—accompanied now by separate negotiations over the captured Pueblo and its crew—with nothing like a final settlement in sight.

According to the Defense Department, in the month that followed the President's speech of March 31st new records were set for the number of North Vietnamese troops dispatched south of the Seventeenth Parallel, and a large offensive by the Vietcong, with the reinforcements provided by Hanoi, is said to have been launched only a few hours ago. History seems to be repeating itself. Plainly, Hanoi is not at this point ready to make the gesture of "reciprocity" that the Administration has said is the price for an end to all bombardment of North Vietnam. There appear, however, to be elements in the present situation that may make past experience somewhat irrelevant. For one thing, the President of the United States now seems persuaded that his place in American history will largely be determined by his success or failure in ending this war during the next several months. He may be wrong about this; the future may take a harsher view of his warmaking than of his effort, whether or not it is successful, at peacemaking. But there can be no doubt that he has staked his reputation on peace and will pursue it with all his formidable energy and political skills. There is, to be sure, no reason that Ho Chi Minh, or whoever will be giving instructions to North Vietnamese diplomats in Paris, should wish to accommodate Lyndon Johnson in this matter, and Ho may even feel that some interest may be served by waiting for another President to take office. If that were the case, there would be very little Johnson could do about it; he cannot produce a settlement by an act of will, and he cannot send representatives to Paris to announce a surrender. But while the President may at times have been reckless in his role as Commander-in-Chief, he is an uncommonly circumspect politician, and when he publicly announces his readiness to make a deal it can safely be assumed that he is confident that a deal can be made. It would not have been at all in character for him to de-escalate the war and announce his own retirement five weeks ago if he had not had good reason to believe that negotiations would follow and, more important, that they would succeed in time for him to leave office as a peacemaker.

For several years now, or for as long as there has been talk of a diplomatic settlement in Vietnam, the White House and the State Department have insisted that this government could not possibly go to a peace conference without being certain that peace would in fact ensue. Negotiations that ended in failure or dragged on as those in Korea did would, it was said, be worse than no negotiations at all. They could be more dangerous than the war itself, because they would in time leave the government with no option except escalation on a scale that would almost certainly lead to a Great Power confrontation and the use of nuclear weapons. A foreknowledge of success became a condition for negotiations. That condition may have been dropped or modified in recent weeks; where once a sure thing



"*Stendhal said this, Stendhal said that. Don't you know what anybody else ever said?*"



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was demanded, it may be that, in desperation, the President was willing to act simply on the basis of what he was told were favorable odds. Certainly no one in or out of the government has suggested that the President, before he came to his large decisions about the war and his own future, received any binding pledge from Hanoi or from leaders of the National Liberation Front that an acceptable settlement could be reached in 1968. It seems, indeed, that he was taken very much by surprise when he got a favorable reply from Hanoi within three days, and Administration leaders could only conclude that Hanoi was preparing to call for negotiations at about the same time the President did. (Charles Collingwood, of C.B.S., was in Hanoi for several days before the President spoke, and independently became convinced that the North Vietnamese were getting ready to take the initiative in calling for the meetings that are now about to take place.) In any case, it seems clear that the President had assurances of some sort that there would be an agreeable response within a reasonable period of time.

It is possible but improbable that the President acted on the basis of information given him by the C.I.A. or one of the other intelligence agencies. These sources have been notoriously undependable in their appraisals of trends in North Vietnam. Word could have come from Hanoi through private channels or through some other government. (The Administration has made no denial of stories that Professor Henry Kissinger, a Harvard political scientist and an adviser to Nelson Rockefeller, had been authorized to gather information through French intermediaries about Hanoi's receptiveness to early negotiations and had turned in a hopeful report.) The general belief here, though, is that he acted not on the basis of any direct or indirect communications with Hanoi but, rather, on assurances from other governments that if he took the initiative in de-escalation and a call for a peace conference, Hanoi would shortly find itself under pressure that it could not for long resist both to attend a conference and to make it successful and not interminable. The powers that could best exert such pressure would be France and the Soviet Union, and with the agreement on Paris as the site—an agreement that seems to have been reached almost at the outset by the odd device of never mentioning Paris in the course of discussing the unsuitability of eighteen other cities and a warship—there is every reason to believe that some reliance was placed on the coöperation of President de Gaulle. De Gaulle, of course, has no more reason than Ho Chi Minh to wish to spare President Johnson the unkind judgment of historians. He is very much like Johnson, though, in seeking the affection of posterity for himself, and he will get a large share of it, at least in the French texts, if the war in Vietnam—the most hated war of his time—is ended in Paris while he still governs France. By agreeing to play host to the negotiators, he has acquired very much the same stake in success as the American President. True, he has less to lose in the event of failure—he would still go down as a leader who got his own country out of a terrible war—but he has voluntarily involved his own prestige in the forthcoming conferences, and it seems hardly likely that he would have done so if he had not felt confident that the results would be to his and the world's liking. He would also, it appears, have almost as much interest as Johnson in seeing to it that the negotiations move at a brisker pace than is anticipated by those whose outlook is grounded in past experience with Asian Communist powers. He has not announced his retirement, but he has frequently acknowledged his mortality, and it would not suit any of his purposes if the negotiators seemed more interested in prolonging the talks—and the bloodshed—than in ending them to the world's satisfaction. For Paris to be the scene of the kind of spectacle that took place in Panmunjom, Korea, in the early fifties would be a humiliation to him, to the great city, and to France.

It seems unlikely that de Gaulle would have offered Paris as a site without having assurances of his own from Hanoi and Washington that both governments were in earnest about ending the war. And it may be that those from Hanoi were received and in some form transmitted to Washington before the President spoke. (That there was a measure of collusion seems

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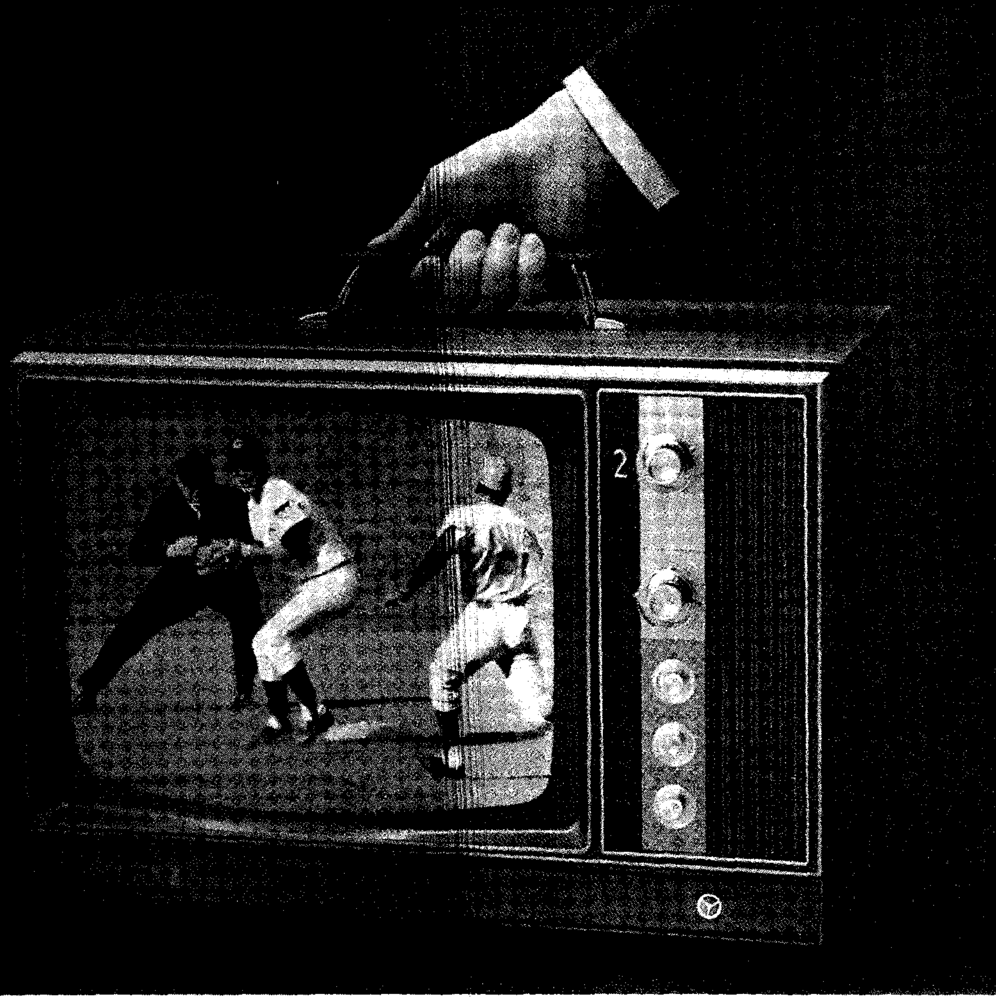

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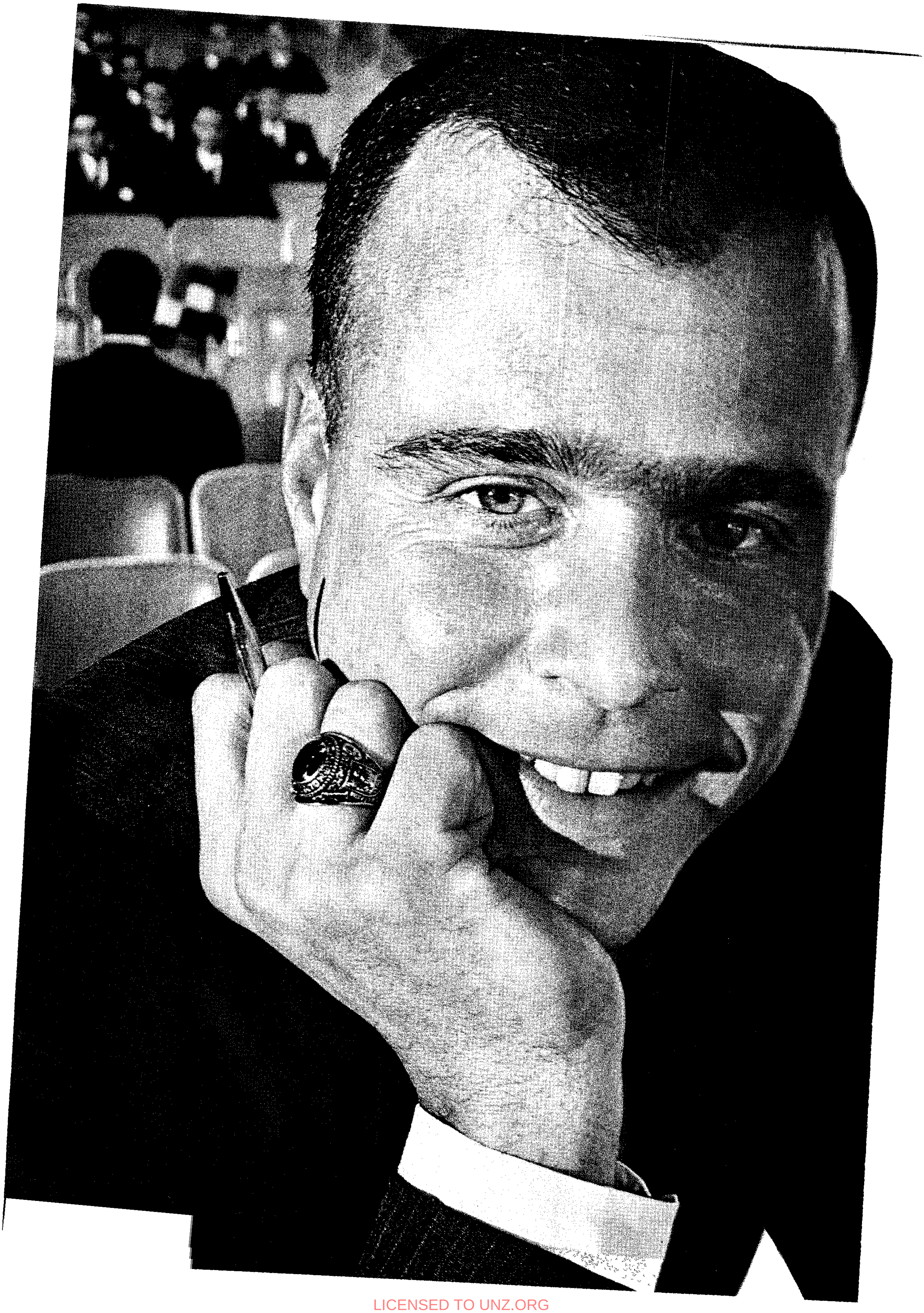

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evident from the fact that Paris was never mentioned before being agreed upon.) It is in any case clear that the President spoke with the knowledge that the Soviet Union was prepared to urge compromise on North Vietnam and would try to counter whatever pressures for intransigence came from China and from other Communist parties hostile to Moscow. The knowledge that Moscow favors a negotiated settlement has been widespread here for some time. Despite Soviet assistance to Hanoi, Soviet diplomats have always been quick to concede that their government would be better served by peace in Vietnam than by a Communist victory won in a long, expensive, and dangerous war. They regard China as a far greater threat than the United States to their interests in Asia, and although they may very well want to disengage in Southeast Asia in order to prepare for a more important conflict with American power in the Middle East, they generally profess to see Vietnam as an unwanted impediment to an extended Soviet-American *détente*, which, they say, could have been arranged years ago if it had not been for the war in Vietnam. How much leverage the Soviet Union can exert in North Vietnam has always been as much a matter of speculation among Soviet diplomats as it has been among diplomats in this country and Western Europe. As Hanoi's principal source of war matériel, it could probably bring compliance by cutting off supplies. But this would be self-defeating, and an enormous victory for China. Milder forms of pressure could undoubtedly be applied, but with uncertain effect. In agreeing to go to Paris, though, Hanoi has accepted a proposal that Moscow has long approved and Peking disapproved, and this seems to give promise that the advice of the Soviet Union will be sympathetically received; so does the appointment of a declared Soviet sympathizer, former Foreign Minister Xuan Thuy, as the chief North Vietnamese negotiator.

Many observers here are every bit as skeptical of Washington's desire for a settlement as others are of Hanoi's. Until a month ago, it was difficult to deny their case. Up to the moment he addressed the nation, the President seemed to be hardening in his determination to gain a military victory and to resist all talk of negotiations. It is not certain that the Administration ever actually sabotaged plans that held any real promise of peace, but the full record of the past four years, if it is ever made public, may very well show

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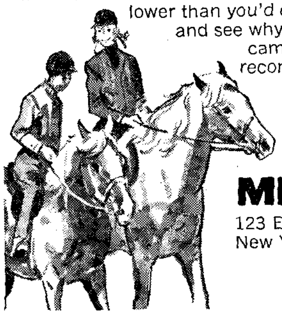

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that on occasion it did exactly this. No doubt there are some in the Administration today—and not only in the Defense Department—who feel that they and the country have been betrayed by the President, but it is easier now to maintain that these people have been let down than to maintain that the President is currently acting in bad faith and does not want negotiations to succeed. He has set out on a course from which it would be disastrous and all but impossible to turn back in what remains of his tenure. He has de-escalated not only in Vietnam but in this country. He did not order the military mobilization he was expected to order; instead, he created an atmosphere that may be described as a kind of political and psychological demobilization. The war may go on for months, and perhaps for years, and if we meet with nothing but frustration in Paris, Johnson or the next President may feel compelled to withdraw from negotiations and beat the war drums again. Another President might get away with it, but for Johnson it would be a defeat of incalculable magnitude. He would be almost immediately repudiated by his successor, regardless of whether this was a Republican or a Democrat. Moreover, he has put in charge of our negotiations men who could not permit themselves to be used badly by him. Averell Harriman and Cyrus Vance have had long, honorable, and successful careers as negotiators, and if honor means more to them than success, success still means a great deal. They would want no part in a venture whose deliberate aim was failure. They have sided more often with the doves than with the hawks, and so has George W. Ball, who, as Arthur Goldberg's successor, will be the chief advocate of American policy in the United Nations in the months ahead.

Nothing much has lately been said about American terms for a political settlement, but enough has been said in the past to make them reasonably clear today. We will insist that for the time being there will be two separate states in Vietnam, with approximately the same boundary that was agreed upon in 1954. We will not resist subsequent unification brought about by any means but force. We will probably insist on a military presence, either our own or that of some international agency, to make certain that unification by force is not attempted again. We will recognize the National Liberation Front as having won for itself a right to participate in the settlement and in the political life of a Vietnam at

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peace, but we will not accept it as the dominant force in South Vietnam unless it shows that it can assert its supremacy through normal political processes. There are some who doubt whether we could ever get the present Saigon regime to agree to any role for the N.L.F., and others who doubt whether we could ourselves ever tolerate a Communist government in South Vietnam, no matter by what means it came to power. But the Administration knows that there would be no point at all in going to Paris merely to plead the case of President Thieu and Vice-President Ky. If they are unyielding, they will have to fend for themselves, and one of the more agreeable developments of recent weeks is that they seem to be making an effort to put their political house in better order and to prepare, as it were, for their own independence. If, in time, the N.L.F. should become the government of South Vietnam and proclaim a Communist regime, we would face the choice of accepting it or reopening hostilities. No one here supposes for a moment that this country, once disengaged from Vietnam, would accept a second war there.

Hanoi has its own terms, as well known to the world as ours, and since these call for recognition of the N.L.F. as being at present the only legitimate government of South Vietnam, it would appear that its position and ours—not to mention Saigon's—are irreconcilable. Hanoi also insists upon complete withdrawal of American forces. If these two matters are not negotiable, Paris

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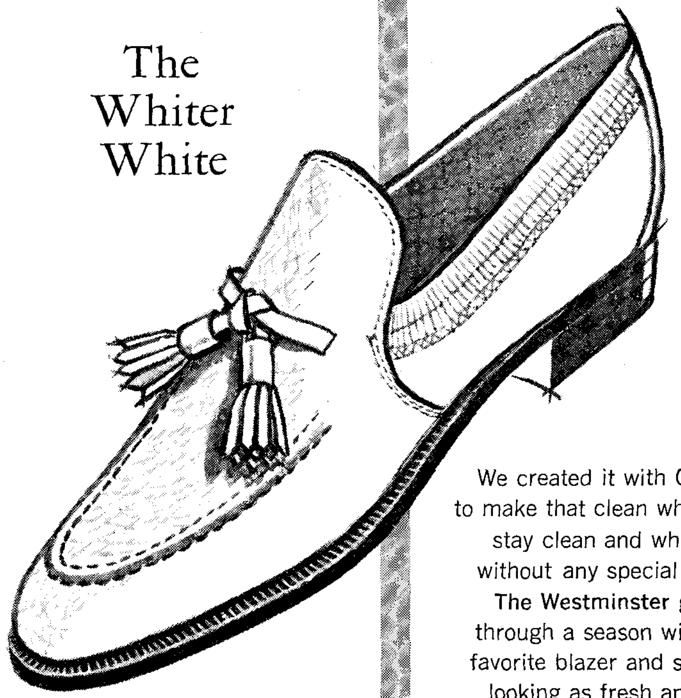

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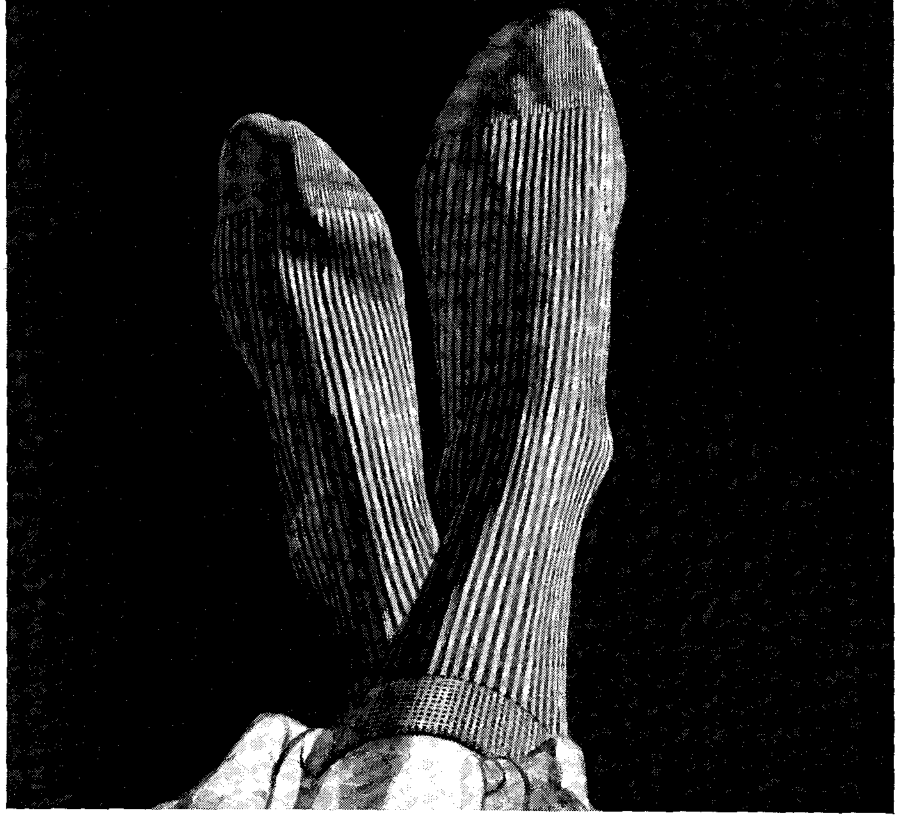

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will be a waste of everyone's time. But the agreement by both parties to go to Paris suggests that each regards them as negotiable and that there is therefore hope for compromise. The N.L.F. has never said that it would attempt to run the country as a one-party state, with only its members holding office. No doubt it would like to do just that, and would seek in time to eliminate all opposition, but somewhere within its ranks, it is known, are men who question the feasibility of gaining complete domination at the outset and are willing to settle for a coalition. The extent of N.L.F. participation would seem susceptible of resolution in Paris, as would the future of American power in South Vietnam. It is not conceivable that we would agree to withdraw immediately upon the signing of an agreement to end hostilities. But we could agree on a large reduction of forces, and we could set a series of dates for withdrawal. We could also agree to yield our places to troops from the U.N. or from some Asian consortium. Americans who have recently travelled in North Vietnam have been told that the government there does not expect a speedy American withdrawal, and some have been led to believe that Hanoi might look with favor on a continued American presence as offering it protection against pressure from the Chinese.

All the hopes that have been generated within the past month may be blasted a few days from now in Paris. But at least there is a feeling here that a long period of self-delusion has come to a welcome end. American policy may be no more successful than it has been in the past, but it is no longer fatuous, and contemptuous of the realities. If we fail to achieve a settlement in Paris, this will be attributable more to the intractability of the problems than to the intransigence of our position. If peace eludes us in negotiation, it may be hoped that we will have the wit to seek it by other means than those we have employed over the past three years. An honorable effort to gain it by diplomacy will win the respect of other peoples and, it can be hoped, their assistance in finding another way out.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

• •

ON THE WAGON

In between drinks, I go on the wagon,
which is sometimes a sleigh
and always filled with children,
including me—
the ears of horses like furred leaves,
the reins black over rumps
that resemble gray, cleft apples,
the smell of leather strong as brown medicine.

It is sometimes summer
and my cousin and I
actually ride the horses
and feel their backs—
broad, alive, and separate—
under our legs
thrust out, spraddled,
like short tan oars.

Sometimes there is hay in the box,
and that is a weed-sweet, wild-smell,
hot-heady bundle
of what was rooted, clovered, seasoned,
and sickled into a great, riding pillow
where we can roll under the passing sky.

It is at other times winter
and the smoke of the horses
is like the breath of fires,
and if I could, even now,
I would sneak inside,
stow away and lean against those hearts
stroking above every kind of ice and sweat
and desire.

—ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

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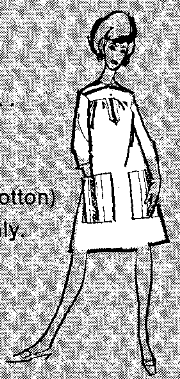

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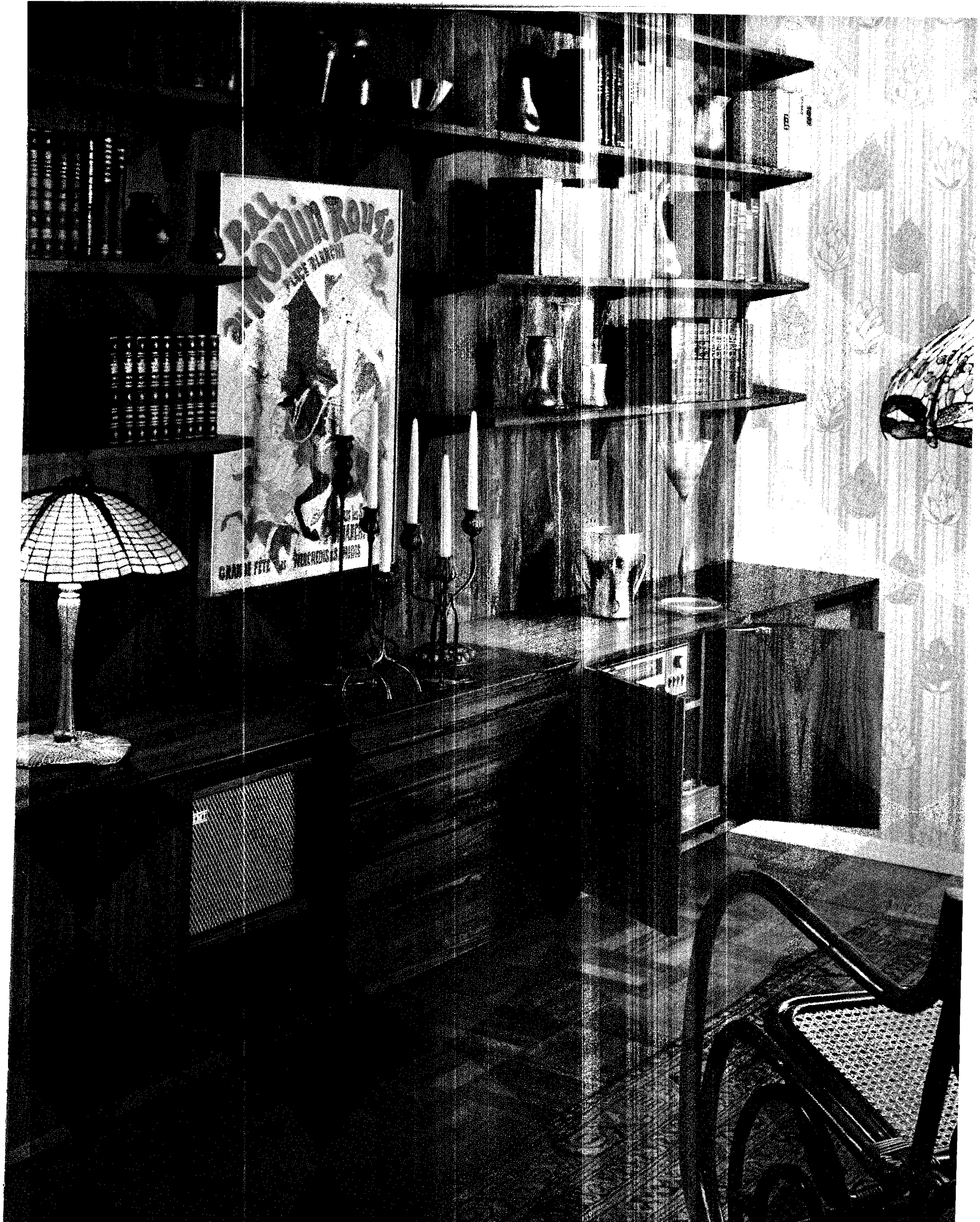

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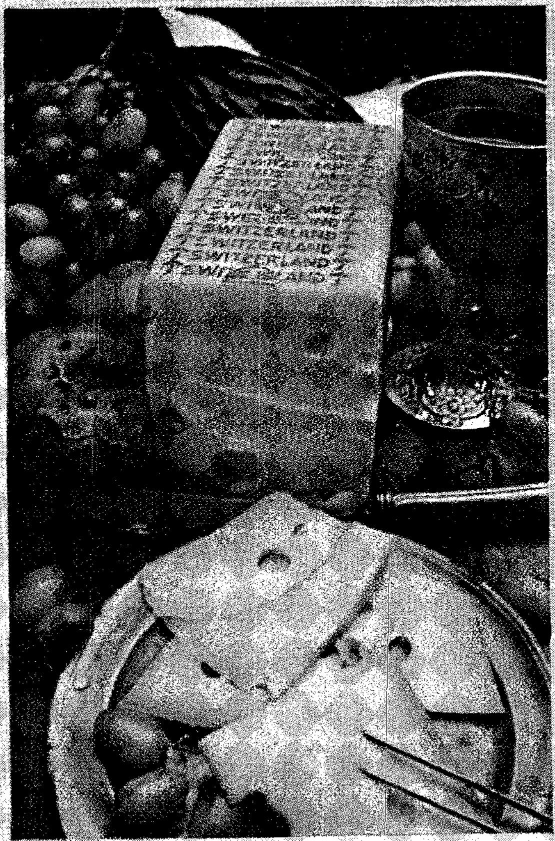

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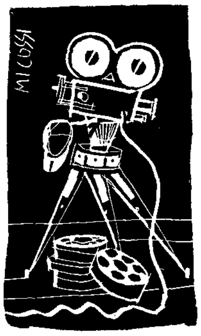
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Folly of Soldiers

WAR is stupid, says everyone, fighting and buying armament stocks the while. No, says Jean-Luc Godard's blandly insulting "Les Carabiniers," it is soldiers who are stupid. War itself is very clever. It gets the ill-placed to do the top brass's dirty work, it sanctions acts of arson and genocide that lone criminals might jib at, and it sells the recruitable on the idea that their lives are duller in peacetime. Without great idiocy among the men who fight, says the film—which has only just got a New York run, though Godard made it in 1963—war could scarcely work so brilliantly. This startling, craggy picture is haggard with intellect, but the brains and concern are disclaimed. "Les Carabiniers" wears an off-focus callousness that is peculiar to Godard. He proposes rock-faced paradoxes upon which familiar sympathy can obtain no purchase. They are illustrated with all the inhumanity he can muster, and he dares you to presume pity in him at the peril of your own cool. But some freezing alertness to people's suffering in the vise of modern arbitrariness seems to be there all the same, and his drive to deny that he feels affection is part of that same racking contemporary trap.



The brothers who are the chief characters are Ulysses (Albert Juross), a thin, resourceless man with a deceptive look of mastery, and Michelangelo (Marino Mase), a cream-faced loon whose tiny eyes are habitually screwed up in a hopeless mime of shrewdness. Michelangelo's temperament finds silver linings all over the place. When the king of the film's imaginary country tells him to fight, he interprets the order as a chance to see the world. Nice of His Majesty to write, he thinks. He swallows codswallop by the carload and looks on the bright side with a fixity beyond Candide's. Neither he nor Ulysses has apparent forebears, or anything but the most barren personal context. Godard always tends to abstract characters a little from naturalism and to show them in outline against lives that are like bare walls—much as Raoul Coutard, his great cameraman, chooses to represent them physically. The brothers have their civilian being in a shack and use an old cart as a couch for reading paperbacks. Their women are rock-bottom models of womanishness whose salient quality is a gift for staying numbingly cheerful through anything. While the girls hack public crisis down to the size of a mishap to the hair-dryer, the brothers feel manlier passions, and lust after a Maserati car. Soldiering presents itself to them as nothing but license. "Can I kill the innocent?" Michelangelo asks a policeman. "Yes." "Can I leave a restaurant without paying?" "Yes, yes"—impatiently. "It's *war*." What a spree, the enlisted feel. There is carrousel music suddenly on the sound track. "Bring back a horse and a lot of ribbons," says one of the girls, blithely putting something lyric into rapacity. The women—called Cleopatra and Venus—are entranced by the idea of their men in khaki. They encourage them in their new careers with a long appreciation of the wonderful things that can accrue from battle. This sequence balances one at the very end of the film, when the soldiers are back from the fatuous massacre with a suitcase proudly stuffed with picture postcards. The postcards are thrown onto the screen in a mishmash symbolic of the fruits of war as the brothers' dimmed minds see them. The montage of photographs—ancient architecture, cars, famous beauties, cheesecake, a Persian cat in a soppy pose, a Modigliani nude—turns into a ghastly thank-you to systematized slaughter, for the looting it allows, the sightseeing, the ecstatic dreaming forced on lonely, frightened men in pain. The jumble of empty mementos stands for all that the brothers can retain of anything that happens to them. Nothing is assimilated. Pictures of things are accepted in place of their meanings, and civilization is melted down into a souvenir. The girls look on indifferently. "I don't want the Parthenon," says Cleopatra. "It's ruined."

Cleopatra, Venus, Michelangelo, Ulysses. "Les Carabiniers" is about insensate people carrying legendary inscriptions of which they know no more than the postcard knows of the Parthenon. It is about minds that see history as garbage; about the way the world looks when insight and the sense of consequence have been lobotomized; about being a tool. Brecht often wrote of the same things. He was obsessed and saddened by our readiness to buy

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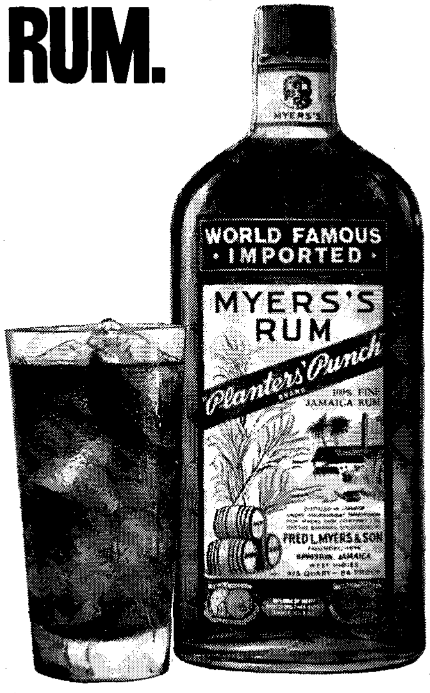

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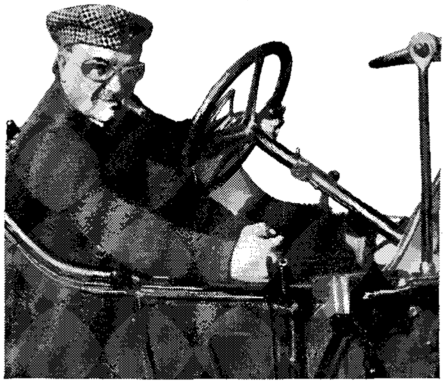

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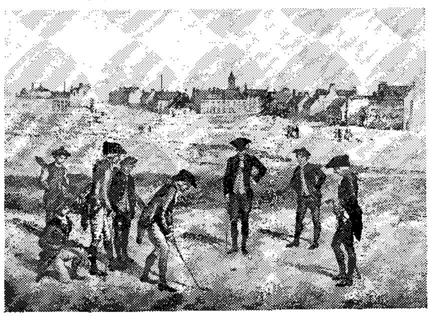

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life as it comes and to believe the labels. The bemused clods in "Les Carabiniers" have been sold a fake, handed out the existence of curs, but they trust the tag and obediently act out the parts of fortunate men, just as the characters in "Mother Courage" truly suppose themselves to be doing well out of the war that exploits them. The intellectual substance of the picture is compressed into the device of attaching noble official pronouncements to scenes of harrowing military muddle that they don't match at all. Soothing slogans are intoned over images of wretchedness like benedictions uttered over a Catholic peasant woman at the end of her tether. Godard is really making a humane point of linguistics. Hang on like grim death, he says, to the difference between words and meanings. Language denies the visible truth all the time in this picture. There is a shout of "*La guerre est finie!*" but the explosions continue as usual. While a voice sonorously announces triumph, civilians in a town square scatter under a low bombing raid. The womenfolk at home trot out to the mailbox for lunatically stoic letters saying that the bloodshed proceeds magnificently and that their men kiss them. On the third Christmas Day of the war, beside a stingy tree in a corner of their shack, Cleopatra and Venus experiment happily with festive ways of doing their hair.

The film is full of the vilely familiar iconography of the news photographer—shots of women waiting, of scared people running for cover with children in their arms, of shopkeepers in doors looking up at a sky full of planes. It is a system of imagery that we recognize as fully as our forerunners recognized the emblems of the saints. By pushing the terrible very slightly toward the imbecilic, Godard makes it a little worse; in one of the rare closeups in the film, for instance, Michelangelo stares at the camera wearing a gas mask. It is a mindless, ugly sight—some napalm-age cartoon of a knight with his visor down. "We captured Santa Cruz," the buffoon announces proudly, in a handwritten title. "I went to the movies." He sits in the cinema, grinning, and then holds his arms over his eyes to protect himself from a head-on shot of a train in the film he is watching, although he has never twitched a muscle about butchering people in real life, or even shown fear for himself. Then there is a bath scene from an old silent movie. Michelangelo goes up to the screen and tries to stroke the girl in her bath, yearning for the photograph of her as he never aches for the flesh of his wife.

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It is as if everything in life as he knows it were now ersatz, just as all history has become incoherent and all old endeavor been cancelled. But now and then, characteristically, Godard's black world will light up with an epiphanic flash of something better, so that the ground once won by the species seems not altogether lost. A Leninist girl condemned to be shot in a wood puts off the firing squad by reciting a poem of Mayakovsky's. The men usually love their work, but the ideas stored in her head make them stall. It is impossible to shoot her. She is so inconveniently in the middle of something—a recitation, or her life. The white handkerchief that they have hung over her face doesn't really help. It suddenly looks like a sculptor's cloth hung over a clay head to keep it damp for work next day. "*Frères!*" says the voice beneath the handkerchief, several times, wrecking resolve even further. To make murder routine again, the squad has to count "One, two, three" and fire in unison.

"Les Carabiniers" is a chilling fable about habit. It is also about the dizzying impulse to push the atrocious always a little farther. There are lines dealing with the same instinct in Godard's films about private life—moments when lovers wantonly say "I do not love you," to test how much pain they can cause; and in "Pierrot le Fou," when Pierrot says to a badly-off garage boy, "You'd like a car like that? Well, you'll never have one." The men in "Les Carabiniers" are inevitably less interesting than these characters, because their responses seem devised, and not their own. They are the victims, never the agents, of the obscuring of their consciousness. The film is more of a thesis film than any other that Godard has made; it is deliberately even less particularized than usual, and sometimes even more contrary. I realize that the maddeningness is a device, but occasionally it can be—well, maddening. Perhaps it is a trick he uses to shield himself. (His ex-wife, Anna Karina, once touchingly said that his reason for wearing dark glasses all the time is not that his eyes are weak but that his universe is too strong.) The shrug that one catches in his work, the self-protective guise of cool, can sometimes look very like an updating of the hallowed and facile old French game of playing the unsurprisable cynic, but it can also strike you, when his films are most expressive, as the self-defense of a uniquely troubled, rancorous, and tender intellect. Godard regularly uses affront as a style for statement, maybe

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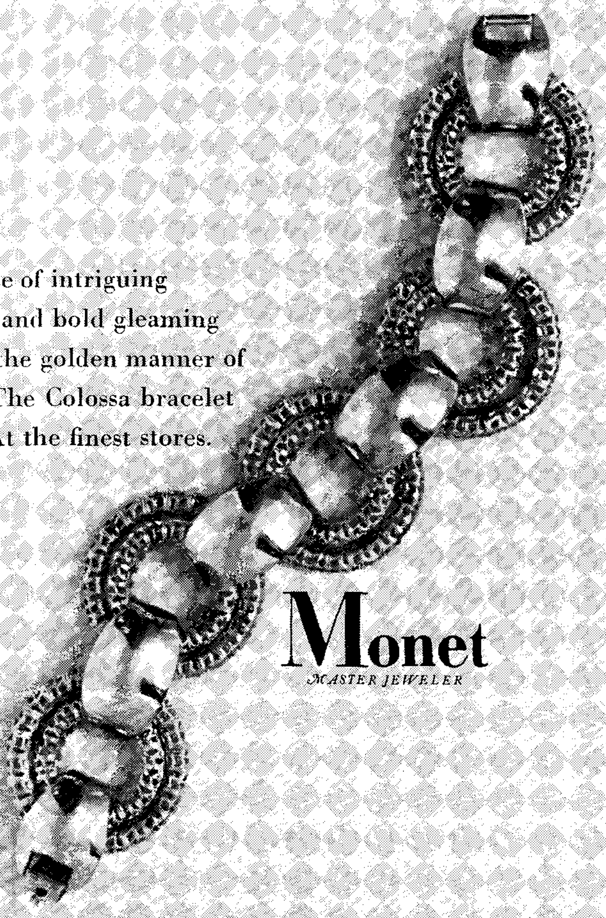

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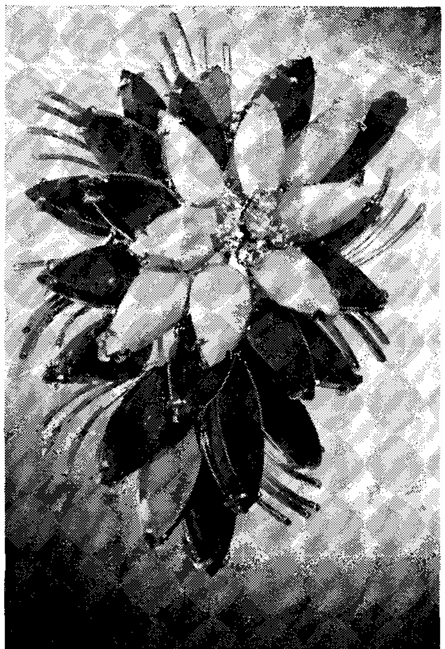

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to stop our gum-chewing or maybe to give himself something to hide behind. In "Les Carabiniers," his weapon is stupidity—woodenheadedness in the soldiers, and even a surface of simple-mindedness to the thesis of the picture. But after you have thought about the film for a while you haven't much doubt that what drives it is not willful flippancy but distress. In his own way, Godard belongs historically to the line of great intellectual cartoonists—the witnesses who goad by deforming the familiar and by pretending callousness, the provokers who deliberately seek to be drastic because they see themselves as the reporters of last chances.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Vienna, 1912. Where champagne flowed like wine, and life, like the waltz, swirled endlessly through the nights.

Vienna, 1912. Where man worshipped woman more than gold. And his dreams were of moments stolen on midnight balconies. Of secret Sundays in that little konditorei, lips tasting of hot chocolate mit schlag, eyes promising eternity. Of lonely nights of misery and bad poetry, of furs and jewels, of extravagant chocolates. All lavished for the love of the woman he'd give his soul to possess, but who, like the Danube, belonged to the world.

Today, the little konditorei is a parking lot. Staring skyscrapers have robbed the balconies of their solitude. Discotheques have drowned out the grand ballrooms. And while machines have given us all of the modern luxuries, they've taken away most of the magic.

But not all. Because we've gone back to making the decadent chocolates of that Vienna of 1912. Passionately continental chocolates, light and dark teased together into one shell, and infused with the lushest, most sensuous essences. Then sculpted and decorated in the style of the great, flamboyant Continental confectioners.

Strawberry Loves. Cherry Kisses. Rum Delights.

Delights. Kisses. Loves. Tender as their names.

Delicious as sin.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Come in off that balcony and wipe the schlag off your face!

•

Poetry can be the inspiration for a good painting: Images of yester year, The proudest I have seen, With accents full of purplish gold, But mostly greige and breen.

P.S. Greige is grey and beige, and breen is brown and green, so let your imagination roam and give your color interplay free rein.—*From the Boca Raton (Fla.) Shopper's Guide.*

Now, when we glimpse the prospect,
All burple, blink, and pue,
We change our paints from blite and whack
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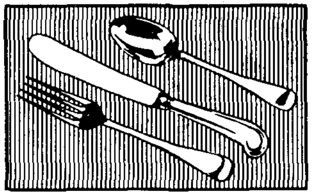

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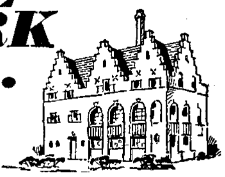

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Breathe air, for a change.
It tastes good.

Have a lost weekend.

Look at the sky.
When was the last time you looked at the sky.
And liked it?

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Have a lost weekend in the Out Islands.
You may find yourself.

Bahama Out Islands

700 of them. So near. And yet so far.

LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 1

THE pandemonium that can mark the French parliamentary system as practiced in this country's modern republic was at its most audible last week during the spring session of the Chamber of Deputies. Premier Georges Pompidou had to fight for the survival of his government against a motion of censure brought by the Federation of the Left, led by François Mitterrand and backed by his Communist allies, all up in arms against the Pompidou project of introducing paid brand advertising (presumably, only of food products to begin with) on the state TV service, O.R.T.F. Actually, in recent years French TV has been giving generalized daily housewifely hints to its listeners, such as "Buy more fish" and "New carrots and beans are today's best bargain," which offended nobody politically. But Pompidou's plan was obviously the inevitable opening crack in the O.R.T.F. through which big-business-sponsored advertising, at high rates, was going to squeeze onto the state-monopoly screen, already richly subsidized by the annual tax that the owners of TV and radio sets have to pay. Freedom of the press also became involved in the noisy Chamber fight, centering on the fatal withering away of small-town newspapers, which would lose their regional advertising, on which they live, once they were faced with competition from national advertising. France is relatively so small a Continental hexagon that, as the Premier shrewdly pointed out, if his TV-advertising scheme was not accepted, the portion of French big business that is modern enough to want to use it would be robbed of *élan* and expansion by Continental neighboring competitors who patronize the peripheral stations around France, like the powerful Monte Carlo and Luxembourg transmitters, which are clearly heard here and have already captured part of French radio advertising. In fact, it was the whole imitative smell of big-business advertising *à l'Américaine*, which individualistic France until recent years had sniffed at contemptuously, that incited the anti-capitalist Federation of the Left to bring its motion of censure. Among working-class and modest French citizens, this motion suddenly became the most popular political topic all over France. But it was not quite popular enough when the Chamber votes favoring it were counted, for it missed being passed by eight votes less than the two hundred and forty-four required for a majority. Considering what American TV fans put up with in the way of intrusive advertising day and night, the minimal size of Pompidou's victorious advertising project seems ludicrous. It will consist of exactly six minutes—we repeat, six minutes—per day (probably beginning on the first of October), in three two-minute periods before each of the TV news roundups, at 1, 8, and 11 P.M. But the plaguey principle of using the TV screen as a billboard has been accepted, and next year there will be more advertising, and so on and so on.

In defense of his government, and despite being hoarse with a cold, like a whole population of Parisians in this static, chilly spring, Pompidou spoke on Wednesday afternoon for an hour and forty minutes without pause, except to exchange rebukes and semi-insults with opposition deputies who tried to interrupt or to drag red herrings across the path of his concentration. It was one of his longest performances; was read forcefully from his typed manuscript, which lay on the speaker's rostrum; in manner was rather like the report of a banker—which he has been—totting up the figures on investments of political policy; contained no poetic or literary quotations, though he has been the editor of an anthology of poetry; and at times, when he was annoyed by the verbal squibs launched at him by the opposition, or by the Communists banging their desk tops, sounded like the lecture of a schoolmaster—which he has also been—aimed, in justified anger, at the worst boys in the class.

But it was not until he came in his speech to the opposition's claim that his project would rob the press and public opinion of lawful liberties that the crisis in noisy bedlam began, with Pompidou pounding his fist on the rostrum and shouting, "I am ready to go into battle! You claim that liberty has been stifled by the government of General de Gaulle—he who has repeatedly preserved the liberties of the French, sometimes with your aid but always for your salvation!" Hearing this, the opposition broke into an explosion of jeers and insulting cries, while the Gaullists themselves waved their arms and shouted their approbation in a swelling volume, like a select crowd cheering

There is a certain kind of woman whose first summer project is to even out her skiing tan.
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The PILGRIM
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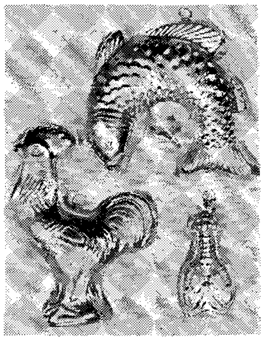

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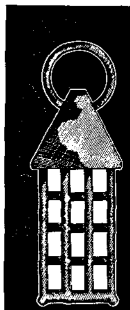
their favorite race horse when it has suddenly come up from behind and looks headed for the winning post. From the press box under the Chamber ceiling, we journalists in the front row, by leaning over the balustrade, could look down directly onto the strange figure of the old Socialist Guy Mollet, who had risen to his feet behind his desk and, until his voice gave out, kept screaming, "No! No! No!," apparently in denial of any Gaullist-given liberties—a subject that had long been passed by in the turmoil of unintelligible verbiage, acclamation, and insult. On the tribune behind the speaker's rostrum sat the President of the Chamber, whose duty is to maintain order with the big bell in his hand, which he constantly clanged while shouting what sounded, in fragments, like an appeal to calm. "Silence!" he clearly screamed once or twice, and, lifting his enormous brass handbell, he shook it violently in the air.

The other high points in this session were almost like quiet tête-à-têtes between Pompidou and an opponent. After he claimed that his advertising project could be inaugurated by decree rather than by law, which would demand a special Chamber debate, the old-time intellectual leftist Pierre Cot, who now votes with the Communists rather than with upstart Mitterrand, declared courteously, "*Monsieur le Ministre*, the theory you support is denied by the most eminent specialists of administrative law, including my friend Professor René Capitant, the Paris Gaullist deputy and president of the Parliamentary Legal Commission." By this time, nothing—not even superior Gaullist interpretation—could stop Pompidou.

Despite the battle royal of arguments in the Chamber, no party really wished to see the government fall, since that would mean dissolution and new elections. No one here wants to face new elections. The prospect of our American elections in the autumn already seems a burden of worry to the French, as if we were still close friends. The spasmodic lack of solidarity in the British Government is another worry, as if England were an installed member of the Common Market and politically intimate with France. The exercise of the ballot in general, once a civic stimulant, attracts little enthusiasm in this part of the Western Hemisphere just now, disturbed by rioting youth on both sides of the Atlantic. Furthermore, on May 30th President de Gaulle will have been in uninterrupted power for



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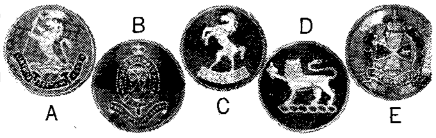

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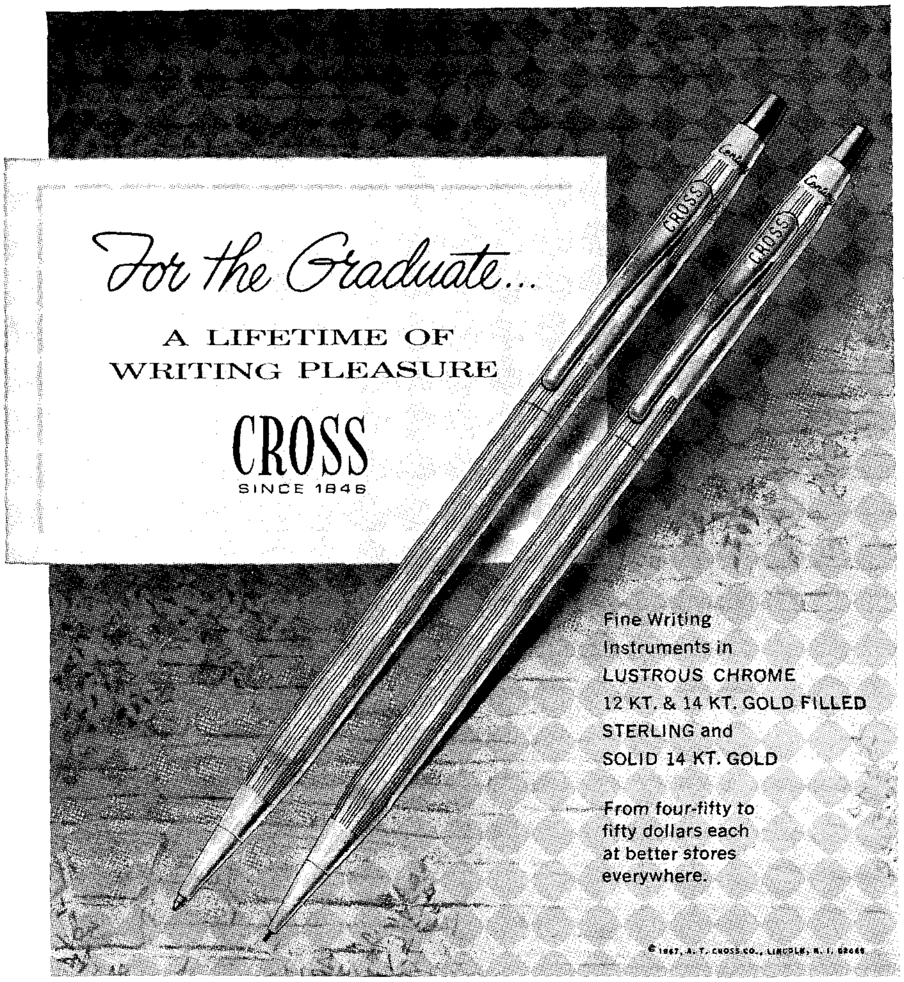
ten years. Pro or con, few Frenchmen think he should be disturbed.

THERE is one play in Paris well worth seeing because of the acting, though in no way because of the play itself. It is "Les Yeux Crevés" ("The Blinded Eyes"), starring Marie Bell in a semi-scandalous contemporary melodrama at the old Gymnase, where démodé Henri Bernstein's tradition of three lovers in a struggle, such as made his theatre famous, is now carried on in the new mode by two lovers and a half—two of them being pederasts. The play is by Jean Cau, whose journalistic trigger cocked at reality has lately given him a certain notoriety as a rising playwright. The trio of two males and one *amorosa* elderly female in his piece comes from that special international society that is the new decadent royalty, crowned only with money and the privilege of satisfying its every personal desire. Marie Bell, as Barbara, is an aging American multimillionaire divorcée now on her fourth marriage, who is aided by drugs and drink and her fortune to assume that her power over the two men is that of Circe, when it is really that of one of the Greek Furies. Her husband, Gottfried (played by Jacques Dacqmine), whom she has bought, is a German aristocratic sportsman with a passion for racing cars and for Dino, a youthful Italian gigolo, who oddly personifies Oedipus, since his are the young eyes that are soon extinguished by death, thus justifying the play's title. The plot, if brutal, is not too unbelievable—like one of those Sunday-supplement revelations that used to animate yellow journalism. Unable to stand his wife's tyranny any longer, Gottfried persuades Dino to murder her. Instead, almost out of sheer inexperience with women, Dino lets her seduce him. In jealous revenge, Gottfried sends him out on the road in his racing car, with enough made wrong in the powerful machinery to insure its being fatally wrecked. Thus, the one young and beautiful member of this sordid company is its victim. Dino is played by the movie star Alain Delon with a restless, sensual charm that is the acme of professional psychological make-believe. Marie Bell's performance is, of course, what counts most. She plays her role with ignoble perfection, in one of her best-sustained successes of recent years. She has reached a point of age and fame and experience where she can play any part as if it were a great role. One can comment that her face has changed, and now looks very old, just as one could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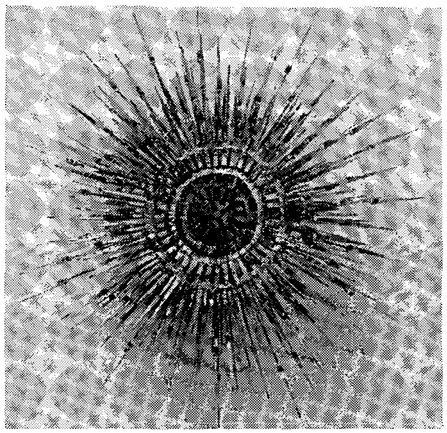

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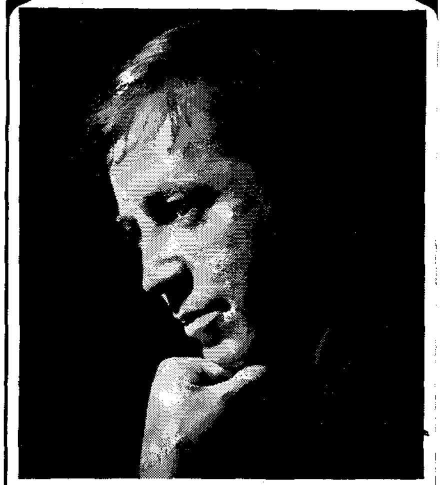
remark on the dangerous sagging of the façade of some rather great public building, because she is now like a French national monument.

THERE are few women composers working in France, of whom the best known and appreciated seems to be Betsy Jolas, who is American, though Paris-born. She is now forty-one years old, handsome, tall, disciplined, unaffected, and impressive, in the way one supposes a goddess might be. Of one of her recent major works, played last week at the Domaine Musical concert, the music critic Robert Siohan, of *Le Monde*, declared, "'D'un Opéra de Voyage' is the Mallarméan title chosen by Betsy Jolas to make clear a sort of instrumental transmutation of the substance and spirit of vocal sounds. The word 'opera' finds its justification in the fact that the various instrumental voices sing, laugh, talk, murmur, and declaim. . . . No doubt is possible as to this score; its success is total and a witness to an authentic power of communication." Her background has been exceptional. Her mother is Maria Jolas, of Louisville, who studied singing in Berlin and later in Paris, where she became one of the early devotees of and authorities on James Joyce, as was her husband, the late Eugène Jolas, of French Lorraine blood but American-born, with the same Paris literary preoccupations as his wife, they being founders together of *transition*, the famous avant-garde Left Bank international literary review. Jolas was among the translators of "Ulysses" into French. For Betsy and her younger sister, Tina, now working with the structuralist Claude Lévi-Strauss, Joyce was one of the childhood family figures, whom the little girls found impressive but alarming. In 1938, the family spent a country holiday in a pleasant large house in the village of Colombey-les-Deux-Églises, and by mischance a chapter of "Ulysses" in French was left behind in some cupboard of this mansion, which was subsequently occupied, as it is today, by General de Gaulle, the Jolases' hope being that it will never be brought to light by Mme. de Gaulle, who is reported to be prudish.

During the six years, including those of the war, that she and her family spent in New York, Miss Jolas for two years attended Bennington, where she obtained her B.A. in music. She returned to France in 1946, on her twentieth birthday, and four years later her first composition, on a poem



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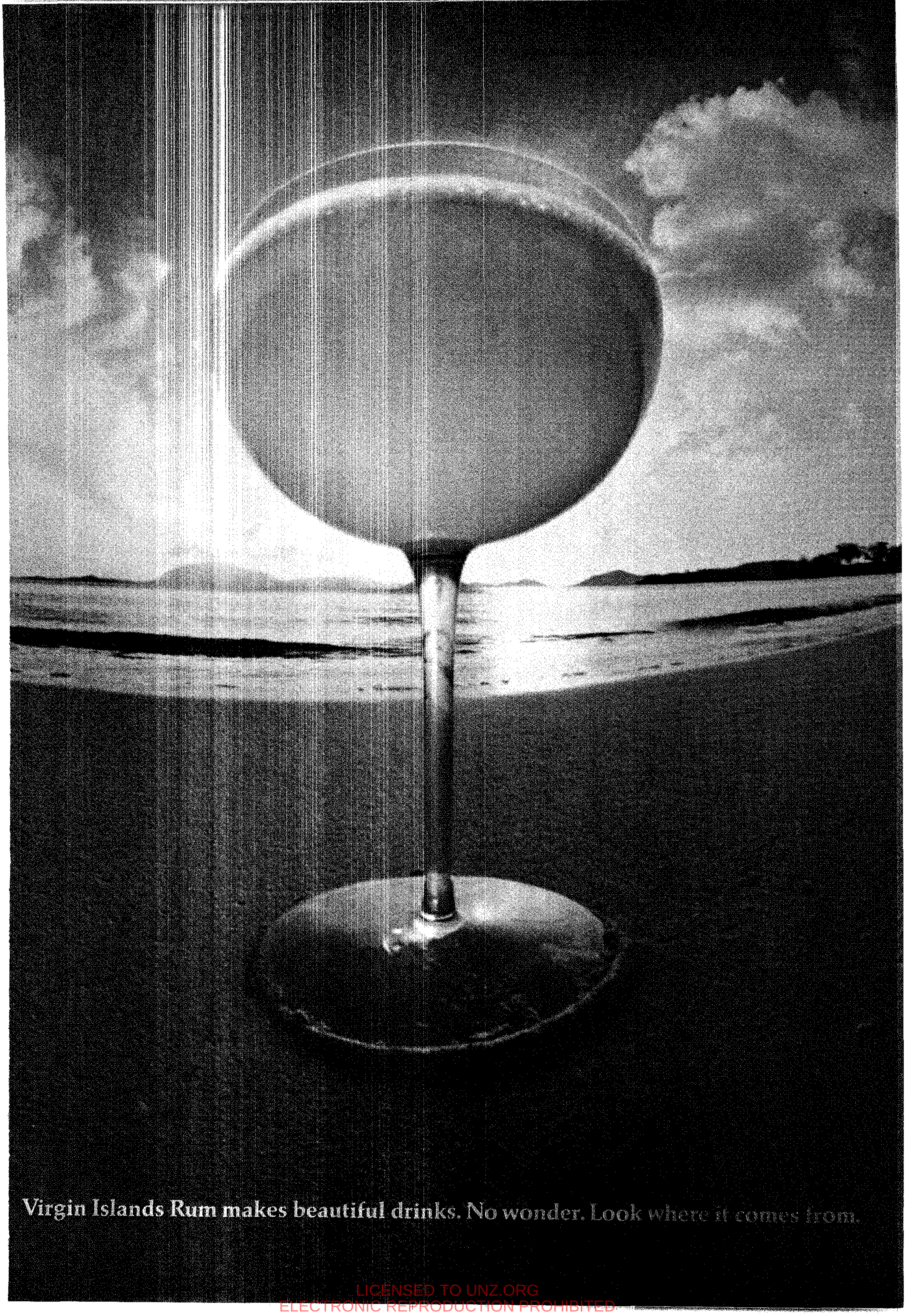
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of Reverdy, was played on the French radio. By and large, she says, it took ten years before her existence as a composer was recognized in France, because she was female, which has turned her into a well-balanced feminist. In Paris, she began her musical studies seriously, attending a Conservatoire counterpoint-and-fugue class, with a competition at the end of the year in writing a fugue, during which the pupils were locked up from six in the morning until midnight, with a thermos bottle and sandwiches, the piano also being locked and sealed. She won second prize. Later, she tried out at Besançon for a conducting prize, was the only woman contestant, and received a first honorable mention and a watch. In Paris, she studied with Milhaud at his home in the Rue Pigalle, and later at his class at the Conservatoire, where she met all her present musical friends, such as Gilbert Amy, the composer and new conductor of the Domaine Musical. At the same time, she also studied with Messiaen in his analysis-and-aesthetics class. She says that she learned enormously from him, because he taught her to listen with what she calls a new ear. After this, she stopped her schooling and began writing. She feels that she belongs to the post-Boulez serial school, and thinks it is owing to Boulez that French musicians have learned to play contemporary virtuosos' music.

On Monday night, there was a small concert in the basement of the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, where she talked and where some of her music was played on tape while listeners taped it for themselves; afterward she answered questions. A quartet from her "Opéra de Voyage," consisting of a coloratura voice and a violin, a viola, and a cello—all middle-range instruments, which she inclines to favor, the viola being her first choice of all—was played, and slowly enough for one to listen to it with total attention. To this listener it gave pleasure beyond the limits of comprehension. Of her children—she is married to a doctor and has three—the youngest child, a boy of four, is the developing musician. He plays the recorder.

—GENÊT

•

Chenier alternately assumed roles as Bill Russell, Joe Frazier, Johnny Unitas and god in a performance which netted him 21 points, 14 rebounds, 13 assists, a dozen blocked shots and eight steals.—*Frank Lee in the Berkeley (Calif.) Daily Gazette.*

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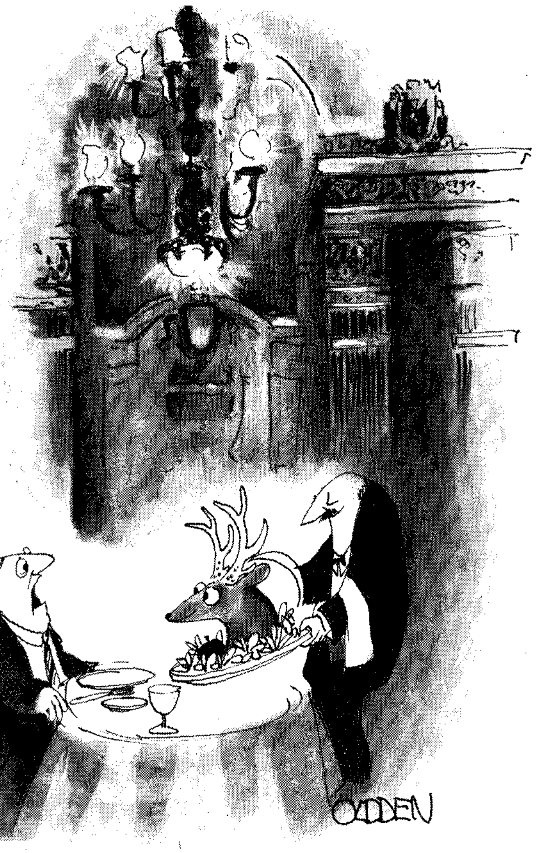

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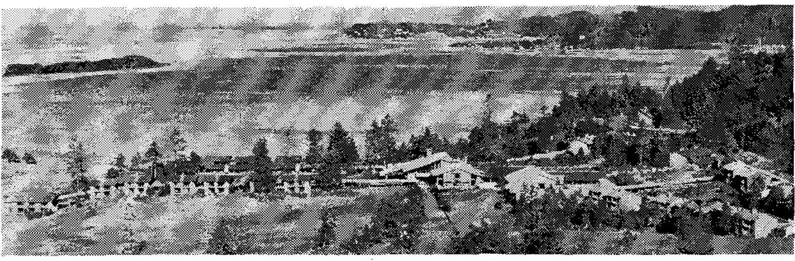

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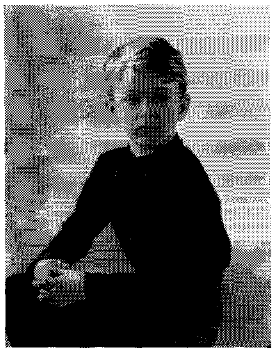

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Hundred-and-Second-Story Man

THE officially approved passage to the top of the Empire State Building involves taking three elevators and paying a dollar-and-a-half admission, but there have been tourists who chose to do it the hard way, and the five bearded members of the Polish Olympic ski team who managed to take the stairs to the ninety-seventh floor in twenty-one minutes in 1932 were probably not charged for their visit. Since then, the administration of the building has made a house rule forbidding the use of the stairs except as a fire exit, and in 1965 a Marine reservist who had been rehearsing on the staircases of East Side office buildings, and who had even made a practice run up to the eighty-fifth floor of the Empire State Building, was intercepted on the ground floor the day of his public début, much to the sorrow of Gabe Pressman and others invited to cover the event. No one—no human being—is known to have climbed any distance at all up the outside of the building. Because the Empire State Building is twelve hundred and fifty feet high, not counting the television tower, and basically vertical, the outside climb is thought to be impossible, like walking on water or inventing a filter cigarette that really tastes good. No law has been passed against it, although, as Michael Baldwin suggests in "Miraclejack" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), there is probably peripheral legislation that could be cited against such a climb or overlooked, as the occasion demanded.

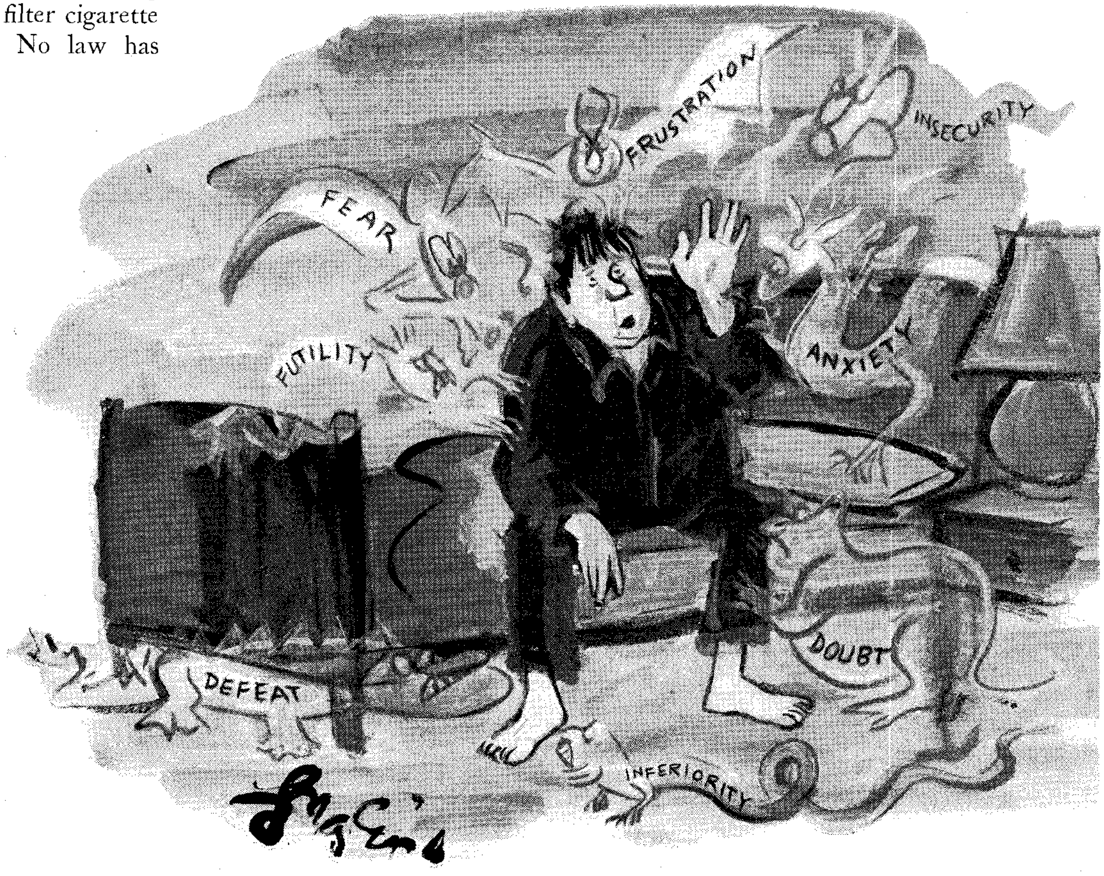
"Miraclejack" is a loosely allegorical novel based on the idea that a man with enough skill and determination *might* be able to make it up the outside of the Empire State Building. A bare chance. If he did, his success would count as a miracle. The hero of "Miraclejack" is a Christlike figure named Francis Sym, a taciturn prophet who imparts the Word by climbing buildings, mainly in England, using as his guide a book called "Architecture of Greater London." Sym is choosy about what he climbs, even though his standards are not always obvious, but in general his sense of symbolism leads him to pick streamlined buildings uncluttered with ornaments to hang on to. For the same reason, he stays away from mountains. Mountain climbing, Sym says, means taking advantage of imperfections caused by erosion:

> "Take a wall or a rock-face and crack it"—a significant pause this time as if he wished to imply he was familiar with forces which could smash brick and stone like a handful of eggs—"and it's just a ladder."

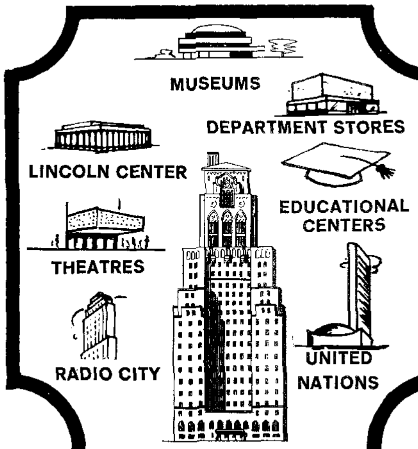
Sym is an accomplished climber, a former steeplejack, spiderman, and high-wire performer, and he makes use of standard rock-climbers' gear when it is necessary, but because his motives are vaguely messianic rather than athletic or scientific, interviewers who ask him to explain himself and his system find that his secret is "faith" or "will." When he has finally announced his plan to climb the Empire State Building, he responds to an offer of gymnasium space in New York by saying that he doesn't *train*, he *prepares*. He has a taste for cruciform poses and predictions of apocalyptic fire. In fantasy he scales the Colossus of Rhodes. The Empire State Building, Sym's only project this side of the Atlantic, is the natural and inevitable climax to his career.

Theologically, "Miraclejack" is ambiguous; Sym may be God or Christ or just a deputy, or he could be deluded. The allegorical significance of the book lies beyond Sym's convictions and illusions, in his association with Bertie Swale, an alcoholic and cynical newspaperman with a religious hangup, who is assigned to cover his exploits for a godless London paper called the *Post*. Sym's imitators, climbing clock towers and stealing the hands, have stirred up strong but indiscriminate public interest in building-climbing, and Sym wants personal publicity so that those in charge of the buildings that attract him will more readily accommodate him. As it is, he is limited to furtive climbing at night. Swale, like Baldwin, is an amateur rockman, and at first he claims that his only reason for taking the assignment is his interest in Sym as a climber. Nevertheless, he is susceptible to the mystical manner and mesmerized by Sym's scars:

> But his hands were an incredible sight, their fingers knob-ended and twisted,



"Please! One at a time!"



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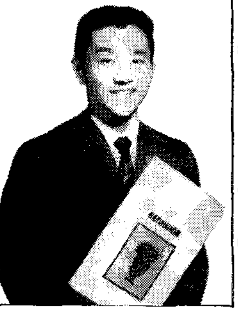

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> broken back on themselves and horrible with splintered nails. . . . I had seen the hands of some of the great rockmen, including the busted plumbing of Brown, but nothing like this. After one look at the holes in them I could believe almost anything he might say.

The story is a hallucinatory monologue by Swale, in which he sets his own delirium against the serene single-mindedness of Sym. Their relationship is ragged, but it survives the automatic distortions of yellow journalism, the deaths of two of Sym's local disciples and two American rivals, who freeze to the lower walls of the Empire State Building, and Sym's temporary defection to France, where, in a fit of frivolity, he climbs the Eiffel Tower, a negligible target in spite of its height, leaving Swale stuck for copy with a mere stunt man, an apelike and indestructible Pole who parachutes from cliffs and suspension bridges. Baldwin, fastening the problem of faith to the hazards of climbing, easily demonstrates how a conscientious skeptic like Swale could commit himself to someone he considers a madman and finally talk himself into believing that the madman can climb to the top of the Empire State Building. Against his cynicism and his better judgment, Swale becomes Sym's apostle and evangelist, writing about him for an editor whose retort is that God isn't news. He even joins Sym on a climb. Halfway up he falters, as Peter did, according to St. Matthew, when he was invited out onto the Sea of Galilee:

> But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.
>
> And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

Sym, who delivers a similar rebuke to Swale, is not as helpful as Jesus and just keeps climbing. Swale has to be rescued by a fire brigade.

The trick of writing about God, or one of his agents, is the plausible reporting of miracles without seeming to be gullible. Before Sym accumulates enough renown to be allowed to work in the daytime, Swale comments that the trouble with faith is that it requires darkness:

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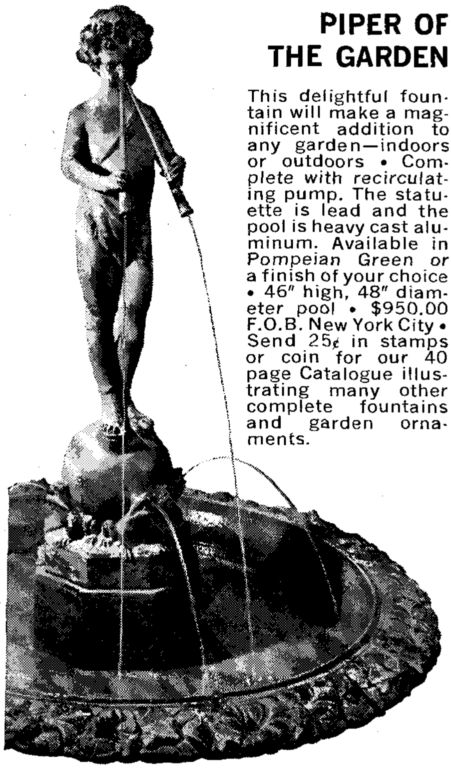

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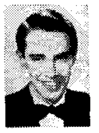

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and they reserved the bulk of their prose for the message the miracles were designed *to* call attention *to*. Swale is on the scene himself, and because of Sym's preference for physical instead of verbal expression, the emphasis in "Miraclejack" is on the prophet's miraculous technique rather than on his infrequent and inconsistent pronouncements. That technique is simply an extension of legitimate rock-climbing methods, as described under "Mountaineering" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, so the question that Baldwin has to answer is whether Sym's achievements really are holy as well as just amazing. He does this by decisively converting Swale.

Sym's *professional* competence, whether he is climbing a classical façade or a burning department store, is the basis of Swale's faith:

> And that is what is meant by miracle . . . those asbestos gauntlets, and the goggles on the face he half-beetled backwards. . . . It was easy climbing, swathed in asbestos, up easy struts—then it was easy, technically, to get yourself crucified too. Just the wood and the nails. It's the trimmings that count.

Speaking through Swale in the vehement language of a disillusioned visionary, Baldwin uses a vivid collection of straight and metaphorical and slang terms that apply directly to climbing and architecture to support his metaphysical notion. "Steeplejack" leads right to "miraclejack." Adding in colloquial blasphemy and capital letters as auxiliary rhetorical devices, he conjures with words and phrases—face, lip and claw; rockface and wallface; jug, nurl, knuckle, bubble, shrimp-hump, man-hump; crane, grasshopper, monkey and spider, spiderman; shuttle, crab, catburgle, spreadeagled, lash, grab, belay, scrab off; mantel-shelf heave and finger-block; starbolts, skyhooks, skyscraper. In this way Swale is transported from the solid stone of the Vickers Building, Shell-Mex House, and the Battersea power station into the "palace of fear" and "stone cities of the mind," from the horizontal up into "the vertical dimension," and he extends his belief through the smoke and rain clouds and hailstorms into which Sym tends to disappear even in daylight.

One way of dealing with a famous and conspicuous monument with a Longchamps on the street floor and children's-bathroom murals in the eighty-sixth-floor observatory is to treat it as a natural object, a work of God rather than of Shreve, Lamb & Harmon. Baldwin does it by allusion; he never mentions the name of the building until, toward the end of the book,

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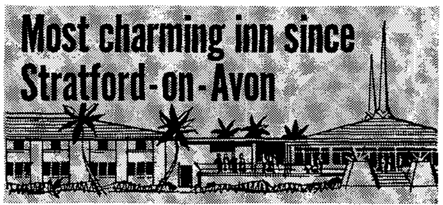
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Sym and Swale arrive in New York, and he avoids the giveaway statistical approach that tour guides use to beat lines of visitors into imperceptive awe: "Then," says the Official Souvenir Book (one dollar), "on the 102nd floor, which is 1,250 feet (381 meters) high, there is another glass-enclosed, heated Observatory where the view is even more spectacular."

While tourists are contemplating the sixty miles of water pipes and the six thousand and five hundred windows, washed twice a month, the natives walk around with their eyes on their feet. The only thing to do is to go and look at it—the building, not the view.

> It.
> I could feel it almost unseen, the mainmast of the stone ship, sailing star-struck into darkness. Airless, it was too high even to lean on us. . . . I should have to heave off my syntax of bolted brass, my *Post* perpendicular, and do paragraphless columns of steel.

The rhythm and the substance of the American speech that Baldwin, an Englishman, has improvised are as fantastic as the story itself. In his version of New York, the inhabitants speak a suggestive but cryptic mixture of dated and inappropriate slang and badly timed epithets, slipping without a warning into British idioms like "press-ups" (for "push-ups") and "last evening's paper." It is clear from the dialogue that the question "Where was you brung?" doesn't mean "Where were you brought (to)?," but the meaning is otherwise impenetrable. The Empire State Building is referred to as "that Scraper," and at least twice as "the State," though in fact most people, since they have no reason to mention it more than once every couple of years, call it by its full name. Those who have a closer relationship with it generally call it "the Building," and sometimes "Empire State," implying intimacy. Sym himself corrects a man who says "that Scraper":

> "A skyscraper, yes. Don't shorten it—it's your own word, and it displays the right kind of reverence for the tallest tower known to man."

The tallest until 1970, anyway.

—Susan Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

An Extreme Friendship, by Henri Troyat, translated from the French by Eugene Paul (Phaedra). The story of a French scientist whose love for his wife is proved, under stress, to be exactly as strong as his envy of his

I loved her tail, her ears, her snout,
I loved her form so fair.
She looked at me with glowing eyes;
I walked as if on air.

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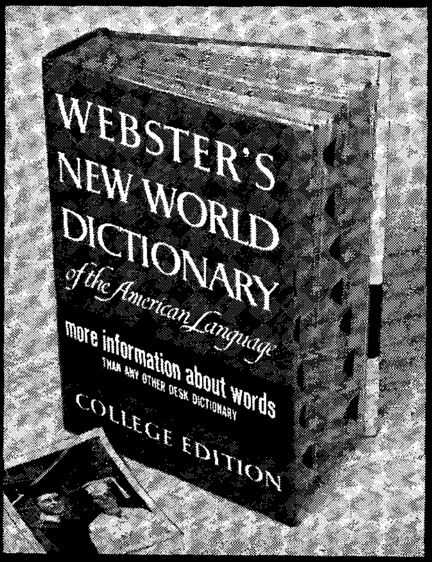

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best friend. The scientist's name is Jean, and the friend's name is Bernard. Both men are fifty, and they have known each other since school days. Jean is plodding and bespectacled and has let himself go to seed. Bernard is big and handsome and has made a fortune or two, and there seems to be no end to the list of young, beautiful girls who have been his mistress. The current girl is named Corinne. This is a short book, but the story seems to take a very long time to tell, and the ending is preposterous. For once, M. Troyat has written a tedious novel.

The Self-Devoted Friend, by Marvin Cohen (New Directions). Using conventional phrases, common slang, and clichés, Mr. Cohen presents unavoidable events like birth, death, and feeling full after eating as though they were novel and unpredictable. What is ordinarily treated as objective, like the presence of the sky, is described as subjective and not reliable; what is involuntary becomes deliberate; universal truths are turned into individual eccentricities. The book is broken up into paragraphs of various lengths, each elaborating on the implications of a topic sentence like "When my eyes see, generally color is included." The focus of the exercise is a character called "my friend," who might have stayed as interesting through page 160 as he was on pages 5 and 6 if he had been installed in an old-fashioned plot.

Note: "Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts," a collection of short stories by Donald Barthelme, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Nearly all of them originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

The Johnstown Flood, by David G. McCullough (Simon & Schuster). An account of the disaster caused by the bursting, after many days of rain, of a shoddy mountain dam, destroying the western Pennsylvania mill town and killing at least two thousand people, on May 31, 1889. Mr. McCullough is a good writer and a painstaking reporter, and he has re-created that now almost mythic cataclysm ("Don't Spit on the Floor; Remember the Johnstown Flood") with the thoroughness the subject demands—that is to say, he has included a history of the region, a history of the dam and its successive

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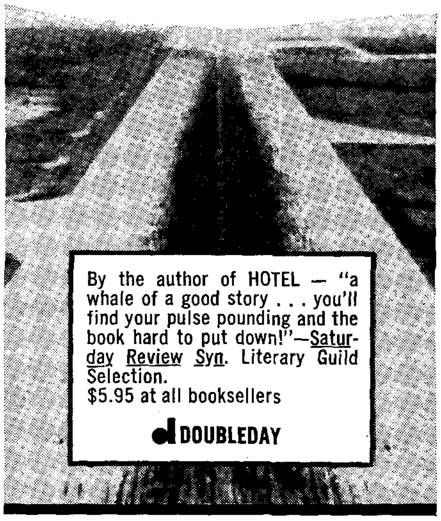

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THE SPANISH SCENE, by Chandler Brossard (Viking). Impressions of Spain by an American reporter for *Look* whose strongest emotion appears to be a distaste for his fellow-countrymen abroad. G.I.s, sailors, a young matron, a middle-aged couple—they all offend him with their lack of spirit, their insensitivity, their materialism, their *Americanism*. Everything American rubs him the wrong way: "The American Embassy looked like a stuffy crocked old lady." Not, however, that he likes everything Spanish. He dislikes Franco, the Civil Guard, the rich and fashionable, the government officials, the businessmen, and the bullfight crowds. What he does like about Spain are "the permissive sky," "the intimate, amused little side streets," "the lyrical innocence of azaleas and palm trees"—plus, of course, peasants and workers and underground political activists.

THE LONG VIEW, by Alan Paton, edited by Edward Callan (Praeger). This collection of essays deals with the problems of South Africa: racism, and the concatenation of injustices and stupidities that racism creates. Mr. Paton has been on the losing side—or so it appears, at least for the moment—as a leader of a political party (the Liberals) that has been destroyed and as a man locked into his country (his passport has been withdrawn), where, by peculiar South African "banning" laws, he is forbidden to see many of his friends. Nonetheless, Mr. Paton's essays are not gloomy. Neither are they shrill. They are precise, truth-telling, beautifully written reports and comments on a desperate situation by a man who does not despair.

THE POLAR PASSION, by Farley Mowat (Atlantic-Little, Brown). An illustrated history of Arctic exploration from the tenth century to the twentieth. It is largely the work of the men who made it (the Viking Thorgisl Orrabeinsfostri, William Baffin, Elisha Kane, Charles Francis Hall, Adolphus Greely, Fridtjof

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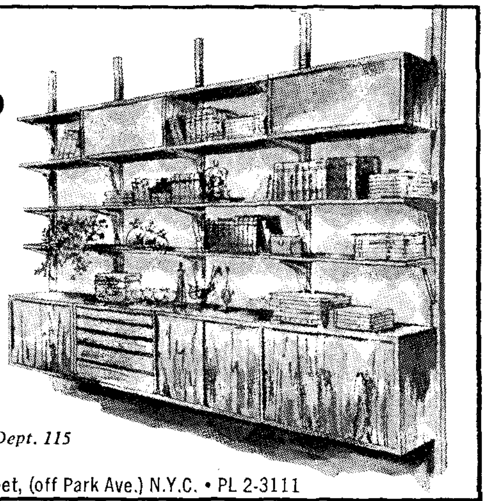

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Nansen), and Mr. Mowat has spliced their journals and reports together with a running narrative and explanatory notes. The result is highly effective, for most of these explorers—particularly the more recent ones—were very able descriptive writers, and their professional passion for minute detail is exactly what is needed in any account of man's struggle against sub-zero cold. It must be added that Mr. Mowat ends his history with an ill-natured attack on Robert E. Peary, who is generally credited with having been the first to reach the North Pole, and a eulogy of the generally discredited Dr. Frederick Cook: "Where Peary was naturally amoral, and therefore icily effective, Cook labored all his life under the restraints imposed by his quaint conviction that a man should live by an ethical code and that human relationships were essentially warm, just, and meaningful. . . . [He] persisted in playing fair with those he should have used—even when they happened to be Eskimos." The illustrations—drawings, maps, and a few photographs—are contemporary with the accounts they illustrate. Fifteen dollars.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LAST BEST FRIEND, by George Sims (Stein & Day). Of all things, an attractive murder story. Mr. Sims is a good, honest writer, with a fatalistic sense of humor on which he builds his tale of an ordinary man caught in a painful dilemma that gives him no rest. Ned Balfour, a deservedly successful dealer in manuscripts and autograph letters, wants to find out why his best friend, Sammy Weiss, died suddenly and in a very, very mysterious manner. Ned has a good deal besides Sammy's death on his worldly, restless mind, and his guilty musings move alongside his investigations until, all of a sudden, everything is solved and the story ends with lots of bangs and lots of whimpers. The scene is London, for the most part.

•

MUSICIANS—Three members of the ABC String Quartet featured as soloists in the Adelphi Concert at Fort Lee March 31 are Arnold Eidus, conductor and violinist; David Mankovitz, violist; and George Ricci, cellist, all of whom live in this year.—*Photograph caption in the Hackensack (N.J.) Record.*

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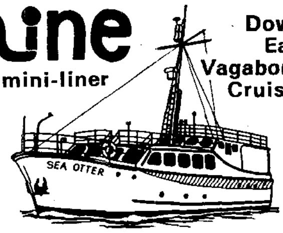

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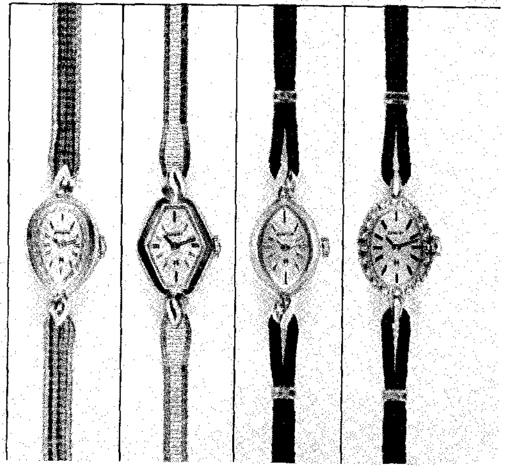

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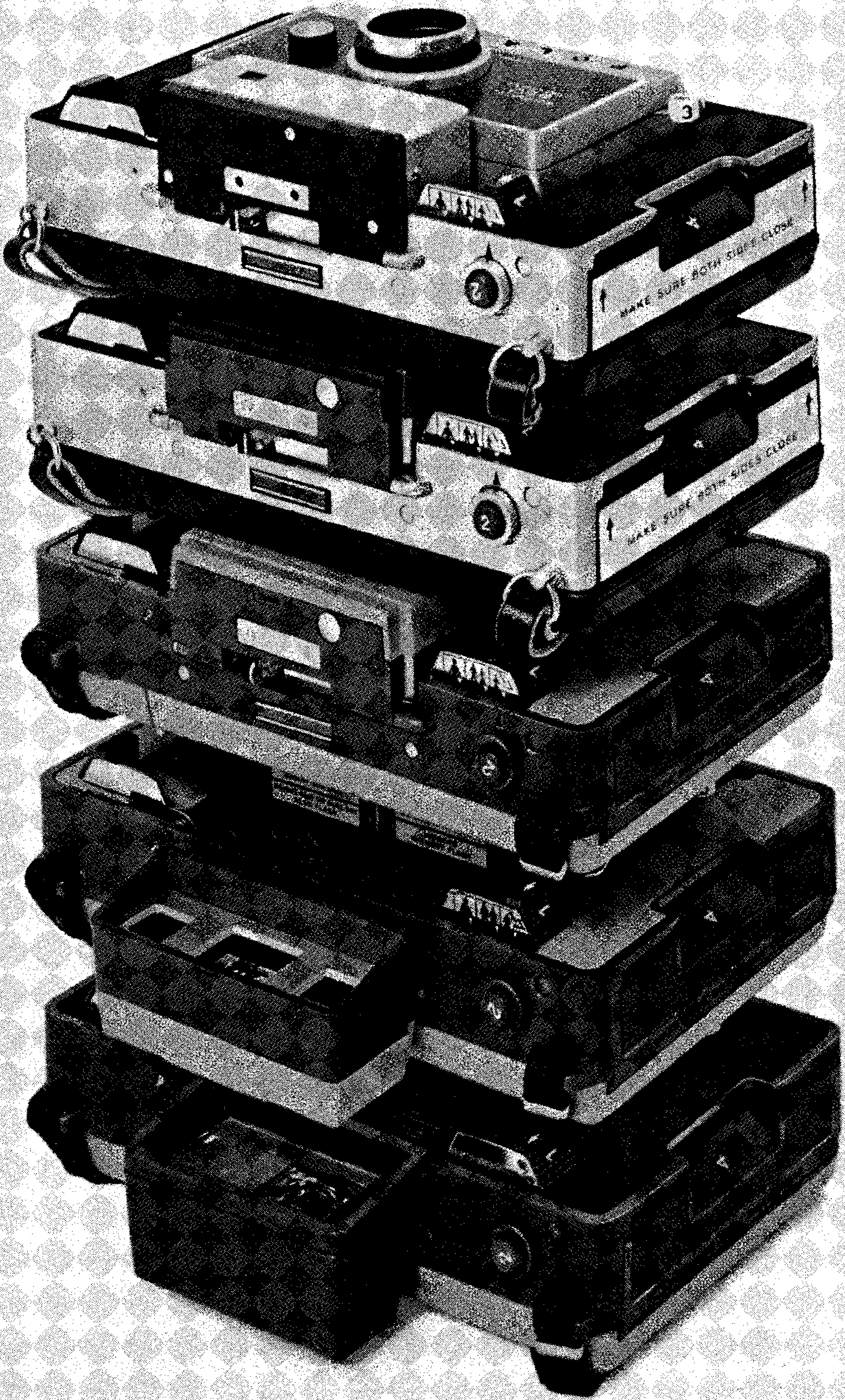

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